McCALL'S

October 1945

THREE MAGAZINES
IN ONE
FIFTEEN CENTS

Shower of flowers

Scatter the walls with crisp bouquets, if you like . . . borrow space with a corner cabinet . . . there's no limit to the smiling touches you can shower on your future bathroom! No limit, either, to the gay assistance you'll get from Cannon towels. There'll be designs that suggest *completely* new effects. Textures with a velvet touch. Colors as clear-toned as a swatch of sunshine. You'll want them, of course, to be something *more* than beautiful. Made to dry you in a hurry, to launder for years and yet keep "first-bloom" freshness. All qualities for which the Cannon label's famous. And as for sheer good *value* . . . you can stock your towel shelves, tomorrow, without so much as a finger-snap for cost! Cannon Mills, Inc., 70 Worth St., New York City 13.

TRADE MARK MADE IN U.S.A. CANNON

Cannon Towels

CANNON SHEETS CANNON HOSIERY

You've lived for this moment. And he must find you excitingly lovely to your fingertips.

Thrillingly-soft hands are so endearing... let Trushay guard their precious beauty.

This delicately fragrant, creamy lotion is such a joy to use!

Smooth on Trushay before everyday tasks, before you do dishes. This "beforehand" idea is Trushay's own! And now you can guard soft hands even in hot, soapy water!

Rely on Trushay's velvet touch whenever, wherever you need it.

TRUSHAY

The "Beforehand" Lotion

PRODUCT OF BRISTOL MYERS

PICTURE of the month

EDWARD G. ROBINSON
MARGARET O'BRIEN
in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
"OUR VINES HAVE TENDER GRAPES"
with **James Craig • Frances Gifford**
Agnes Moorehead • Morris Carnovsky
and JACKIE "BUTCH" JENKINS
Screen Play by.....DALTON TRUMBO
Based on the Book
"For Our Vines Have Tender Grapes"
by GEORGE VICTOR MARTIN
Directed by.....ROY ROWLAND
Produced by.....ROBERT SISK

Sometimes we get to thinking about titles —titles like "Our Vines Have Tender Grapes". Why do authors choose 'em?

Now you take some recent M-G-M Pictures of the Month—"The Clock", for example. That was about a soldier on a 48-hour pass. So the clock idea was quite logical. Or, "Without Love"—logical, too, because Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn got married without it—or that's what they thought. Now try to figure out "Our Vines Have Tender Grapes" and what does that tell you? Well, *plenty* if you've seen the picture, and love it as much as we do.

George Victor Martin, the author of the best-selling novel, took his title (as you probably know) from "The Song of Solomon": *"Take us the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines: for our vines have tender grapes"*. We guess the author meant it to say: when you've helped a wonderful thing to grow you've got to watch over it carefully and lovingly.

And that's why it's a great title—and a great picture! It reaches right straight down to your heart—without pretense, without sham. A simple, hearty, tender story that makes you cry a little and laugh a lot. And it's brought touchingly to life by two of the finest performers it has ever been our pleasure to watch: delightful, wistful little Margaret O'Brien and two-fisted, tender-hearted Edward G. Robinson. What wonderful contrast of character.

Like a promising young vine herself, talented Margaret O'Brien started climbing upward in "Journey for Margaret" and "Lost Angel"...grew promisingly in "Meet Me In St. Louis" and "Music for Millions" and now with "Our Vines Have Tender Grapes", we find her matching her brilliant talent with the rough, earthy greatness of Edward G. Robinson.

Yes, a truly great wine has come from these grapes: a taste of romance with James Craig and Frances Gifford—flavor from Morris Carnovsky and Agnes Moorehead—and a bit of tang from Jackie "Butch" Jenkins—the belligerent brat you loved in "National Velvet".

A great vintage, all in all, with the screen play by Dalton Trumbo, direction by Roy Rowland, production by Robert Sisk. This very fine motion picture had its World Premiere at the world's largest theatre, Radio City Music Hall. We urge you to see it as soon as you can.

McCALL'S

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So Sweet to Come Home To

Isn't it the nice thing, the *wise* thing, to let Listerine Antiseptic help you be that way today and tomorrow and all of the tomorrows?

The insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath) is that you, yourself, may not realize when you have it, and even your best friend won't tell you.

While sometimes systemic, most cases are due, say some authorities, to the fermentation of tiny food particles on mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation and overcomes the odors it causes. Never, never, omit this wholly delightful precaution.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

HAIL NEW CRISCO! NOW YOU CAN BAKE

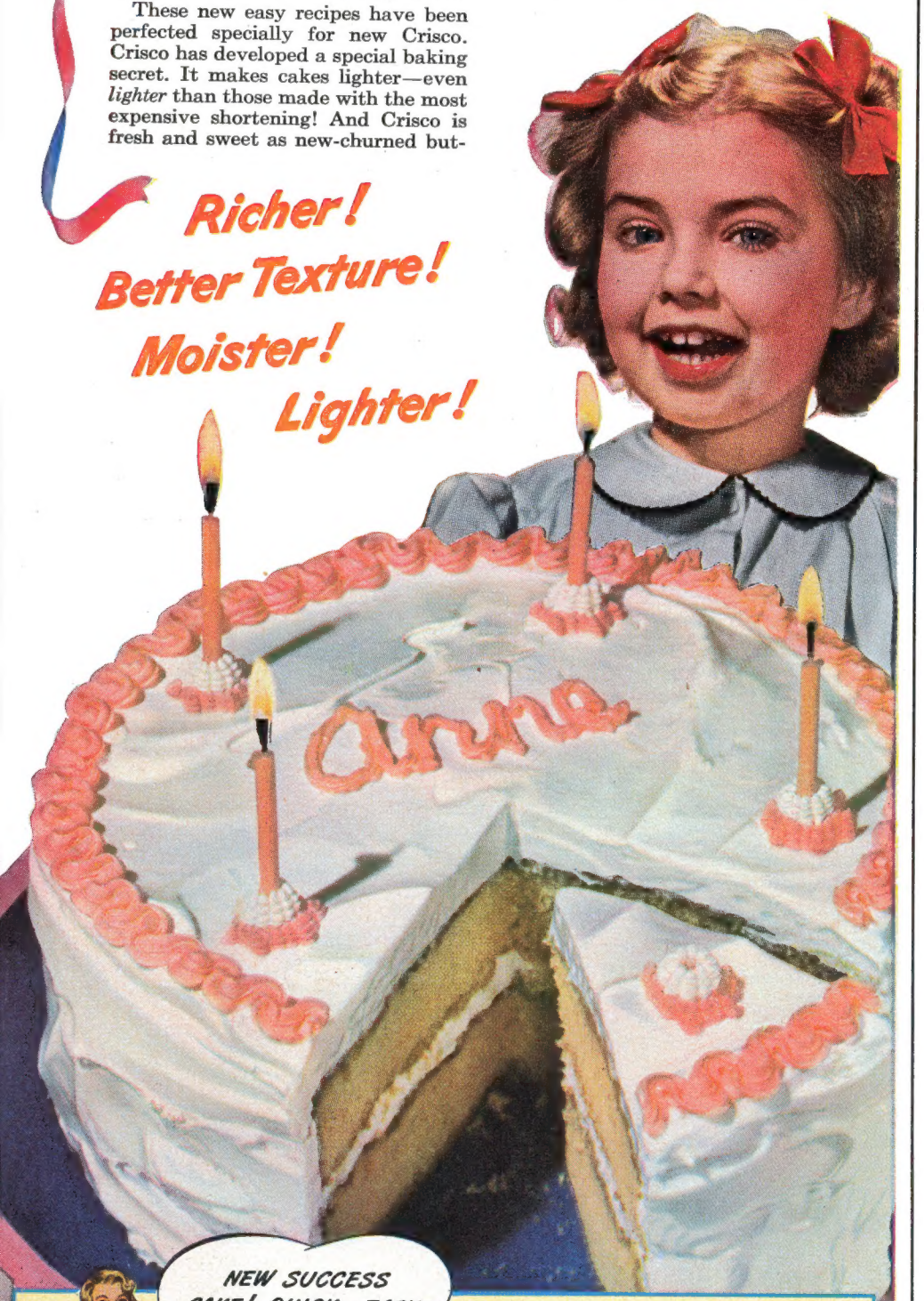
A Better Cake on Every Count!

YOU'LL CHEER when you see what new improved Crisco does for baking! Just compare a new Crisco Success Cake with the cakes you used to make . . . for richness—lightness—texture—and moistness. You'll agree Crisco cakes win out on *every* count!

These new easy recipes have been perfected specially for new Crisco. Crisco has developed a special baking secret. It makes cakes lighter—even *lighter* than those made with the most expensive shortening! And Crisco is fresh and sweet as new-churned butter. It brings out the full, rich flavor.

New Crisco is an ideal cake shortening whatever recipe you use. But for cake at its most delicious best—make this Birthday Gold Cake with pure, all-vegetable Crisco today!

Richer!
Better Texture!
Moister!
Lighter!



NEW SUCCESS CAKE! QUICK—EASY TO MAKE!

CRISCO BIRTHDAY GOLD CAKE

Even a beginner can save half the mixing time!

Don't worry if you've never made a cake this way before! Measure ingredients exactly . . . follow the simple directions carefully . . . be sure to use Crisco. Only with new Crisco can we promise you a better cake on every count!

Measure into mixing bowl:

2 cups cake flour (sifted before measuring)
1⅓ cups sugar • ½ cup Crisco
1 tsp. salt • ⅔ cup milk

Stir vigorously by hand or with mixer (medium speed) 2 minutes. Now stir in (yes, all by itself): **3 tsps. baking powder***

Add: **4 egg yolks (unbeaten)**
⅓ cup milk • ½ tsp. lemon extract

Blend by hand or in mixer (medium speed) for 2 minutes. Pour into two 9" (1½" deep) layer pans which have been Criscoed and lined with waxed paper. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Frost with your favorite boiled icing and decorate. All Measurements Level.

**Double-action or phosphate type (Calumet, Davis, Rumford, Clabber Girl, etc.). With tartrate type (Royal, etc.), use 4 tsps.*

NEW CRISCO COOK BOOK! Send 10¢ in coin and a Crisco label (any size) to Crisco, Dept. S, Box 837, Cincinnati 1, Ohio, for 64-page cook book including recipes for many more Success Cakes. Offer good in the United States, including Hawaii.

Pure and Sweet—

It's Digestible!

Movies

A calf, which you cannot see, is being admired

LOVE LETTERS

AMNESIA victims in stories have always made us a trifle uneasy. Probably because such characters invariably seem soberly goofy and if goofiness is abroad, we like ours gay. Which is by way of saying this piece pivots on a most lamentable loss of memory. However, since Jennifer Jones is the girl whose past is plenty of nothing and Joseph Cotten is the man who makes something of it, their fine performances render the farfetched theme deceptively credible. Mr. Cotten and Miss Jones meet in person in London, where Mr. Cotten has returned from the wars. Although neither knows it, they have met on paper earlier; for Mr. Cotten authored certain tender letters which Miss Jones believed were the work of her fiancé, Bryon Barr, a very dark fellow. On the strength of them, Miss Jones marries Mr. Barr but quickly discovers his character is not as advertised. Soon, thereafter, Mr. Barr is mysteriously murdered. And that's when Miss Jones blinks and blanks out, leaving Mr. Cotten in the dark, too. But aided by Director William Dieterle and some old newspapers, Mr. Cotton successfully pursues the case of Miss Jones, as well as her hand. Personally, we think the Abbott and Costello scripts are funnier.

Jennifer Jones, having forgotten how to write, learns how

Although they have fallen in love, Louis Hay[illegible]

BY FRANKIE McKEE ROBINS

OUR VINES HAVE TENDER GRAPES

THIS film does quite a few things at once and does them all well. First, it reveals the goodness of man versus man's evil; second, it shows the rich rewards of the good earth; and third, it tells a good romance. To counteract the cloying effects lurking in these ingredients, the accent (with a slight Norwegian flavor) has been put on youth. And with that small enchantress Margaret O'Brien and engaging little Jackie Jenkins in charge of this end of the business, you may know it is conducted with intelligence and heart. The scene of their activities is a Wisconsin farm. There being no other small fry around, Master Jenkins tags after his cousin, Mistress O'Brien, the daughter of soil-tiller Edward G. Robinson and his stanch wife, Agnes Moorehead. Both are fine friends of James Craig, editor of the local gazette, who in turn becomes more than a friend to schoolteacher Frances Gifford. In building the story, based on a novel by George Victor Martin, human relationships are stressed rather than events, although tense moments are provided when death threatens tadpoles O'Brien and Jenkins during a spring flood, and a neighbor's barn burns to cinders. But if you're like us, you'd trade even these highly dramatic sequences for the cousins' quarrel over a pair of roller skates and farmerette O'Brien's first delighted encounter with a circus elephant. Roy Rowland directed what seemed to our urban eyes a faithful and beautiful picture of rural America.

by Margaret O'Brien, Edward G. Robinson and Jackie Jenkins

again in one easy lesson given by Joseph Cotten

AND THEN THERE WERE NONE

BROADWAY saw this murder mystery as *Ten Little Indians*. But Hollywood, apparently thinking the title either too Western or too wooden, changed it to the above. Nevertheless, play and screenplay are virtually the same—a richly corpse-strewn vehicle. With Rene Clair directing, the film begins by showing close-ups of eight of the ten characters who are in for a harrowing time. They are, in alphabetical order: Judith Anderson, Mischa Auer, June Duprez, Barry Fitzgerald, Louis Hayward, Walter Huston, C. Aubrey Smith and Roland Young. Richard Haydn and Queenie Leonard are the other two. The eight guests, quite oddly, accept a weekend invitation from an unknown host. His castle-like abode, on a rock-bound island, is presided over by butler Haydn and cook Leonard. And it is servitor Haydn who starts the frosty proceedings by playing a phonograph record which—br-r-r!—charges each of the ten with a specific crime. Then, in ways commensurate with their guilt, they are bumped off, one by one, until there are two. But since these two have the most to live for, it might be said the picture ends happily. Meanwhile, it's scary enough to give you a good excuse for holding your beau's hand.

seems not to have gained June Duprez' entire confidence

OXYDOL WASHES SO CLEAN

even your biggest wash comes

WHITE WITHOUT BLEACHING

FAR AHEAD of Most Soaps in preventing "Dirty Grayness"!

Tests Prove Oxydol Washes Clothes CLEANER and WHITER!

Yes, Whiter! In wash test after wash test—Oxydol proves that it washes clothes *cleaner* and *whiter* than many other soaps which, unlike Oxydol, fail to get out that last possible trace of stubborn dirt and grime!

White and Bright Wash After Wash! Soaps often leave behind tiny discoloring particles caused by dirt in the clothes and the "hardness" of the water. Even with careful rinsing some of these impurities stick in the clothes and turn gray or yellow under ironing heat. But Oxydol combats "dirty grayness"—actually helps *prevent* grayness particles from forming!

New "Hustle-Bubble" Suds Lift Dirt Out! Oxydol's new "Hustle-Bubble" suds are so active they *lift* dirt out. And they work longer, too—long after suds from many other soaps are all tired out! Yes, with Oxydol all your white things—except for unusual stains—come so clean they're White Without Bleaching.

So Safe for Colors, Too! And Oxydol is so *safe* for wash colors, rayons and your own precious hands. Your colored clothes come so clean they fairly sparkle!

Prove this yourself! Next washday use Oxydol. Remember—

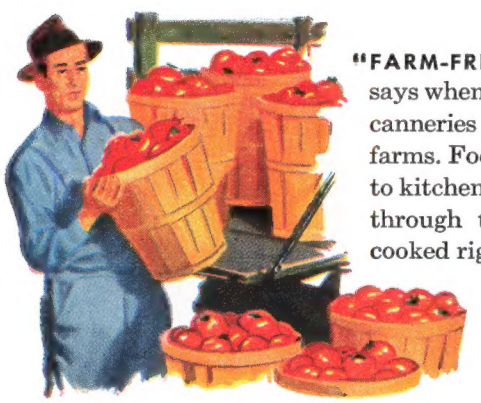
OXYDOL WASHES WHITE WITHOUT BLEACHING!

Here's thought for food!

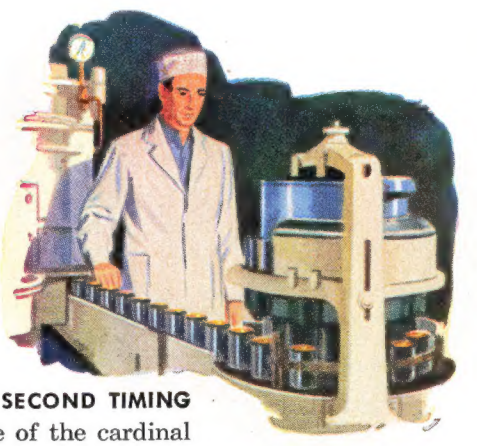
Never were truer words spoken than "the proof of the pudding is in the eating."
For, appetizing *appearance* is only part of the enjoyment—and health values—of foods.
How can you be sure you don't "cook away" flavors, vitamins, and other health values before foods reach your table . . . or that these properties haven't been impaired by storage and transit?
Modern authorities* say: *trust foods in cans*—and the facts below explain why.

*For example, see Aug. 10, 1944 "Journal of Nutrition"

What an appetizing array of good things to eat . . . Tomato soup, crackers, wax beans, diced beets, chicken a la king, peach halves, cocoa . . . "and they all came out of a can!"



"FARM-FRESHNESS" means just what it says when you buy foods in cans. Many canneries operate or control their own farms. Foods are rushed right from field to kitchen. No loss of flavor or freshness through transit. Then the foods are cooked right in their cans. In fact, each can is really a miniature "pressure cooker"!



SPLIT-SECOND TIMING is one of the cardinal rules of the modern cannery. That's one reason why you can count on the *uniformity* of your favorite brand of canned foods—not only for flavor, texture and color—but also for nutritional values! And, of course, canned foods are never "out of season" no matter *where* you may live. They're economical and convenient—So appetizing that you may serve them proudly!

MINUTES COUNT in preparing foods for cooking. Some vegetables and fruits, for instance, can lose valuable vitamins simply by being left standing too long after they're pared or sliced! Such things "simply don't happen" in the modern cannery!

CANNED FOODS ARE

SAFE from dirt, germs, odors

SAFE from air, light, moisture.

SAFE even after the can is opened—because, in the canning process, both the can and its contents are sterilized. Simply cover the top and place in the refrigerator.

The steel-and-tin can does such a dependable job of *protecting* that our armed forces get thousands of things packed in *billions* of cans. And, because the Japs have cut off most of America's normal tin supply, it is necessary for you to save all your cans for tin salvage. For information, call your local Salvage Committee.

CAN MANUFACTURERS' INSTITUTE, INC., NEW YORK

NO OTHER CONTAINER PROTECTS LIKE THE CAN

STEP ON IT SAVE TIN CANS

McCALL'S

Washington newsletter

October, 1945

THE FIRST WINTER OF PEACE will return many long-missing items to store shelves and counters. Clothing stocks, particularly, will increase from now on, although a normal supply probably will not reach the retailers before the first of the year. The Army will be able to make substantial cutbacks, so the textile picture should be brighter this winter than it has been for a long time. Although leather won't be plentiful, Army cutbacks will make a big difference in the shoe picture—enough, probably, to justify removing shoes from rationing. Combat boots, which won't be needed now, used three times as much leather as a pair of civilian shoes.

FOOD OUTLOOK The Army may not be able to cut its food buying more than 20 percent; millions of men must be fed through the demobilization period. There won't be enough fats and oils or sugar for some time, and you probably will continue to use ration stamps for them. But you will find an improved supply of meat very soon—a combination of slightly increased production, better distribution, and perhaps less demand because some incomes will be lower. Only pork and top grades of beef may still be rationed by Christmas.

HOME BUILDING still is under tight government control for the most part, but the degree of control varies considerably in different parts of the country. If you're in a hurry to start on your postwar home, keep in touch with the National Housing Agency office nearest you—or with local builders—for information on housing quotas and priority regulations for your area. Meantime, have your site and plans ready. Veterans and persons who can prove they can't find adequate housing can get home-building priorities.

Note: Since lumber is still scarce and most other building supplies are not yet plentiful, prospective builders can save themselves time and trouble by making sure they can get all the materials they need before they start.

AN ANTI-SHRINK PROCESS perfected during the war to increase the wear span of woolen socks and clothes for the armed forces can be used in peacetime to combat shrinkage in any knit wool or lightweight wool garments. It will even work on fabrics which are mixtures of wool and other fibers.

RADIO NEWS When new radios are available you will find that more of them are equipped to receive frequency modulation broadcasts from nearby stations. There will be more FM programs, and more schools will be able to make radio a definite part of their educational systems. Also, civic groups and women's clubs can go in for statewide and regionwide hook-ups.

BABY TRACTORS for farmers and part-time farmers who till only a few acres, will be on the market before long.

A PLASTICIZED RUG-BACKING YARN developed since Pearl Harbor to take the place of jute is now helping manufacturers to build up their rug and carpet supplies. Made of cellulose fiber, it is resistant to mildew and stands up well under washing and cleaning.

NEW FOOD IDEAS Cream that will stay fresh for a year or more without refrigeration, cookies from the meal of sunflower seeds, canned sandwiches, chocolate bars which won't melt from heat, many new compressed and powdered coffees, a powdered pudding mix which requires no cooking.

New ways to put up food will bring you: hamburgers in cellophane for purchase by the yard or individually, cans with windows, and many more self-help machines into which you can drop your coins and get your package. One of these robot

Continued on page 8

As we go to press this information is factually correct and has been checked with government departments. It is subject only to such changes as may be caused by last-minute developments.

machines will cook a hamburger, slice the bun, put on sauce and hand it out.

COMB HONEY is scarce because the demand for honey is sky-high and apiarists are trying to stretch the supply. Bees waste time and honey when they stop to manufacture honeycombs. So, after the honey has been tapped, the old comb is left for the bees to re-use, giving you the clear product.

A QUICK-ACTION CAMERA no bigger than a railroadman's watch is promised for the postwar era.

WARMER WINTER If you heat with fuel oil, you should be quite warm this winter, for the end of the war releases huge quantities formerly needed for the long ship haul of men and materials to the Pacific. But coal will remain in short supply for at least a year. Reasons: 1) manpower shortages in the mines during summer months; 2) difficulties in returning the European mines to production.

GASOLINE WILL BE FREE ENOUGH for you to enjoy the autumn scenery in your section of the country. It will be better gasoline now that refiners can supply civilians instead of the Air Forces with premium grades. Tires, too, will be easier to get, and may be off the rationed list before the end of the year. But some kind of distribution controls will be retained on new automobiles, until the supply begins to equal essential demand.

HOME APPLIANCES Your chances to obtain a brand new radio, electric iron or other small appliance before January 1 seem good, even though reconversion problems worry many manufacturers. The bigger items—refrigerators, washing machines, ranges—will return more slowly, although prospects are much better than they were this summer. Distribution controls on oil and electric stoves, and mechanical refrigerators, may be retained for a while.

MISCELLANY More dyes are now available for civilian use and will show up before long in such things as textiles, paints and wallpaper....They say the natives of the Dutch East Indies have collected great quantities of black pepper during the war which can be brought out as soon as the shipping lanes are cleared.

Fewer flowers will bloom in American gardens next year because seed companies, by government order, have given more acreage to raising vegetable seeds. Flower seed inventories are the lowest since World War I.

A NEW DEODORANT FOR PAINT will sweeten your future paint chores. It can be mixed with enamels and varnishes, too.

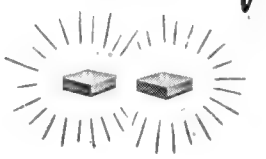
A NEW POWDERY MATERIAL lighter than cork and twice as effective for thermal insulation will make possible, among other things: blankets weighing only a few ounces and refrigerators with 40 percent more storage space in the average-sized model.

IF YOU MUST WAIT for some of the peacetime goods you need, remember that World War II, when it ended, was taking one-half of the nation's total production output. World War I at its height never absorbed more than one-fourth. Inventories of many durable goods were at zero on V-J Day and pipe lines were dry. Also, world shortages of coal, tin, natural rubber, burlap, lumber, sugar and fats and oils will continue for many months.

MORE USED CLOTHING This spring's used clothing campaign was so successful that another one is planned for this fall. Remember that this winter promises to be worse for liberated Europe, particularly the western countries, than any war winter. There is less coal, almost no internal transportation, and less food. Holland has not had coal to operate the new dredges which could have cleared her flooded land. France has not had coal to turn her beet crop into sugar. Final bombings, by our troops as well as the Germans, completed the downward spiral of the Continent's economy. Its people need your help to live.

SEND FOOD TO EUROPE Through community canning centers and other supervised food canning establishments you can give food for European relief. Make your contribution all you can spare. If your community or group has some special gift it would like to make, it can be done through the War Relief Control Board in the State Department. Some groups have already given live cattle to be used in re-establishing herds, milk goats, sewing machines, hand tools, medicines and money.

I just won't hear of anything but these



"I'm not the least bit interested in just any silverplate. The kind I'm buying is the sort I *know* will stay beautiful for years and years. The backs of bowls and handles of the most used spoons and forks are *inlaid*. Imagine . . . two blocks of sterling silver for protection right where they rest on the table. It's the grandest beauty tip I ever heard of!

"As for Holmes & Edwards patterns . . . they're perfectly lovely. Maybe I can get a set right away. At least, I'll get my order in now.

HOLMES & EDWARDS
STERLING INLAID° SILVERPLATE

HERE AND HERE
It's Sterling Inlaid

Copyright 1945, International Silver Co., Holmes & Edwards Division, Meriden, Conn. In Canada: The T. Eaton Co., Ltd. °Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

No other Shampoo

leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Only Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action gives you this wonderful combination of beauty benefits! ✔*Extra lustre*... up to 33% more sheen than with any kind of soap or soap shampoo! Because all soaps leave a film on hair which dulls lustre, robs your hair of glamour! Drene leaves no dulling film, brings out all the lovely gleam. ✔*Such manageable hair*... easy to comb into smooth, shining neatness, right after shampooing... due to the fact that the new improved Drene has a wonderful hair conditioning action. ✔*Complete removal of unsightly dandruff*, the very first time you use this wonderful improved shampoo. So insist on Drene with Hair Conditioning action, or ask your beauty shop to use it!

Jewels in your Hair

for After-Dark Glamour

Dramatize the beauty of your hair, focus attention on your smart hair-do! For evening occasions, wear jewels in your hair!

Lisa Fonssagrives... glamorous New York fashion model, Cover Girl and "Drene Girl"... shows you, on this page, three smart hair-dos dramatized with jewels!

This turquoise tiara certainly calls attention to Lisa's shining topknot of puffs! A twisted double strand of pearls or a string of large gold beads would also look lovely encircling the puffs! But you'll not get the maximum combination of lustre and manageability from your shampoos unless you use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action, as Lisa always does!

A gold bracelet was used by Lisa for this stunning back arrangement. Ends of hair are drawn through bracelet, then pulled upward. That extra shining smooth look is due to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action.

Wear large combs set with brilliant stones or pearls, on either side of this double-puff topknot arrangement! But first, wash your hair in Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action. No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Drene Shampoo

WITH HAIR CONDITIONING ACTION

Product of Procter & Gamble

—and never goodbye

How could he know at this moment that there would come a day ... ... a day when neither pity nor remembered love could erase his hatred for the woman he had married?

BY ROBERT J. KUHN

IT BEGAN in the morning, when his wife was in the hills and the men were looking for her—an aching throb that caught in his temples and blurred the cold clear air with an eye-mist that could not be tears, must not be tears. He noticed it during the hours of wait, when the morning sat brilliantly over the rolling vineyards of the Napa Valley and no word came from the men who were searching. He stood at the back of the inn nearer the wooded hills and he thought of Swenson's hesitant explanation.

"We met her coming out of the inn. She told us she was taking a walk, but halfway down the path she began to run."

That's when the choking came and the blur, with the realization that she had dropped all pretense.

"I guess I should have run after her then and there," Swenson said, "but I didn't know what to do. It was so unexpected."

Until then Evelyn had been on company manners in front of the others. To break into a run was a letting down of hair before strangers, a final break with propriety, an admission that something was dreadfully wrong. Swenson and his wife had watched her run up the road that wound into the hills but for them there was no letting down, no break with propriety. They

knew they should run after her, but she was a stranger and they could not bring themselves to interfere.

They had entered the inn and told the doctor and the search had begun, the men hoping to find her in the vast sprawling hills where she had only to step behind a tree to disappear. Because of his heart, Dan was told to stay behind and wait, the inn quiet with the peace of Sunday and only a farmhand on the back steps cleaning his fresh-picked mushrooms.

Dan sat down and watched in silence as the sharp knife blade scraped away the muck and slid through the tender white meat.

"Pick them yourself?" He had to say something, had to forget the hills behind him and the hunt that was going on there.

"Yep."

Silence again. He could picture her, frightened, listening, hiding at noises, running.

"How do you know they're not toadstools?"

The knife blade never stopped scraping, never stopped its effortless slicing.

"Well, I tell yuh. Don't rightly know as I ever saw a toadstool." The farmhand waited, grew more sure of himself. "But I got a theory." Expansive now; confident. "You take some folks, they can't eat sea food, without they get sick. And you take other folks, they can't eat mushrooms. And that's how it is." He paused. "Anyway, we eat 'em, and if we get sick, we get sick, that's all. Only it ain't never happened yet."

Doesn't believe in toadstools, Dan thought. There are no toadstools for him, because he doesn't believe in them.

The telephone rang softly in the house beyond. There were noises in the kitchen, then a voice from the kindly housekeeper. "They've found her."

A farmer had seen her sitting by a fence and had pretended not to notice. He had driven on to the nearest farmhouse and telephoned the inn. They had told him to try to engage her in conversation. Then the searching party went out again: the doctor and Swenson. They found her lying by the side of the fence, resting. Together with the farmer they had closed in on her from three sides. When she heard them she bounded up and leaped over the fence. The doctor told him about it afterward.

"I never saw anything like it. Don't forget, she was weak. The mountainside was steep and she was wearing high heels, but she almost got away from us!"

Sure-footed with fear, with the speed of panic, running, clearing rocks, leaping ditches, her ankles never turning, stride unbroken. Swenson cut across the field to head her off and when she saw there was no escape, she dropped and clutched the earth.

"How she kept her footing, I don't know."

High heels on a mountainside in the cold clear air of California's Napa Valley, and a throb in his temples and a pitifully frightened girl whom he once had loved.

"I'll go up and pack my things," he said.

WHEN he came down, Evelyn was sitting in the back seat of the doctor's car, her head on Irene's shoulder. She was crying, and the doctor's wife was comforting her. Dan stood behind the car and off to one side where they could not see him and he thought, Oh, God. Oh, God! It ran refrain-like through his mind while the soft pressure rose in his throat and he thought of his father's funeral, when he had wanted to cry but could only think, Oh, God!

A blanket of nine hundred yellow roses and the organ playing his father's favorite songs. *My Heart At Thy Sweet Voice* and Massenet's *Elegy*. A thousand friends from thirty states and *The Pilgrim's Chorus* and then the thud of the funeral march and a little boy who could not cry but silently hollered Oh, God.

"We'd better get started. It's a long drive."

"I'm ready."

He sat in front with the doctor, the back of his head aware of her eyes, the road winding up under the automobile hood like an asphalt ribbon on a spool. For the first hour she was brittle with forced gaiety, a travesty on her usual charm. Her companions were quiet and uncomfortable.

"Danny needs a haircut. Don't you, Dan?" She waited for an answer. He was silent.

"I always loved to see Dan's hair grow long. Sometimes it begins to curl in back and he looks like a poet. I never wanted him to get a haircut. Did I, Danny? I was foolish, I guess. I loved my husband and I wanted him to look like a poet. I was awfully silly, wasn't I? I loved my husband but he never loved me."

Dan closed his eyes, opened them again on the hypnotically moving road as her voice came through again with a quaver. "You never loved me, did you?"

The doctor and his wife made little embarrassed weight-shiftings. "You mustn't talk like that, Evelyn," Irene said.

"But he didn't. I know that now." She was bright-eyed, bright-voiced, brittle. "It's all right, why shouldn't I say it? Everybody knows. Everybody at the inn knew my husband couldn't bear to sleep in the same room with me last night."

"Evelyn!" The doctor was stern. "Cut it out!" He spoke with the authority of a psychiatrist, the familiarity of an old friend. She subsided. Her husband shrank a little inside his topcoat.

Brittle . . . Yes, he thought, that was the word for it. As though she might snap and she knew it and there was no release from the pressure. He thought of a violin string tuned too high and straining the instrument, pulling at it from both ends, but always it is the string that breaks, not the violin. I am not the string, he thought. I must not be the string.

"Could we stop somewhere for lunch?" Irene said. "Personally, I'm starving."

"We'll stop at Napa, if you don't mind waiting." The doctor had a gentle voice. "How about you, Dan?"

"I could eat."

"Dan loves to eat." His wife again. "I always

"Dan, take me to my baby!" Her piercing voice slashed at his every nerve. "I've told you before. Your baby is dead," the doctor said

loved to cook for him, because he enjoyed it so. Didn't you, Danny?"

He nodded. Her first meal for him . . . How many years ago? He had been to New York to look for a job and was coming back to Miami to marry her. The porter brought him her wire at Jacksonville. He remembered the shock of hearing his own name called out on a train full of strangers, and her wire: WELCOME HOME DARLING. SUPPER WILL BE READY.

Welcome home! What that had meant to a lonely young man in a hostile world, with his memories of childhood scattered across a continent! A home-cooked meal . . . He could remember it still. The fried chicken greasy, the rice yellow with saffron and strange to his taste. A bad meal, but forgotten in the excitement of his return, a brave effort by a prospective bride. He thought of her later efforts to please him—the German pot roast, rabbit salmi, his mother's cake. Evelyn had wanted to make him happy.

She tried, he thought, and it came again, the choking and the blur. "You were a good cook," he said.

IN THE restaurant Evelyn was quiet. He sat opposite her, tried to make conversation with the others, tried to include her in it. She sat docile, staring at him, at his aquiline face, his black mustache.

"I love you," she whispered. Irene and the doctor pretended not to hear. He frowned.

"Eat your lunch. It's getting cold."

She began to eat, but kept her eyes on his face. Her eyes were opened wide and she looked like a wondering child.

"Evvie, darling, your feet must be soaked from those fields." Irene was suddenly concerned. Evelyn nodded.

"Take off your stockings if they're wet," Dan said.

She stopped eating, looked at him. Her voice was a whisper. "Do you care?"

"Of course." He was impatient. "I don't want you to get sick."

Her voice was a plea. "Do you care?"

He started to express his annoyance, considered, and spoke gently. "Of course I care. Now do as I say."

She removed her stockings, tucked her feet up under her. The others had finished eating and arose.

"We'll meet you in the car," the doctor said. They were alone.

"Take me home with you, Dan." She said it quickly, as though she had been waiting for the opportunity.

"Can't, puss." The endearment slipped out, from long habit almost forgotten, yet it served to soften his refusal.

"But why not? We can start all over."

Start all over—all the way back to the beginning, back to their honeymoon. He could remember the heat of that August day in Miami when they walked to the courthouse at noon to get the license. Their lunch hour, it was, and neither of them important enough to risk being late in returning to work. No money for a ring and so the ten-cent store served, then an afternoon of work and wonder and rising excitement. A free honeymoon in Havana! His work on the paper had got them that, free passage on the steamship, the promise of a room at the Hotel Nacional.

Let me remember how it was, he thought. It was thrills and excitement and a foreign land . . . The throb of heavy engines and the white spume of the ship's wake and a broad spray of stars. It was tenderness and gaiety, music, laughter and the hush of intimacy. It was contentment, romance and revelation. It was a honeymoon in Havana.

They had gone to the ship direct from work, carrying their suitcases with them. As they hurried up the gangplank the purser had smiled.

"Going to the wedding?" he called.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED LUDEKENS

"Hell," they answered, "we *are* the wedding!"

Their friends met them on the top deck, and together they climbed up to the bridge, then to the top of the captain's quarters, leaving the crowds far below. The sun had begun to set and the evening breeze swept across the waters of Biscayne Bay, which showed green against the sky. There was no reality, for either of them.

A PERFECT honeymoon, he thought. Everything in the grand manner. Their quarters on the ship —not the usual tiny cabin with single bunks one above the other and no space in which to turn around—but a stateroom, air-conditioned against the semitropical heat, with an enormous double bed and private bath.

He could remember every detail . . . The press agent who had promised them their honeymoon, who was supposed to make all the arrangements, when they had asked him about their accommodations in Havana, airily brushed them aside with, "I've got nothing to do with that."

They laughed. Good old Jack, always joking! Then the slow realization that this was not a joke, the frantic pooling of money, the prospect of a honeymoon in Havana on less than thirty dollars. The friend who had tried to be helpful: "I'll introduce you to the manager of the Nacional, when we land. Maybe he'll give you a rate."

He remembered majestic Morro Castle in the morning, the long line of sailing vessels rotting gently along the quay . . . The brown-skinned boys who swam along the ship as it neared the dock and who dove for coins. Seeing them so graceful in the water, he wondered if they were awkward on land.

Then the confusion of Customs, the noise, the excitement, shouts, crowds and the sudden ejection into the avenue, where their baggage was put into an aged open touring car. They had climbed aboard, waited while the tired motor whoofed into action, clung precariously as the automobile roared down the street, sometimes *[Turn to page 30]*

Don't tell the landlady

She hoped he'd understand what she must tell him. But first he had to learn this lesson she already knew: *Only two can break a marriage*— the two who made it

BY RUTH ADAMS KNIGHT

HAPPY couples stay married because there's no incentive to disturb the status quo," Attorney Carl Ainslee had said. His tone had been solemn, almost frightening. "But in the event they suddenly found themselves single again, Kay, how many of them do you think would remarry the same persons?"

"You're a lawyer and that makes you a cynic," Kay had told him indignantly. "Look, a divorce really isn't anything but a piece of paper."

"It's a piece of paper that means something."

"Not to people who are really in love."

"In love or not, it's a risk," Carl Ainslee had said impressively. "I doubt very much, Kay, whether there's a husband or wife in the world who at some time doesn't secretly wonder *Would I do it over again?* Stay as you are, my dear."

The man was crazy. He just didn't know about couples like herself and Pat. Kay had listened to Carl's words almost as intently as she had listened to her marriage ceremony, but she had refused to be impressed by them. To a girl whose one purpose was to be with the man she loved, a divorce seemed an unimportant price to pay. The legal mind, she'd thought scornfully, always careful and full of caution. What could it understand of desire strong enough to draw you halfway across the world?

BUT that had been several months ago. Now, as night after night she tossed on her cot in the housing unit which the Army provided for civilian employees at Hawaii's Hickam Field, the remembered words were like a sentence of execution. Carl had obviously possessed the wisdom of Solomon. For when her roommate's delicate snoring proved she wasn't eavesdropping, Kay's muffled sobs testified to her own heartbroken uncertainty Carl had warned her she would be playing with dynamite, and he'd been right—now it had exploded.

Did *she* want to do it over again? She didn't know now. She honestly didn't know.

Remembering her eager assurance that day only a few months ago when she had rushed into Carl Ainslee's office, was like remembering another existence. She had sat across the desk from him, her hands gripped tightly in her lap to keep them from trembling, while the roar of New York traffic mingled with the roar of planes flying overhead had come through the open window. But Kay's heart hadn't been there at all. It had been out here at Hickam Field, where her husband Lt. Patrick Harley had recently been grounded because he had developed sinus trouble. That, she told Carl, could only mean that their separation, already agonizingly extended, would be even more indefinite. While Pat had been bombing Iwo Jima from Saipan in a B-24, there had at least been the grim hope that when his tour of duty was finished he would have leave. Now there was no telling when he would come home.

"When I found that out," she had explained to Carl, her voice a little husky, "I knew I couldn't go on as a civilian any longer. I decided I had to get into service somehow, even if my job here is a pretty good one. And what do you think I discovered, Carl?" Her voice broke with excitement. "If I weren't married to a man in the Pacific theater, I could go out to Hawaii and work at Hickam Field!"

"That's right," Carl had agreed. "You could."

"Don't be so calm about it. Did you ever hear of anything more awful? *If I weren't Pat's wife I could be out there with him!*"

Carl nodded. "But you *are* his wife. You see, the Army . . ."

Kay cut short abruptly any explanation as to why wives were prohibited from following husbands to overseas areas.

"If a man wants to marry a girl he meets over there, he can do it, can't he?"

Looking at Kay's hazel eyes with their long lashes, her fair hair that fell in a sunny cloud about her shoulders, her soft sweet mouth, Carl thought a man would want to marry this girl wherever he met her. He nodded. Kay's hands in her lap relaxed then.

"That's all I wanted to know," she had told him. "Carl, how long will it take to get me a Mexican divorce?"

Carl Ainslee had argued and protested. When finally he had complied, despite his professional horror of his own act, no one could say he hadn't warned her. It hadn't been until she reached San Francisco, with the slip of paper certifying that in a Mexican town of unpronounceable name her marriage had been dissolved tucked safely in her bag, that she had had her first twinge of premonition. There, filling out her application for Pacific service, she had realized this was no game of pretend. Legally, she actually *was* no longer Mrs. Patrick Harley; she was Kay Holland, a husbandless gal, with a paper to prove it—a paper that meant something.

There had been no suggestion at all of her changed status in the neat packet of letters she had left with Carl to be mailed to the Pacific after her departure. But while she waited to sail, an uneasy consciousness of her single state moved in on her with the relentlessness of an Arctic winter. Though over and over she told herself fiercely it was only a meaningless device—that nothing between her and Pat had changed, or ever could change—by the time she got aboard the transport she was so white and shaken that her fellow passengers believed she was seasick. Suppose, the awful thought had come, just suppose, now while she and Pat were divorced, something *should* happen?

The possibility had been too awful to contemplate, but its terror would not be dismissed.

DURING most of the trip out she had stayed in her bunk, bolstering her courage by remembering. Now that she was in Hawaii, confronted with evidence that Pat wasn't palpitating at all to marry her again, and none too certain she wanted to remarry him, she tried to skip memories. But on the transport they had been clear and comforting.

She and Pat had been married for almost three years. In the beginning he had been an Air Corps cadet, and she had followed him through the States from one Army airfield to another. Later he had become an instructor and she had kept house for him in boarding house bedrooms and tourist camps in Texas, Kansas and California. Sometimes she had worked at the Field herself. But she had always been at home when he was free, whipping makeshift meals into dinner parties for two, laughing with him, adoring him, making a world of safety for the two of them from which the horror of a larger world at war was shut out. Always, though, there had loomed before them the day when Pat must go overseas. But they'd made that tomorrow's worry. In their hours of intimacy they had not admitted a tomorrow.

Pat's orders to combat had [*Turn to page 78*]

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT HARRIS

'Remember me? I'm the guy who said, 'I Patrick take thee Kay...'" he said patiently. Alarm bells rang in Kay's ears. "But I haven't a husband—not now," she explained in a small voice

WOMEN AND WIVES

Most men spend as much time with other women as they do with their wives. For most men have women associates who share their business hours. It is a wise wife who knows that the other woman needn't be her rival . . .

ILLUSTRATED BY GRAY-O'REILLY

BY MARYNIA FARNHAM, M. D.

EVERY morning, 50 million American men leave their homes and wives to go to work. Most of them do so gladly, almost with eagerness. But for a great many women this separation is filled with anxiety. For these women, the work itself, its absorbing qualities, the relationships it cannot avoid engendering are all sources of danger. They are especially threatened by the women who work more or less closely with their husbands and often fear them as rivals who might deprive the wife of her husband's love. Unless they can understand the realities of work and these work relationships, they may easily precipitate themselves and their husbands into destructive and unnecessary misery.

To be able to accept her husband's work life without anxiety or resentment, a wife must understand what work means to men as well as what it doesn't mean, and what his relations to the people with whom he works really are. More than this, she must accept her own part in it and its relation to their mutual life.

In the first place, it is axiomatic that men work. Any man who doesn't is universally suspect as either unfortunate or worthless. The Biblical malediction put upon Adam at the time of the expulsion from Eden, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat thy bread," expresses this feeling that men *must* work. And so they must. For their bread, and much else vital to them.

Historically, the male work consisted of foraging and providing shelter for himself, the female and their mutual offspring. This was appropriately a male function because he was unencumbered by the care of the young which has always been the woman's biologically determined role. Today, those same needs provide the underlying compulsion to it.

But, now, there are many elaborations on that simple theme —many expectations men have from work beyond that of physical protection against cold and hunger. There is first the wish to surpass those with whom the man finds himself in competition. From the early days of childhood when brothers and sisters are the original rivals for parental love and approval, this wish is an effective motivation for achievement. What was true in childhood in respect to parental acceptance, in adult life is transferred to society as a whole, and in particular to those by whom we feel we can be judged.

The equation which expresses this is: "The better I am, the more I succeed, the more will I be loved." To be loved and accepted is the central goal of all human effort.

WORK also makes it possible for the man to satisfy his drive to control his life and destiny. This, in turn, has its origins in a reaction to the early experiences of life which are those of helplessness and dependency upon the good will and affection of others, particularly the mother. Even the very small child finds that helplessness has its hazardous aspects. As the individual develops, he discovers the value of not having to be dependent upon others. Pleasures and satisfactions [*Turn to page 56*]

A WIDOW'S WAY

In a typical peacetime year some 360,000 American women are widowed. War adds its toll. For some, the death of a husband means the end of two lives. For other braver women, the beginning of a new one

BY ZELDA POPKIN

ONE morning I saw my husband die, suddenly, swiftly, of a heart attack. "Tomorrow I shall read the Twenty-third Psalm," said the clergyman whom I had asked to officiate at his funeral. "I want to repeat one line of it now. 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death.' The words are '*walk through.*' Not remain. Not stay forever."

It has taken me two years to understand what he meant and to know it was true. The valley of the shadow of death has an end. Its end is a new life—a whole life, enriched by the good memories of marriage and strengthened by the knowledge that you have faced the worst that can ever happen to you.

We live our days in the mortal dread of losing a loved one. That has happened. Nothing in the future can hurt quite so much.

In each of these present days, well over a thousand women are starting that walk through the valley. They cannot see the end and will not believe it is there. Nor did I two years ago, for I did not know then what I know now, that grief is a sickness of body and spirit which can be healed. Its cure is courage and time. Time itself will not cure it. Left to time alone, the result may well be psychological or even physical illness.

With the shock of bereavement, your body enters a twilight zone in which the rudimentary functions of living stop. It is hard to breathe or to walk. You cannot sleep. You do not eat. You do not want to live. That urge toward suicide is part of the psychopathology of grief. Other cultures recognized it in the custom of suttee in which the widow cremates herself on her husband's funeral pyre. Our Western world is only slightly less barbarous in prescribing the widow's veil and conventional black which symbolize the same thing—deliberate withdrawal from life.

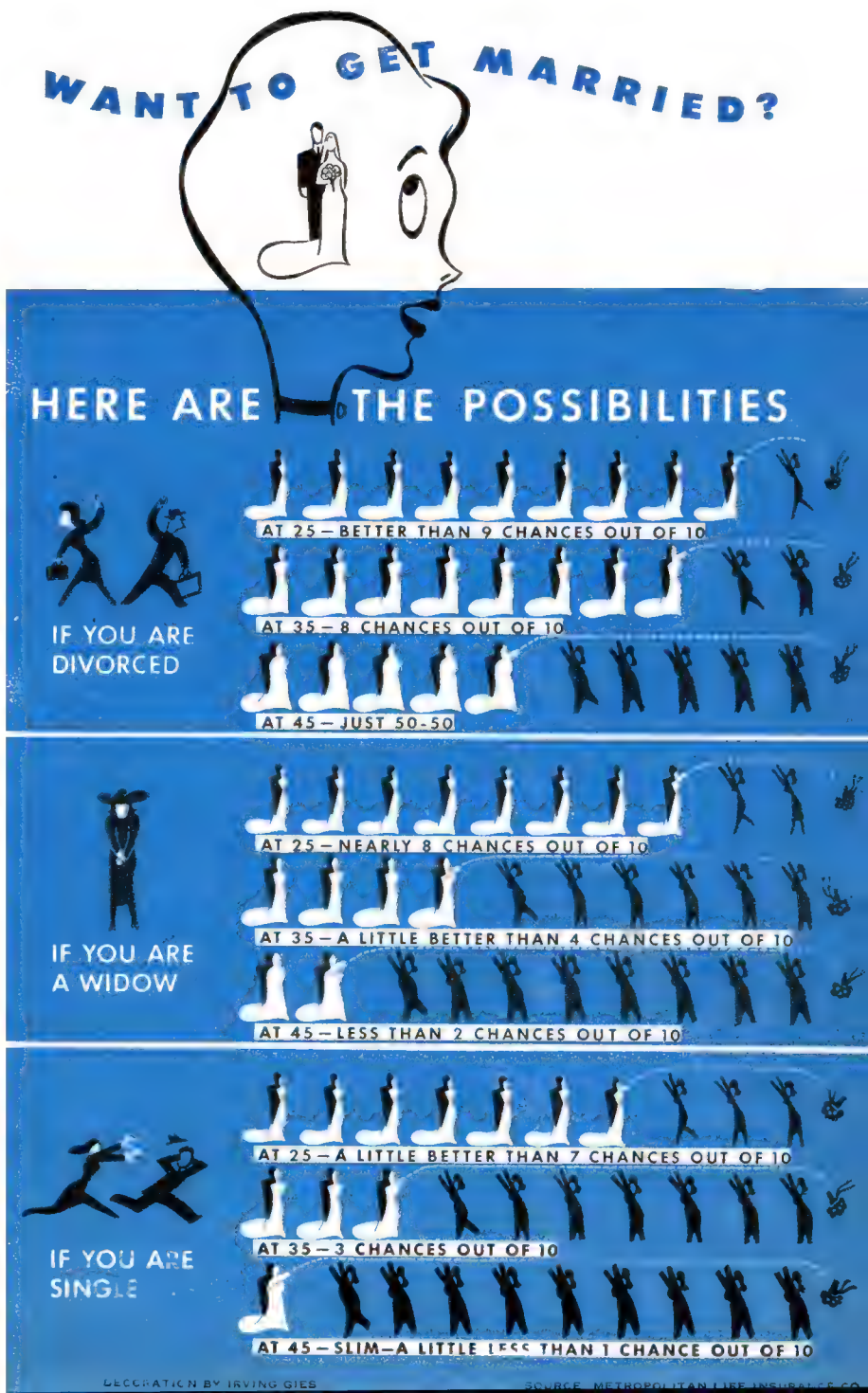
You say, you even believe, that you, too, wish to die. But you don't. You go on living, on whatever terms you make with life.

ONE cannot and should not ignore the fact that the mortality rate for widows is nearly twice that for married women of similar ages. The statisticians who recorded that say it is probably because marriage is a stabilizing influence in the life and health of the individual. The explanation, it seems to me, is more elementary. Women alone, or men alone for that matter, ignore the basic things that protect health. Women alone eat foolishly. They live on scraps and sandwiches because there's no incentive to plan and cook meals for one. They dose themselves with barbiturates for their inevitable jitters and insomnia. They are too quick to follow the advice of well-meaning friends to "Take a drink, you need it, poor thing," to struggle in a disabling hangover through a crisis that asks for a clear head.

A good physician did me a great service a few months after my husband died. He said: "From now on, it's cold turkey for you. You're not to touch sedatives or alcohol. Prolonged use of either will wreck your nervous system. Suppose you don't sleep for one night, or the next or the next. Eventually you will."

I was able to take that rugged advice because my convalescence had already started. It began on the morning I read in the newspapers that a plane had crashed and killed all aboard it. "Why," I said to myself. "The wives of those men are in my trouble." The thought grew. "All over the world there are women in this kind of trouble. I am not the first to whom this has happened. I shall not be the last."

This was not merely the dubious consolation of misery loves company. It was the beginning of the end of self-pity. I could no longer ask: "Why did it happen to me?" (*Turn to page 60*)


WANT TO GET MARRIED?
HERE ARE THE POSSIBILITIES
IF YOU ARE DIVORCED
AT 25 – BETTER THAN 9 CHANCES OUT OF 10
AT 35 – 8 CHANCES OUT OF 10
AT 45 – JUST 50-50
IF YOU ARE A WIDOW
AT 25 – NEARLY 8 CHANCES OUT OF 10
AT 35 – A LITTLE BETTER THAN 4 CHANCES OUT OF 10
AT 45 – LESS THAN 2 CHANCES OUT OF 10
IF YOU ARE SINGLE
AT 25 – A LITTLE BETTER THAN 7 CHANCES OUT OF 10
AT 35 – 3 CHANCES OUT OF 10
AT 45 – SLIM – A LITTLE LESS THAN 1 CHANCE OUT OF 10
DECORATION BY IRVING GIES
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Till the moon be no more

A brief hello, then goodbye. That was the way he wanted it—that was the way it might have been save for a light in her window seen from a lonely hilltop

BY DONNA GEYER

THE man left the road that wound through the late dusk and climbed to a hidden rock overlooking the valley. He dropped his bag and sat with his back against the rock. The sky was that luminous blend of turquoise and purple that follows a majestic sunset; the trees and hills stood black against it, and one star shone fresh near the horizon.

The soft breeze of early evening touched his cheek so gently, he quivered with rebellion. Before he looked down to the square of yellow light glowing from a window in the valley, he stiffened himself against his longing. But he need not have, for his well of bitterness was so deep it diluted all other emotions to traces.

A sudden banner of light flattened itself momentarily along the ground on the opposite side of the farmhouse. A sharp, quick bark and the slam of a door slapped the silence, and then all was as it had been . . .

Young Mark Fuller wondered if the door had opened to let someone in or out. Probably in. There were no other noises.

Jenny would be moving about the kitchen now in that quick, high-breasted way of hers, cleaning away after supper. He didn't need to go down to the window to know how quietly her capable, long-fingered hands cleared the dishes away; how her soft brown hair swept back from her forehead; how her magnificent, talking gray eyes with heavy black lashes, gift of her Scotch mother, would instantly draw attention from her face; how her color came and went with the surge of her emotions, leaving her skin the gold-pink of the snow that fell one winter in the valley when the storm had gotten mixed somehow with the pink and gold sands of an Arizona dust storm.

No, he didn't need to go down to see this, but before the light went out, he would go quietly to look through the window at this lodestone that had drawn him. Then as quietly he would go away for good from his valley, for he loved Jenny Abbey. He would immerse his bitterness in the sweep and peace of the valley awhile longer, and then he would go.

What would she think when he didn't kiss her? Then before he knew it she was in his arms. "He's back, Moon," she whispered

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER

Peace. The word surged at his bitterness, making it boil up hot within him, like the subterranean gases which torment the hot blue pools of Yellowstone.

A sudden soft snuffing and padding on the twigs startled him. A white collie stood ghostlike on the path a dozen feet away, the hairs standing stiffly on the ridge of his back, a low, liquid growl trembling at his throat. As Mark stayed motionless, the dog started forward, and his growl edged itself with an anxious whimpering. Suddenly he gave a yelp of recognition and threw himself on Mark.

Mark grabbed the dog's muzzle with one hand and stroked him to stifle his whimpering. "Quiet, Tam! Good boy."

A FAMILIAR whistle and a clear voice came up the hillside to them, and a moment later a girl in a flowered dirndl dress came into sight on the path just where the collie had stood. She stopped short, and her hand flew to her throat. "Mark!"

"Hello, Jenny." Mark stood up, tall and thin, the lines of fatigue cut deep at the sides of his mouth, and held out his hands to her, wondering what she would think when he didn't kiss her now, here in this place where he so often had.

"Oh, Mark! You're home." She ran into his arms so naturally that he did kiss her—not gently as he used to, but violently, swept by the tide of his unrest.

When he released her, her gray eyes searched his face as if this kiss puzzled her. She pushed aside his bag and sat down with her back to the rock.

"If it hadn't been for Tam, I wouldn't have believed my eyes. I came up here every day while you were gone, and I always pretended you'd be here waiting. I'd have thought . . ." She laughed uneasily, and held up her hand to pull him down beside her.

"Every day while you were gone . . . " Three years. Mark thought about that. Sometimes by spring the snow lay eight feet deep in the valley. He threw a stick for Tam and then sat down beside her. He hadn't planned that Jenny would see him, but it would make no difference—he wouldn't let it. Perhaps it was better to tell her he wasn't staying. He wondered how soon she would ask why he hadn't written these last months—why he hadn't let her know he was coming.

Jenny lifted her face to the night. Curling tendrils of brown hair stirred at her temples. "The moon will be up in a few minutes. I like it best then. I remember over and over the phrase, 'Abundance of peace till the moon be no more.' I think it's in the Bible."

Peace! The corners of his mouth twitched.

As Jenny gazed at the eastern ridge where already the sky had lightened to a steely blue, he wanted to take her hand, to pull her close so her shoulder would fit under his arm. She stayed quiet, her long fingers locked around her knees, and he put away the desire to touch her. The forces within him surged until he wanted to crash headlong downhill through the trees and the brush, to release the scream that tore at his throat for utterance. Love should bring joy and peace. He could bring nothing of the sort to Jenny Abbey.

The moon spread its way over the ridge, mammoth and orange, and then broke free, silvered, and rose into the night sky flooding the valley with its odd white light. As if at this signal, the breeze strengthened, making a sound in the pines like the rushing of a mountain stream.

Jenny looked up. "He's back, Moon," she whispered. Then she smiled at Mark. "Maybe we can come back up later. I didn't tell Dad where I was going, and I have to see that Duncan gets to bed. They'll be so glad to see you, Mark. Of course Duncan's terribly proud of you."

Mark hesitated. But he couldn't very well tell her now, in a hurry like this, and just after she'd told the moon he was back. He picked up his bag and followed her. Tam sprang in delighted circles around them, dashing away now and then to vent his delirium on imagined foes.

They were glad to see him.

Duncan shook hands with twelve-year-old gravity. "About time you got back," he said gruffly, his gray, black-lashed eyes so like Jenny's gazing proudly at Mark. "We haven't had a telephone lineman who knows his stuff in so long, that by now every time we lift our receiver off the hook, old lady Moresby's phone tinkles!"

Mark grinned. "I'll bet she isn't kicking." But he was thinking, I haven't come back to stay, Duncan. I don't want my job back.

"Not her. That way she doesn't miss a trick."

Mr. Abbey laid a hand on Mark's shoulder. "We're glad to see you, boy." There was a little more silver at the temples of his fine chiseled face, that was all.

JENNY filled the teakettle from the hand pump at the kitchen sink, put more piñon wood into the stove and began measuring coffee, slicing the crisp-crusted home-baked bread for sandwiches.

Mark sat in one of the gingham-covered rockers and wished he hadn't had to come back into this big kitchen where the sweep and peace of the valley became warm and human. Tam sat watching Jenny slice the beef tongue, while the Kelly-Cat walked back and forth under Tam's chin, arching her back and purring louder than the rocking teakettle.

Every time they lifted their receiver, Mrs. Moresby's phone tinkled. It had been a long time since Mark had thought about stringing lines in the valley. He remembered the time he was almost electrocuted when the light wires fell on the phone lines in a bad flood. But the phone was essential. Somebody might need a doctor. Mark rang in when the lines were fixed. Before he disconnected his test set, Mrs. Moresby had been on the line calling her sister.

"Oh, thank goodness," she'd burbled. "I've been trying all day to call you. I guess the line's been down. Don't you think the pink Nora is using in her star quilt is just *too* pink?"

Mark had smiled wryly as he stowed his equipment back in the truck.

Not like sliding out under [*Turn to page 70*]

She loved him completely, holding back from him no part of herself. Perhaps, she thought, it's wrong to love so intensely

ILLUSTRATED BY HALLECK FINLEY

A NOVEL COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

Love Passed By

Weep not for the woman who takes love where she finds it, and with its passing feels only a little emptiness, then nothing... Save your tears for Leslie who knew from the beginning that for her there was only one man

BY ANN PINCHOT

LESLIE fled to the dressing room. She pulled out the stool before the blue painted table, tucked the slim skirt of her black crepe evening gown under her, and sat there stiffly, troubled by an odd, intuitive sense of fear. What in the world had got into Chris? How dared he talk like that to Rufus Raynor? It wasn't like him to be insolent to his boss . . .

A girl came into the dressing room—one of those ravishing blondes to whom Rufus Raynor, with his highly publicized instinct for popular appeal, was partial. She draped her lovely body on the blue and white tufted chaise and lit a cigarette.

"Isn't it a divine party?" she said, blowing smoke from her exquisite nostrils like a baby dragon. "Isn't Rufus marvelous? I mean, the way he spots talent. You know what he told me last week? 'Mimi,' he said, 'I'm putting on a new daytime serial for Epicure, and you're in, Mimi.' "

Leslie listened absently to the artificial accent that was so absurd with the cozy, confiding voice.

"Are you in radio or on the stage?" Mimi bubbled.

"Neither," Leslie said. "I'm married to Christopher Buell."

"Buell? You mean Rufus' assistant? Oh, I remember him! Isn't he *lucky* to be so close to Rufus!"

The luck's the other way around, Leslie thought dryly. She opened her brocade evening bag and concentrated on redoing her mouth.

From the partly opened door floated the sounds of a successful party in high gear. A string orchestra was playing, but the music was blotted out by the barrage of voices. With its specially contrived magic, Rufus' apartment shut out the agony of a world at war. Famous people, interesting people, superb Scotch and fine vintage champagne, good food, music—out of this potpourri, Rufus Raynor had created an individual background for himself, for the fussy, pedantic, tiresome little man who was a genius in his own field.

When you mentioned the pioneers of radio production, Rufus' name invariably headed the list. He handled both magazine and radio advertising for a half-dozen important accounts. The radio productions, which he supervised, were tops. Definitely, he was a power, and even Broadway stars like Gertie Lancaster canceled other dates when his telegraphed invitation came.

This was the first really big party he'd given since Pearl Harbor. Leslie had looked forward to it, like a kid to some wonderful treat.

She had taken the five o'clock from Pine Ridge, carrying her black gown and silver slippers in an overnight bag. She would dress in the room at the Plaza View which Christopher had engaged.

"I'll meet you at seven," he'd said. "We'll have dinner at some place really nice."

At eight o'clock, she'd finished the evening papers and a magazine. At nine he finally called. "I'm still tied up," he explained, his voice rough and harassed. "You'd better have your dinner, Leslie. The new show's lousy, and Rufe is raising the devil! Unfortunately, he picked a new script writer and gave the kid a green light. Now, one of the Raynor brilliant hunches is one beautiful mess!"

It was a little after ten when he had finally let himself into the room at the Plaza View. His lean face with its flat cheekbones and forward-thrusting jaw was carved in utter despairing weariness. His dark eyes were dead as soot, the lids puffy.

"Chris, darling—" Leslie got up swiftly from her armchair. How tired he looked! "Darling," she said, putting her arms around him, "even with a shave, you'd still look like the wrath of God."

"Sister, I sure feel like it, too," he said. He ran his hand limply through his dark mussed hair and flopped on the twin bed.

"Order me a drink, sweetie," he said. "I'm shot."

She mustn't disclose her concern; it would only irritate him. So she said casually, "Let's make it a glass of milk and a ham sandwich. I have a feeling that you haven't eaten."

The sudden mischievous twinkle in his eyes changed the cast of his face, erased the lines on his square intelligent forehead, relaxed the rigid self-control of his sensuous mouth. For an exciting moment, he was no longer the promising thirty-three-year-old executive, but a bemused and carefree boy.

"How'd you guess?" he demanded.

"Mama hears all, knows all, sees all. And—" she added ruefully, "can't do a darn thing about it!"

"Come here, sweetie." She leaned over him. "You're a right handsome wench," he said, putting his hands on her bare shoulders and pulling her down to him. He looked searchingly at her face. The irregular features gave it distinction; there was humor as well as perception in her large and rather prominent blue eyes, competence in the set of her firm nose.

"Funny thing," he murmured, "I never get enough of you—"

"This is no time to start, my pet," she said, pulling away from his arms and smoothing down the sheath of her black frock. "You're to rest for a half hour. Then a shower and some food, and we'll still make Rufus' party by the deadline."

At the mention of Raynor's name, Christopher closed his eyes. The effect was appallingly like a death mask. It sent an ominous shiver through Leslie. "Christopher—" she whispered, *"Chris!"*

"What . . .?"

"Open your eyes—" she insisted. Then she added, "No, darling, don't let me disturb you—I'm just being silly."

Christopher turned on his side. "Rufus and his second-rate shenanigans," he muttered. "The synthetic old reprobate doesn't know there's a war on."

Leslie stood over him, warm and maternal. Since there were no children to fuss over, she squandered her emotions extravagantly on Chris. "Your sarcasm sounds strange. What's happened?"

Chris opened his eyes. He looked as if the effort of pulling the muscles of his mouth into a smile was altogether too exhausting. Leslie couldn't believe this was her husband. Why, Christopher was the lad without nerves! Christopher was the brilliant and diplomatic young man who'd worked with Rufus Raynor for seven years when no one else could have lasted one!

Now he got up on his elbows and shouted, "I'm unspeakably sick of doing Raynor's dirty work!"

The effect was shocking—especially since he never discussed the heartaches of his job or criticized Raynor seriously.

"Dirty work?" Leslie asked.

"This brawl he's putting on tonight, for instance. Caterers and imported champagne. Damn poor taste for the spring of 1944."

"But it's in honor of Sean Moran! Perhaps Rufus really intends it as a patriotic gesture—welcoming him back to the fold."

"Are you kidding?" Chris demanded cynically. "Basically, Rufus doesn't give a damn for Sean, any more than he does for me! It's only that we're both important to him."

Sean Moran had been an account executive with Raynor. He'd

been there even longer than Christopher. He was a veteran of the first World War and after Pearl Harbor, he'd returned to the Marines. Now, Sean Moran had returned from war, a lieutenant colonel, with a chestful of service ribbons and an honorable discharge. Leslie, who adored him, thought he certainly deserved a brass band and fireworks!

"He really deserves," Chris said sardonically, "a strait jacket and a one-way ticket to Grasslands."

IT WAS eleven o'clock when Leslie and Christopher stepped out of the taxi at Gracie Square. The tall narrow apartment building was washed in moonlight. Leslie stood under the shadowy canopy while Chris paid the driver. The April night was lovely as a dream.

Chris laid his hand on Leslie's arm. "Want to run away?" he whispered. "This is the night for it."

She smiled wistfully. It was such a temptation! To run away, arm in arm, seeking out old favorite spots off Broadway and in Greenwich Village. . .

"Christopher, I adore you! And there's nothing I'd like better than running away with you!"

Then she took his hand and led him directly to the elevator. "Eleventh floor, please."

Rufus Raynor's butler ushered them into the vaulted oak-beamed foyer. In the drawing room, the party was already in full swing; the guests clustered in groups, drinking and talking. Waiters in white jackets were carrying trays of cocktails.

"Leslie, my dear—" Rufus Raynor left a group of friends and approached them. He was a short spry man, with Gandhi arms and legs mercifully hidden by the well-tailored black broadcloth. Above a starched white shirt and high stiff collar, which seemed to be carrying him along like a sail in a wind, his head was round, with only a few gray hairs shielding its glossy bareness. His bland pinkish face was made even more anonymous by the rimless glasses perched on his small nose.

"It looks like a wonderful party!" Leslie said with just the right note of enthusiasm in her voice.

"Thank you. How charming you look, my dear." He held her hand longer than necessary, smiling pontifically. At fifty-seven, Rufus was still a bachelor. And though it flattered him to be seen with the young and pretty girls who flocked to his offices for radio jobs, he was an extremely cautious man.

"Gertie Lancaster's here," he said with his gentle, paternal smile. "She's promised to sing for us later."

Abruptly, and with a sense of unease, Leslie realized that Rufus was deliberately ignoring Christopher. She looked from him to her husband. What's wrong between these two? she wondered.

Then, Rufus turned his falsely benign gaze on Chris, his expression a sharper reprimand than any biting words. "I had hoped, Chris, that a party of mine was sufficiently important—"

Despite himself, Chris flushed. "I had no time to change into dinner clothes," he said furiously. "I rewrote that damned radio script until ten o'clock. Your brilliant young find folded up on us—"

Rufus reddened at the insolent words. A violent flush stained his face as his eyes regarded Chris ruthlessly, meting out a future punishment.

Now he said ominously, "Chris, Mimi arrived a few minutes ago. From her manner, I gathered that you haven't spoken to her. You were to have talked to her yesterday. Thanks to your neglect, I've been considerably embarrassed."

Christopher regarded him with savage contempt. "You shouldn't have gotten into it in the first place. Why the devil did you promise her a job?"

"Chris, you are forgetting yourself—" Raynor said icily. It was at that point that Leslie had fled in dismay to the dressing room. . .

Nervously now, she closed her handsome bag and got up. I'd better go back, she thought. Returning to the drawing room, she found Sean Moran sitting on a stiff Victorian chair. He was alone and grinned hospitably at the sight of her. "Hello, baby. Where's our Christopher?" he asked.

"He's around somewhere."

"When I saw him a while ago, he looked as if he'd had a little bout with the Tinhorn Tycoon—"

Sean Moran was forty-four, and after he'd stacked up his sixth whisky sour, he looked it. With his heavy red face, small colorless eyes almost hidden by folds of flesh, fat nose and pugnacious chin, he looked like a prizefighter. Paradoxically he had once lectured at the University of Michigan on seventeenth century English literature. And to date he was the only man who had ever dared tell Rufus Raynor off. . .

"Sean," Leslie said earnestly, "I wonder if you've noticed—"

Sean Moran covered her hand with his. "I've noticed, all right," he said gently. "I'm afraid our Christopher's got the screaming meanies. Rufus has finally worn him down!"

"It isn't funny, Sean. I'm worried."

"Don't worry, baby. The Fighting Irish have come to the rescue—" He ceased, for Rufus Raynor was heading straight for them.

Rufus smiled at Leslie as he took off his glasses, blew on them, and then wiped them meticulously.

"It's a Russian buffet tonight," he said. "Leslie, my dear, I want you to try each dish and tell me what you think of it. I managed to get the caviar from a special source."

Sean's eyes twinkled insolently. "Why don't you suggest to the Epicure people that they put out a line of continental delicacies after the war?"

Rufus' face was instantly alert, his mind blotting up the possibilities. "I've been considering it. Indeed, I have—" he said smoothly. "Zack Sauter of Epicure Foods is here tonight. I must see that he tries the borsch and piroshki."

IN THE foyer another waiter stopped before Chris. "Champagne cocktail, sir?" Chris thanked him and cupped the fragile glass in his thin fingers, sipping reflectively. Strange, how the weariness was disappearing. He sat down on a red damask stool near the open windows. His mind leaped, a kite in a tornado, rehashing the events of his day. . .

He'd awakened, feeling as tired as the previous night. Leslie had prepared a full breakfast but he could take only orange juice and coffee. He knew Leslie worried about his lack of appetite, but she was swell—she never fussed or nagged. Still, he had the jitters and had left the house in rough humor. By the time he reached the railroad station, he realized how badly he'd behaved, and wanted to make it up to Leslie. At such moments, he thought it a pity there were no kids. She needed them to complete her life. But after that terrible miscarriage, they'd been afraid to chance it again. . .

Arriving at his office, he'd found the great Raynor in a dither—raising the devil with a choice sarcasm that cut deeper than a whip. Chris immediately took over. "The boss is on the warpath," he told his secretary, Miss Jurgens. "Cancel all my morning appointments."

He spent the next three hours in Raynor's private office. Rufus sat behind his tremendous bleached oak desk, and beside him stood Smith Lorenz and Pat Sommers, both of the broadcasting studios.

"You must realize that I had a most difficult time persuading Zack Sauter to use your stations for Epicure Foods—" he said, "but after much persuasion, Sauter agreed. And do you know why? Because of my marked confidence in you! Because—"

Chris sat on a white leather chair opposite Rufus. Outwardly he seemed calm enough. But inside, his nerves were ragged. The dry colorless voice went on and on until Rufus Raynor got precisely the concession he'd intended to have.

When the men finally left, Raynor turned expectantly to Chris. This was the cue, this was the signal for Chris to applaud, to say admiringly, "That was a slick move, Rufe."

Seven years of this! *I can't take any more . . .*

At noon, there had been a call from the WPB in Washington. "I want you to listen in," Raynor told Chris, smugly.

But the call from Los Angeles—well, Chris was to take *that*. "And tell 'em," Raynor ordered, "under no circumstances will we agree to their terms. Put the heat on until they come around. You know how—"

Yeh, Chris knew how. Knew how to take the blame and the criticism of frustrated callers.

Chris had been tense and sweating when he finished the long-distance call, but Rufus was pleased with the results. "You'll have lunch with Zack Sauter and me," he said. "We'll discuss the new ad campaign."

"But I have a date with Sean—"

"Break it. Sean knows business comes first. Besides, he'll be back in the office tomorrow—" His dry fingers drummed a warning on the desk.

During a two hour session at the Royal, Chris talked earnestly and energetically to Zack Sauter, while Raynor enjoyed his excellent lunch. Finally, he ate his chicken hash, which was cold, gulped his coffee and ran off for a two-thirty rehearsal which dragged for hours. In the end, Chris practically rewrote the script . . . And it was ten o'clock.

HE FINISHED his champagne cocktail now and got up from the red damask stool. The blonde, Mimi, was making her way toward Rufus, and Chris realized that unless he intercepted her, there'd be the devil to pay. "Hello, Mimi. How about a drink?"

Mimi regarded him without interest. She didn't bother with lesser fry when the big shot was around.

"Mimi, look. I've got to talk to you about the radio show—"

"Oh, Rufus told me. I'm so excited!"

"Mimi, wait. You see, since he told you about it, the script's been completely changed. The part Mr. Raynor had in mind for you has been eliminated. I'm awfully sorry—"

Her tinsel bright smile trembled and died, giving way to furious anger. "You're sorry!" she shouted. "Like hell you are! You wanted to keep me away from Rufus. You're jealous! Well, I'll tell him—"

"Don't," Chris said dispassionately. "It won't do any good. It's final, Mimi."

"It's all your fault—"

If I hear that again, Chris thought, I'll go nuts.

Leslie came over then. "Darling," she said, "let's have some supper."

"I'm not hungry."

"Wait until you see the buffet!" She led him to the table, heaped a spoonful of caviar onto a wedge of hot toast, and offered it to him. Chris ate mechanically and then was paralyzed by a sudden blaze of pain in his abdomen. He turned away, to watch Rufus filling a plate for Gertie Lancaster. His mouth tightened. It wasn't possible to loathe anyone as much as he loathed his boss. *It just wasn't possible!*

From A Taken For Granted Wife To Her Husband

Although I yield myself to your caress—
A kindly pat upon the head—and purr
My gratitude, oh, Master, never err
In thinking that because I acquiesce
And sheathe my claws for love (and milk) I'm less
A wildling than I was (for all my fur
Now seems more tabby-cat than that of her
Who mates with tigers in the wilderness),
Lest when at some quiet evening's end you lay
Aside your book and yawning turn to me
To toss my way some light and foolish word
Reserved for wives and pets (to both absurd)
You find that I have left your hearth and knee
Not to return tomorrow or any day!

—Elizabeth-Ellen Long

Leslie, Chris and Sean were sitting at a table near the buffet when Monica Tate made her entrance, accompanied by a tall, extremely attractive man.

Monica, an old friend of Leslie's, was tiny, not more than five feet. Her hair, black and glossy as jet, was coiled high on her tiny head in a Javanese fashion. Her eyes were long and a brilliant emerald, her skin mat white and her mouth startlingly red.

She was heading for their table. "Darling!" She kissed Leslie, leaving a smudge of lipstick, put her hand on Chris's shoulder and made a pretty face at Sean. "How are you, children?" She turned to the tall, fair-haired man beside her. "You all know Van Schroeder."

Chris said politely, "How are you Schroeder?" Sean merely looked bored.

"It's nice having you back, Sean," Schroeder said. He looked about forty, but he wore an air of boyish enthusiasm blended with a gay self-indulgence that Monica Tate found attractive.

He turned, with a flicker of interest, to Leslie. "Sean used to work on my account before he joined the Marines. It should be amusing—having a lieutenant colonel plan the ads for Mother's Coffee!"

"It should be—" Sean said acidly, "except that I'm not an officer any more, and you haven't a business any more. Which allows us both time for the worthwhile things in life!"

Van Schroeder lit a cigarette. "I'm afraid Sean has become too self-conscious about the problems of life. He doesn't seem to realize that the great events eventually resolve themselves, while the simple, everyday things go on forever!"

"Like Mother's Coffee and Donuts?" Chris said.

"Definitely like Mother's Coffee and Donuts!" Van retorted.

Chris shrugged. "Well, it's an American institution. One of the precious things Sean was fighting for! Right, Sean?"

"Right, my lad."

Why, how horrid Chris and Sean are, Leslie thought, ganging up on such an agreeable man! So she asked politely, "Are you in the coffee business, Mr. Schroeder?"

"Hear, hear!" Sean hooted. "Leslie didn't you ever hear of the Schroeder Coffee Houses—from Maine to Florida?"

LESLIE remembered now. He was the smart young fellow who'd made a million before he was thirty-five and lost it all after Pearl Harbor.

"Van Schroeder's mother used to brew a marvelous coffee," Sean continued. "And her doughnuts were apparently out of this world. Well, Van got the bright idea of serving her coffee and doughnuts for a dime. And that, my dear, is the reason he ended up with a yacht, a town house, a showgirl ex-wife and a couple of hundred Schroeder Coffee Houses five years later!"

She also recalled that when Sean had joined the Marines, Rufus Raynor himself had handled the Schroeder account and it had driven Chris crazy.

"Mrs. Buell," Van said gravely but with a droll expression on his face, "have you ever tried Schroeder's specially blended coffee?"

Sean grinned wickedly. "Watch it, Leslie. He doesn't invite a girl up to see his etchings but to sample his coffee!"

It was then that Rufus Raynor spied Monica and trotted over to their table. "Monica, my dear, you're beautiful beyond words tonight—"

He'd have commented on her beauty if she resembled an old hag, Christopher thought cynically. Rufus wasn't bowing to a pretty woman, but to the Tate wealth and social background.

Now, Rufus turned to Van Schroeder and his glance was chill and forbidding.

"Hello, Rufe," Van said casually, a trifle unsure of himself. Raynor had sent him no invitation to this party; it was Monica's suggestion that he accompany her. His glance met Rufus' and he was conscious of a gust of bitterness. It was as if Rufus saw through him, like a miserly accountant checking over a ledger, noting the shabby assets, the gaping liabilities. Rufus saw, and turned away.

Van said with forced optimism, "I'm working on a new deal that'll make the Coffee Houses look like small stuff!"

Chris had walked off and Leslie listened politely to Van, who was obviously engrossed in the conversation with her. And after Monica went over to meet Gertie Lancaster, he said, "I've enjoyed talking to you tremendously. May I call on you sometime?"

"Of course," she said pleasantly, and then excused herself to search for Chris. There had been something odd about Christopher's manner when he stalked away.

She made her way through the drawing room, nodding and smiling to friends. But there was no sign of Chris. Then she glanced out on the balcony and recognized his silhouette. (*Turn to page 87*)

Leslie felt a premonition of danger as Chris lashed out angrily at the doctor. "Quit it! If you have something to say, come out with it!"

Receipt for love

Many a cook is a hero. But when have you met a hero who is also a cook? It can be quite romantic – as it was for Susan – or quite a lot of fun, as it'll be for you

BY MARIAN SIMS

UNTIL very recently, Susan had known a mild pleasure in coming back to Mrs. Harden's house after the routine of an office day. Perhaps from long association, the house and Mrs. Harden were much alike; they were both comfortable, roomy and unashamedly old-fashioned. Each day they welcomed Susan with undiminished warmth, as if she had been away for months instead of hours.

But Mrs. Harden's son's letter had changed all that. He was coming home, the letter said, for a thirty-day leave to be followed by a tour of duty in the United States. Now both the house and Mrs. Harden had begun to vibrate with happiness. Happiness was fine, Susan reflected, when the gods cut you in for a slice of it; but when you were merely an onlooker, living from day to day and working like a robot, happiness in others was a disturbing thing to watch. Not that you begrudged it, heaven knew, but it had a nasty way of throwing into sharp relief your own state of suspended animation.

And all this talk about food. . . . You would have thought, from Mrs. Harden's planning and foraging and squirrel-like accumulating, that Timothy Harden was nothing but a stomach, bounded on the south by a pair of legs and on the north by two arms and a head—the head being merely a gadget to house Timothy Harden's mouth.

Turning into the brick walk between its neat ivy borders, Susan's feet moved more and more slowly. She was hot and tired; the smell of carbon paper and typewriter oil seemed to linger in her soul as well as her nostrils. Always before this, she had savored the prospect of the cool dimness of Mrs. Harden's house, the tonic effect of cold water in a vast Victorian bathtub and the delicate magic of Mrs. Harden's hot-weather suppers. In a larger world than Etonville, Mrs. Harden would have been a *cordon bleu.*

THE front door stood wide—in summer it always stood wide—and Susan went in. Mrs. Harden was not in the living room; there was no aroma of imminent food to erase the smells of work. Susan glanced at the hall table and saw that it was barren of letters for her, then went slowly up the stairs.

"Is that you, Susan?" Mrs. Harden's voice came from her bedroom, and that in itself was strange. In Mrs. Harden's lexicon, bedrooms were meant to be slept in at night and ignored during the day—except for cleaning and dusting, of course.

"Yes." Susan paused in anxiety. "Is anything wrong?"

A groan of frustration and despair answered the question first, then words came. "I should say there is. Come in a minute, will you, dear?"

Susan went quickly into the room. Mrs. Harden was lying on the carved black walnut bed, wearing a fresh cotton nightgown and a scowl that looked ill-at-ease on her generous forehead.

"Mrs. Harden!" Susan crossed the room and stood beside her. "Are you sick?"

"Yes. No." Even Mrs. Harden seemed confused. "At least I almost wish I were, because then I'd know I'd be up and around tomorrow. I fell down the back porch steps and sprained my ankle," she moaned, "and Doctor Bowen says I have to stay off it for at least *two weeks!*" Her voice rose, plaintive and bewildered as a child's.

Tragedy does not need epic dimensions to earn its name, and Susan knew that this was real and shattering. It had probably happened because joy had given wings to Mrs. Harden's feet while her body had remained solid and too corporeal. She put her hand over the older woman's.

"What a rotten shame! It would be bad enough any time, but to have it happen now—"

"That's what I told Doctor Bowen. 'I can't stay in bed,' I told him. 'Timothy's coming tomorrow night.' But the trouble is," Mrs. Harden's face twisted in anguish, "I couldn't walk if I tried."

"Of course you couldn't, and don't you dare try. If you do, it'll be your neck instead of your ankle next time."

But under her genuine concern for Mrs. Harden's plight, Susan's mind was darting like a trout. Who on earth would look after Mrs. Harden and Timothy the paragon? She, Susan, couldn't do it, not during working hours anyway. As for cooking, Susan's manual skill to date had been confined to typing fifty words a minute.

"I've been lying here trying to think." Mrs. Harden's voice answered the darting thoughts. "It used to be that I could get Emmy Long in to help out in a pinch, but Emmy's at the mill now like everybody else. Of course Lottie Hays and Sara Ellis won't mind running over once or twice a day, but I couldn't ask them to do all the cooking and house cleaning."

"I can manage the breakfast," Susan said without conviction, "but when it comes to serious cooking I'd hate to practice on an expert like you."

"It doesn't matter about me. It's Timothy." Mrs. Harden's flat acceptance of ineptitude was justified, Susan reflected, but none the less scalding. "When I think about him eating at that Universal Café the first two weeks he's at home . . ." Her voice faded before the prospect.

"Well," Susan made a futile, well-meant gesture of smoothing the sheet, "try not to worry about it too much. I'll get a bath and then go down and see about supper."

Mrs. Harden grimaced. "I'm not hungry; I don't think I ever want to eat again. You take your bath and come back and I'll tell you where to find things. Anyhow," she plucked a shred of comfort from the shambles, "I had everything ready for tonight."

The bath was cool and bracing, but Susan's mind brooded over this domestic disaster. If I were a homebody, she thought, if I were romantic and palpitating over the prospect of meeting Timothy Harden and landing him, all this would be just what Dr. Anthony ordered . . .

But a kitchen was Greek to her, and Timothy belonged to the race of men—as Dan Tolbert belonged to it. Dan hadn't been to blame for what happened; Susan admitted that because she was too honest and clear-sighted to hunt for a whipping-boy. People talked about "understandings"; what she had had was a misunderstanding. She had loved Dan and wanted him, and she had read into his casual affection an intensity that had never been there. When he wrote her about marrying the girl in San Diego there had been neither guilt nor apology in his letter; he liked her and he wanted her to be the first to know . . .

It hadn't mattered much after the first few months. She hadn't really fled to Etonville—thirty miles from her home town—in an effort to bury her grief. She had come because her other job had folded, and the Etonville Mills were beating the bushes for experienced secretaries.

If I'd been smart, Susan thought as she soaped her shoulders, I'd have gone to a city—met Army and Navy officers and had myself a time. But she hadn't wanted to have herself a time either then or now. She wanted the world to settle down, and men and women to take up their quiet, accustomed ways. If there was a man left for her when that day came she would be grateful, but in the meantime she wasn't prowling the woods with a gun in her hand.

She put on a minimum of clothes and went in to get her instructions.

"It's a shame for you to have to work after hours," Mrs. Harden said unhappily. "After supper I want you to call Sara and Lottie. I'd already baked a ham, thank goodness, and made mayonnaise and a fruit aspic. All you have to do is get the things out of the refrigerator."

Susan's heart lifted a little. "I'll get along," she promised. The supper sounded foolproof, and anybody could cook a breakfast.

THERE was little difference, Susan knew, between getting up at seven-thirty and getting up at seven. A matter of thirty minutes, devoted to squeezing oranges, putting on the coffee, and all the rest of it. But the dishes reproached her as she fled, and her hastily made bed looked lumpy and unappealing. Lottie and Sara were coming over to clean house and fix a tray for Mrs. Harden at noon, but still Susan's conscience squirmed.

Tomorrow I'll get up at half-past six, she promised herself, and have dear Timothy's breakfast started for him. His train was due at seven that night and already Mrs. Harden's excitement had reached the boiling point.

"Don't fret yourself into a fever," Susan warned as she left. "I'll be home by five-thirty and you can superintend the supper by remote control. Do you think," there was hope, barely concealed, in her voice, "that he might eat on the train?"

Mrs. Harden snorted. "Timothy? He knows me better than that. But maybe Lottie or Sara will see to things. It's a shame for you to . . ."

"Pooh!" Susan lopped off the refrain. "When you've looked after me like my mother?" She arranged the pillows and left. *[Turn to page 40]*

Susan's contempt for Timothy's triumphs in the kitchen was surpassed only by her contempt for this strange young man himself

ILLUSTRATED BY VARADY

Surrender the heart

There was something about the Branders men
no woman could resist. Judith had learned
too late the ruthless power of that charm...
For Laurie, though, there might still be time

Laurie's clumsy, wooden rendering of the music was pitiful—a denial of all that Alex had told her of the girl. And how, Judith wondered resentfully, could he have thought that she resembles me?

At the home of her college friend—MEG WEBB—shy, retiring JUDITH EVERETT met CLAY BRANDERS, a law student who gave promise of a brilliant future. After a tempestuous courtship, they were married, and despite dark rumors concerning the affairs Clay and SHERMAN, his brother, had with women, Judith and Clay spent two idyllic years in their gracious hilltop home in Whitbury.

During those years, Judith befriended MONA HALE, whose husband, LEE, was in a sanatorium. Mona was vain and selfish, but Judith's own happiness was so great that she pitied anyone less fortunate than herself, and allowed Mona to impose on her time and generosity, never suspecting that this woman might come between her and Clay.

One hot summer afternoon, Mona called on Judith and suddenly became ill. She told Judith then that she was going to have a baby, but hinted that there were ways to get rid of an unwanted child. Judith, shocked, made Mona promise to have the child—although she knew from Mona's sly insinuations that the child was Clay's. She never confronted Clay with her almost certain knowledge of his unfaithfulness, however, although she closed a door that day between them.

Now ALEX, the child Mona didn't want, is a grown man, and Judith's dearest friend. Never could he make up to her the loss she suffered when she shut Clay out of her heart, but with Clay now a Senator and spending less and less time at home, Judith is more than ever grateful for Alex' companionship. And Alex, who from infancy seemed to sense Mona and Lee's indifference, has always turned to Judith for affection and understanding. No wonder that Judith, waiting for Alex who is coming to dinner, feels a pang of jealousy and loss; Mona has just told her that Alex has a girl—a girl he wants to marry. Without Clay, without Alex—what now can the future hold for her?

BY ELIZABETH GREY STEWART

Part 2

IN THE heavy white crepe dinner dress Alex had asked her to wear, Judith was more than ever the Snow Queen. The disadvantages of being scrawny at seventeen were recompensed in one's forties, she considered, surveying the reflection of her figure, full-bosomed and full-hipped, but with no flabbiness, no marring of her almost perfect proportions.

Descending the stairs, she heard Alex pounding out something popular and, to her ears, decidedly unmusical on the piano.

"Mercy, what is that?" she asked, acknowledging Alex' whistled delight at her appearance with a slight smile.

"*I've Found a New Baby* played Chicago style," Alex said solemnly. "In the best Joe Sullivan manner."

"I don't know who Mr. Sullivan is, but I don't think I could endure much of his manner. Now, come and tell me all."

Alex let out an expansive sigh. "Fine. At last you show a little interest." Then, abruptly he dropped his bantering pose. "Judith, I'm in love—awfully. Once or twice before, I've thought it might be the McCoy." He shrugged one shoulder. "There was a girl in New Haven, but it was—oh, you know the kind of thing that hits a fellow in college. And in Australia, there was a nurse—but half the fellows in the ward were nuts about her, too."

"How about Barbara?"

"Oh, Barbie," Alex said impatiently. "She's a good kid."

"She's much more than that." Somehow Judith could not keep silent, although by speaking she knew she might antagonize him. Barbara represented to her all the things a girl should be. Although she was feminine, she was completely self-reliant, and made friends easily. Judith remembered Barbara's composure during her mother's serious illness, the calm serenity that lay in the girl's clear gray eyes. And she was pretty, too, in an attractive, thoroughly New England way.

Alex regarded her suspiciously. "Judy, you aren't trying to toss Barb and me together, are you?"

"Of course not."

"I'm too crazy a person for Barbie. She'd make me over in two months, if she could, and I'd spend the rest of my life being on committees for public good and going around with that same little crowd. I'd even have to play bridge!"

"But Barbara has friends in all walks of life," Judith persisted. "That's one of the qualities which endears her to people."

"Oh, heck! Barbie's a wonder child, but she's so perfect she terrifies me." He laughed. "She looks the way she ought to; she acts the way she ought to. Sometimes you wonder if she's human underneath."

Judith drew in her breath sharply. "That's cruel, Alex," she said.

He stared at her, surprised. "Darling, I didn't mean it that way," he said softly. "When I tell you you're perfect, it's different. You really are. You're all fire and zing underneath. But Barbie—I feel as if she were my sister, I'm that fond of her. But she's—she's so settled into what she's going to be for the rest of her life."

His lean, expressive body tensed. "Maybe that's why I like Laurie so much. She's sort of unfinished, like a piece of sculpture where you can see the good lines coming through but it's not ready yet. You know, I thought when I did go overboard, the girl would be—well, the kind you can't wait to show off to the other guys."

He stood up and ran a hand through his already ruffled hair. "Well, she's not that kind at all. And I don't care,

except for you. If you can see what she is, and what she's going to be and—" his steady brown eyes held her—"how she's like you, Judy. I know you'll like her. It doesn't matter whether Mona likes her, or Dad or Nancy. Or even Clay. But it would damage her a little for me if you didn't."

HANNAH announced dinner then, and Judith led the way into the high-ceilinged Georgian dining room. "I love this room," Alex said, pulling out the Chippendale ribbon-back chair for her.

"Remember the fascination those old knife boxes had for you at the wrong age?" Judith indicated the boxes on the bow-front sideboard.

"No, but I've heard Mona make a cute story of it once too often." Alex caught Judith's reproving gaze and imitated her scowl.

"I apologize," he said. "Now let me tell you more about Laurie."

"Go ahead. Laurie sounds Scotch."

"Highland Scotch. Laurie Moffat. Her father was a young surgeon out in Ohio who died before she was born. After his death her mother became a buyer for a department store. She didn't have much time to give to Laurie personally, but she worked like a dog to give her a good musical education and a start on a concert career."

Judith twirled her wineglass. "What does she play?"

"Piano. She had a debut—one of those put-together concerts in Carnegie Chamber. But her mother had died only a few months before. She'd made Laurie promise to go through with it. Naturally the thing was a flop."

Judith wondered a little at the "naturally." "How did you meet her? Is she living in New York?"

"Not now. She'd been working in a store, selling jewelry during the daytime and taking lessons and

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL DORMONT

practicing at night. After the concert, she had a collapse. She'd been studying from Stechlinski—that's what ate up the dough. And he always spends three months up here at his place in Lenfield. So her aunt made a deal—Laurie could play her accompaniments in return for free room and board for the summer."

"Her aunt? You don't mean—"

Alex forestalled the question he saw forming. "She's no relation to old Robideau. Laurie is Robideau's husband's niece. His name was Duncan Moffat, but the old gal took her maiden name back after he died."

Judith laid her fork down. Her hand was trembling. "But that horrible woman, Alex—"

"Don't, Judy." Alex leaned forward. "You're too fair to judge Laurie by that. I don't dislike the old dame myself, though I can't say I care for the arty hangers-on from New York. But Laurie doesn't even know they're there. She moves in a little world of her own."

Neither of them was eating now. "She's like a young colt, Judy," Alex went on, "graceful and awkward all at once. Eager and intense and gets her feelings hurt for nothing by the people she cares about—Stechlinski, old Robideau, me. And the way she plays! Oh, Judith, once you hear her!"

Judith tried to show an interest in the sweetbreads, but they tasted like sawdust to her. That revolting old woman. That ramshackle Victorian house over on Lark Hill, falling apart, spilling out of it the run-down remnants of New York's Bohemia—men who wore berets and women with thick thighs who wore turquoise slack suits.

"And just how is she like me?" she asked, piqued at his earlier comparison.

"Not at all on the outside. Wait and see. I can't put it into words."

"You're an alarmingly articulate lover, I'd say," Judith observed. Alex was naïve in many ways; or so, at least, he seemed, particularly in his unawareness of the relationship between Clay and herself. But where she alone was concerned, he was appallingly discerning and brutally candid. Almost inevitably, they liked and disliked the same people.

But I won't like her! Judith vowed. I'll be like all the mothers who ever lived, certain that she isn't good enough for him. She can't be if she's connected, even by marriage, to that bloated old vulgarian on Lark Hill.

"She's not the dead-pan glamour girl at all," Alex went on. "She's exuberant. I like it because I'm that way myself and I don't feel such a fool when someone's shouting around with me."

Judith herself knew the penalties attached to marriage with one who was a nonconformist. And Alex, whether because he was Clay's son, or the grandson of Hermione Thurlow Hale, had already proved himself so much an individualist that he had been forced to pay for his unconventional attitudes in disapproval and criticism. For Alex, it should be someone at ease with life—someone like Barbara.

Suddenly Judith felt tired. Strange, that she, who was alone so much, should want to be alone now, free of everyone, even Alex.

She raised her eyes as he said, "I promised to drop in to see Laurie tonight." His look was beseeching. "Shall I bring her up to meet you?"

Judith didn't answer at once. When she did, her voice rang with false heartiness. "Do. I want to meet her, Alex."

"With an open mind, darling?" Alex spoke guardedly.

"Wide open, and welcoming." Judith finished her sauterne, her fingers clenching the narrow stem of the delicate glass.

The eternal Pan, Judith thought scornfully, watching Sherman's caressing smile, conscious of the low, intimate tone of his voice as he talked to Laurie, the girl Alex had hoped to marry

LAURIE came hurriedly down the sagging steps of what Madame Robideau roguishly referred to as "Lark's Nest," the three-storied brown Victorian house which the aging singer had purchased in a futile hope that it would dominate the artistic and intellectual section of Whitbury.

Alex assisted Laurie into his battered roadster. "The way you come tearing down those stairs, I always expect you to fall in a heap at my feet."

Laurie's soft mouth curved in a smile that lent radiance to her face. "I guess I like getting you away from here."

"So I'm too young to take care of myself with that pack of vagabonds, am I?" Alex started the engine, and Laurie flattened her hands against her hair which was already blowing wildly in the breeze.

"Oh, Alex, you utter wretch, not putting up the top!" she cried. "I'll arrive with my hair a bird's nest. No way to call on a Senator's wife."

"Not planning on making a fancy impression, are you, Miss Moffat?" Alex teased.

"Certainly not," Laurie answered quickly. "I'm too infected with my own peculiar standards about people to care about who she is, except that she's important to you."

They spun around a corner, and the wind whipped Laurie's hair. "Oh, look at me! A study in sloppiness. And I'll bet your Judith drives a nice turret-top sedan and never gets mussed."

Alex roared. "As a matter of fact, she drives a nice, sleek, dark green convertible, top down, too. But I'll have to admit she never looks mussed up. She always looks as though she were carved from alabaster."

"Brr! Sounds cold," Laurie said apprehensively.

"She is, a little, to strangers," Alex warned "But wonderfully warm underneath. That's one thing about New Englanders, my love. They may be chilly till they've sized you up, but they'll go whole hog once they're sold you're not a phoney. Which doesn't take long in the case of anyone as trusting and transparent as you."

They drove through the elm and maple-lined streets of Whitbury and started the ascent of Branders Hill. "You'll like her, Laurie. She's magnificent." [*Turn to page 128*]

A BOUQUET FOR THE GROCER

"A bouquet for introducing me to that wonderful new Campbell's Soup—Beef Noodle!" Many a mother must feel like decorating the grocer who suggested this most popular of Campbell's new soups. Here, she realizes, is a main-dish soup she can call on time and again to help feed her family well in these days of continued scarcity . . . a soup that never fails to please.

Campbell's Beef Noodle Soup has been eagerly welcomed throughout the country this past year, and no wonder. It's BEEF straight through: a rich stock slow-simmered from lean beef... filled with golden egg noodles steeped in the good beef broth... and plenty of tender pieces of beef.

You'll want your family to enjoy this grand new soup favorite—Campbell's Beef Noodle. It's so hearty and homey, so nourishing and good.

Growing flowers takes daily showers,
My watering-pot beside me;
But I can grow from head to toe
With Campbell's Soup inside me!

Campbell's BEEF NOODLE SOUP

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

CAMPBELL'S "21 KINDS"— Asparagus · Bean with Bacon · Beef · Beef Noodle (*new!*) · Black Bean · Bouillon · Chicken · Chicken Gumbo · Chicken Noodle · Clam Chowder · Consommé · Green Pea · Mock Turtle · Cream of Mushroom · Ox Tail · Pepper Pot · Scotch Broth · Cream of Spinach (*new!*) · Tomato · Vegetable · Vegetarian Vegetable · Vegetable-Beef.

Our Veterans need Your help!

An Important Message from Major General Norman T. Kirk, the Surgeon General, U. S. Army

THE VAST MAJORITY of our Veterans will return from the War physically fit.

Some will not be so fortunate. Some will be disabled . . . physically and mentally scarred.

The Army and Navy provide care for our men in the services; the Veterans Administration for those discharged. In many cases there comes a time when it is best for the Veteran to return to his home environment.

Once at home, it is the family's responsibility to help him with sympathy and patience to get back to normal as fast as possible.

The help which cannot be given in the home becomes the responsibility of *your community,* which should be prepared to offer Veterans such aids as these:

1. ***Medical advice, if needed.***
2. ***Help in obtaining work which is consistent with impairments.***

For those who return hale and hearty . . . a rapid return to everyday life may be facilitated if the Veteran may obtain:

1. ***Help in securing employment through competent vocational counsel.***
2. ***Advice on legal, educational, domestic affairs, and other questions.***

If your community does not already offer helpful services to Veterans, you—who belong to business, civic, church, and other community groups—may take the lead in establishing such assistance.

If your town already supports Veterans Aid bureaus under various auspices, I urge you to help *co-ordinate* their valuable services, so that Veterans will have the *best* your community can give them.

M. T. Kirk

U. S. ARMY

Ask for these free booklets . . . *Metropolitan has prepared several containing suggestions for the reception of returning Veterans. Send today for the one you'll need.*

For those in the homes of our returning Veterans—

Booklet 105MA—*"Coming Home"*

For businessmen and community leaders—

Booklet 105MB—*"Employment of the Handicapped Veteran"*

Booklet 105MC—*"Re-employment of the Veteran"*

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And never goodbye

[*Beginning on page 11*]

on one side, sometimes on the other. There was only one traffic rule in Havana, so far as he could see: whoever got to an intersection first had the right of way.

At last they had drawn up before the imposing entrance of the Nacional. Their bags were whisked inside and they were told to wait in the lobby. A moment later their friend introduced them to the manager of the hotel.

"I understand you work for the *Miami Gazette?*"

Dan nodded. "Both of us."

The manager smiled. "And you are on your honeymoon?"

"Yes."

"I would be delighted if you would be guests of the hotel."

Evelyn was gracious. "We'd be delighted, too!"

Dan had signed the register, changed some bills into Cuban coins, followed the bellboy into the elevator. Reality was still a dream in which problems always solved themselves.

There were no toadstools for me then, he thought, wryly.

The bellboy had led them to the Bridal Suite.

He remembered how they had stood in the middle of that enormous room, almost afraid to claim it for themselves. The seven-foot windows that overlooked the bay and the ocean. The dressing room, the magnificent bath, and the two bedrooms. Evelyn looked at the first bedroom, then at the second.

"That's in case we have guests," Dan said. The tension broke. Yesterday was forgotten and tomorrow ignored and they rolled on the bed with laughter until suddenly the laughter stopped and they looked at each other with a kind of surprise. He pulled her to him and in the quiet that followed there was tenderness and love.

He remembered so much . . . Her surprise, later, when they were introduced to the Cuban officials and he greeted them in Spanish. She hadn't known he could speak Spanish. She hadn't known he could speak any language other than English—and their own. Strange, that they had known so little about each other, in spite of a year's courtship. She was delighted with his talent, made him show off for her throughout their stay. But then she had always been delighted with everything, like a child.

A child who had refused to grow up, he thought. That's what she is. But you can't remain a child always . . .

REMEMBER our honeymoon?" She had caught his mood, as she had so often in the past. He looked at her there in the restaurant, wide-eyed, silently pleading.

"I remember," he said.

The Cuban official in the resplendent white uniform. The mayor's aide, someone said he was, but in Havana everyone was somebody's aide. They used English, out of deference to Evelyn, and The Uniform's accent lent just the right exotic touch to the evening. He was explaining his decorations.

"Thees ribbon mean I was weeth Batista before the Revolution—that was een thirty-three. We stormed thees very hotel. Machado's men, they barricaded themselves and shot down at us from above . . . They keeled many of us. But we won the Revolution."

Evelyn had been transported. Exotic Cuba . . . Revolution, romance! "How different from the States," she sighed.

"The States?" The Uniform grinned brightly. "But I am a Dodger, myself. I was born in Brooklyn!"

Her laughter was music.

EVELYN made no scene about leaving the restaurant, but refused to enter the car unless he sat beside her. The doctor began to remonstrate, but Dan cut him short.

"It's all right, Phil." Anything to get on with it, to get it over, to make it easier. He knew the terror of the trip that lay ahead. She would need him.

He sat beside her, took off her wet shoes, tucked her coat around her feet. When he shut the door, he felt her body tense. The doctor started the motor, shifted the gears, headed the heavy car out into the road. With every movement he could feel her stiffen, hear her breath, almost feel her heartbeat through the cloth, through the coat, through the automobile upholstery. She was on her way now and facing it at last. He wanted to do something for her but could not.

"It's all right, puss . . ." There was a gentleness in his voice such as he thought he could never use toward her again.

She turned to him, the terror growing in her face. He watched it build and build until she convulsed in a silent sob on his shoulder. He put his arm around her, fitted her into the curve of his body. He wanted to talk to her but the words would not come. His chest and throat were filled with flannel—heavy, suffocating.

"There's nothing to fear . . ."

The words were a whisper, an echo from the past. As he spoke, he could hear her voice, so calm, so reassuring, as she woke him once from a dream which had filled his night with horror. Her hand on his forehead, her voice soothing; reality driving away the dream so he could sink back to sleep in peace, his lips upon her shoulder. Now it was he who was speaking, she who was dreaming—but for her the dream was reality.

Gradually her sobs grew weak and she was quiet. The four of them settled down for the long, monotonous drive ahead. Irene rested her head against the back of the seat. She was nine months pregnant and the emotion of the day had been strenuous. She began to doze. The doctor concentrated on the road, and Dan looked out at the vine-laden hills, bathed in the afternoon fog that rolled in from the Pacific. Evelyn began to shiver. He took off his topcoat, put it on her. She was pliant, like a rag doll. She curled close to him again, but the trembling did not stop.

"How far is it?" she asked abruptly.

The doctor was matter of fact. "Quite a way—the other side of San Francisco."

She was silent. Dan wondered what she was thinking. How would I feel, he wondered, if it were me? His thought was interrupted by the touch of her lips against his cheek. He pulled away. "Please," he said.

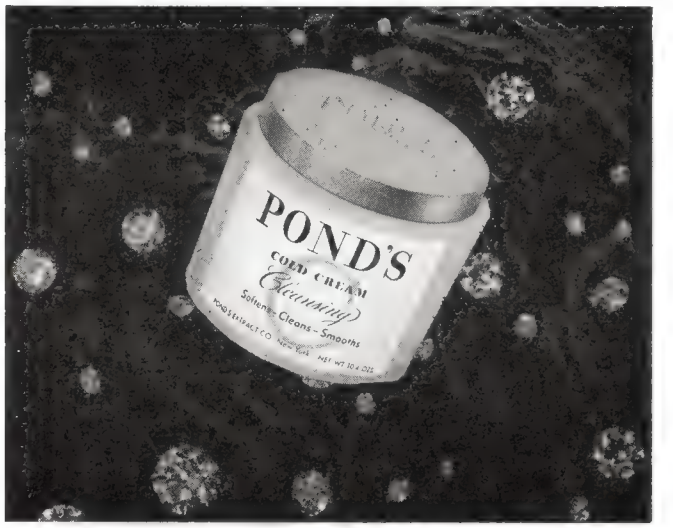
She pressed closer. "Take me home with you, Danny." She tried to make her voice warm and inviting, tried to mask the fear in it. Her lips were dry but she pressed them against his cheek,

[*Continued on page 32*]

SHE'S ENGAGED! *She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!*

NANCY JANE MACBURNEY . . . Her smooth way of wearing her hair—whether it's fashionably "upswept" or "down"—gives an added charm to her notably lovely, clear soft skin.

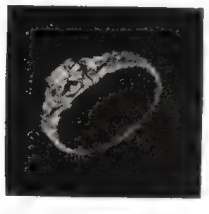
A JUNIOR CANTEEN HOSTESS . . . Gay and charming Nancy Jane MacBurney sings with the boys at a popular USO Canteen she helped organize in Chicago at the start of the war. She first met her fiancé there when he "just happened in." Ever so many girls and women are serving as Canteen hostesses these days. Couldn't *you* help out in *your* locality?



HER COMPLEXION CARE is Pond's Cold Cream. . . ."It's the cleansing-est, smoothing-est cream that I know," she says.

TO WED R. A. F. OFFICER

Nancy Jane MacBurney
engaged to
Flying Officer
Robert Francis Reynolds



THE RING Bob gave her just before he took off for England

She met Bob in Chicago—but he was born in Burma, brought up in London, and they plan to live in Toronto "someday."

Another Pond's bride-to-be, Nancy Jane is another lovely girl with a fascinating "soft-smooth" Pond's complexion.

This is Nancy Jane's fundamental daily skin care with Pond's Cold Cream.

She *smooths* white, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream all over her face and throat, and pats thoroughly to help soften dirt and make-up. Then she carefully tissues it all off.

She *rinses* with *more* soft-smooth Pond's—working the cream over her face with little spiral whirls of her white coated fingertips. Tissues all off well again. This second creaming-over with Pond's "leaves my face feeling like silk," she says, "and so *clean!*"

Use *your* Pond's Cold Cream Nancy Jane's "twice-over" way—*every* night, *every* morning and for in-between clean-ups during the day. You'll soon see why it's no accident so many more women and girls prefer Pond's to any other face cream at any price.

Get a *big* jar today—you'll *love* the luxury way you can dip into its wide top with both your hands at once! Ask for Pond's Cold Cream at your favorite beauty counter.

A FEW OF THE MANY POND'S SOCIETY BEAUTIES

Mrs. Allan A. Ryan
Lady Stanley of Alderley
Mrs. Geraldine Spreckels
Viscountess Tarbat
Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr.
Thelma, Lady Furness
Miss Mimi McAdoo

But will you stay as sweet as you are?

YOU STEP from your bath all fragrant and fresh. But how long will that freshness last? Will it begin to fade almost before you're dressed?

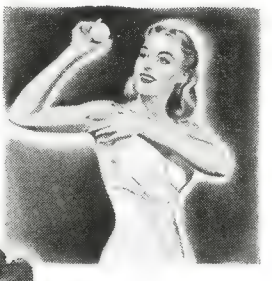
Not if you know the simple One-Two of day-long daintiness! *One* for your bath—to wash away *past* perspiration. And *Two* for Mum—to guard against risk of *future* underarm odor.

That's the answer so many smart girls give to this problem of underarm care. A bath *plus Mum* is their sure protection against a fault so hard to forgive.

So take 30 seconds to smooth Mum on each underarm and stay nice to be near. You can depend on Mum's protection to last all day or evening. Remember, too, that gentle Mum won't irritate your skin, won't harm fine fabrics. Use Mum, *to be sure*. Get some today.

• • •

For Sanitary Napkins—*Mum is gentle, safe, dependable...ideal for this use, too.*



Product of Bristol-Myers

MUM
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

[*Continued from page 30*]

his throat. He could not be brutal, could not push her away.

"Don't you love me at all, any more?" There was bewilderment in her voice, like the cry of a child.

He shook his head. "Please, Evelyn."

"Call me my name." Her voice was urgent, excited, a whisper. "My special name . . . Call me my name."

DAN shook his head, shut his eyes, tried to forget. A love-intimacy of the early days of their marriage, a kind of game they played and believed in . . . His love-name for her, the name he used only rarely when they both felt too close for commonplace words—the name which, later, when the rifts began, they had endowed with magic, to bring them together again.

"The magic," she whispered, "use the magic."

There is magic, he thought, for those who can use it. For them it had been a name which epitomized their understanding. They tacitly agreed it would be used only in extremes, and must never be denied. They had quarreled, often, and always it was the name that brought them together. Then the final quarrel, when he spoke her name, when he used the magic, and she had sneered.

"I called you Kerrycushla," he said. "But there's no magic in it now."

Kerrycushla—the Kerry Dance, their song. It pressed back into his mind, the words insistant . . .

O the days of the Kerry dancing,
O the ring of the piper's tune,
O for one of those hours of gladness,
Gone, alas! like our youth, too soon:

When the boys began to gather
In the glen of a summer night
And the Kerry piper's tuning
Made us long with wild delight!

O to think of it,
O to dream of it,
Fills my heart with tears!

Oh, the days of the Kerry dancing . . .

The memories flooded back. The poor-rich life in Miami, when they could never make ends meet but were the guests of visiting millionaires. There was magic in it then, for both of them. He remembered the night they had no money for dinner but instead of eating at the little coffee shop where they had credit, Evelyn had taken him to meet her family, recently arrived for a winter vacation. They had counted on a dinner invitation from the family, and when it came, Evelyn had protested politely. The more her family insisted they stay, the more she had protested, and all the while he sat there and wondered why she played this stupid game of manners. At last she overplayed her protest and the family gave in; as they drove back across the causeway, hungry, with seventeen cents between them, he stormed and raged and she could only say, "I don't know why I did it."

And when they reached the coffee shop it was closed for the night. He parked the car and sat there, angry and unspeaking. His silence oppressed her, beat at her, punished her. He could not understand a family relationship which was so formal, so dishonest. And his hunger made him less than willing to understand.

"Hello, O'Brien." By luck, a fellow-reporter. Dan introduced his wife. They talked for a moment of the paper, the boss, a story, and the other man turned to leave. Dan fought back his embarrassment, then stopped the man and asked for a loan. He was given two dollars.

They drove to another restaurant, his anger compounded from having had to ask for help. But as they finished their meal in silence she looked up at him and said, "Call me my name?" And he had to laugh. There was magic in it, indeed.

Oh, for one of those hours of gladness . . .

Hours of madness, too. Evelyn could be so sweet, so gentle, so vicious. He never knew when she would turn into a raging shrew, eyes blazing, mouth spitting filth and vitriol until his soul burned with shame for the neighbors. He would never forget the first time she showed him the twist in her mind, a week after their honeymoon, when he was too immature to understand what it meant. They were going to the beach one Sunday afternoon, and he had bought a quart-sized vacuum bottle for the occasion. Evelyn had gone into the kitchen to fill it with milk when he wandered in. They had a half-quart left that was two days old; by the next morning it would be spoiled. But Evelyn was about to fill the vacuum bottle with a fresh quart of milk, reasoning quite simply: "Here is a bottle that holds a quart, and here is a quart of milk. It will just fit."

He stopped her, gently. "Why not use up the older milk, baby?" She stopped, stood silent. He did not recognize her building fury, went on innocently, "It'll spoil if we don't use it today."

She had turned on him then, her face contorted with rage. "How dare you come into my kitchen and tell me what to do!" Her voice was a shriek.

"But sweetheart—"

"Get out of here! Do you hear me?"

His temper flared. He tried to control himself. "Look, Evelyn! You can just as well use the old milk and fill the rest of the bottle with the fresh. We can't afford to waste half a quart of milk, and you know it!"

She was beside herself in a rage bordering on insanity. Her judgment had been questioned and her lack of self-assurance was so great that she could not stand for even so minor a correction as this. That was how he thought of her now, but at the time he was aware only of a wild-eyed vixen, completely out of control. She advanced on him and began to push him bodily out of the kitchen. He wanted to laugh, but the fury of her was frightening.

Dan was aware of his weak heart, aware of his lack of physical strength, which was only just greater than his wife's. And the fact that she would try to dominate him by sheer force struck a blow at his pride, his male ego. He exerted all his strength to hold her, to prevent her from scratching and beating at him; he felt his heart pound wildly and feared the excitement might be too much for him, but dared not let her go. At last she controlled herself and he walked out of the room, shaken. He did not understand himself or his wife. He knew he could not stand the physical strain of such scenes and he thought he hated her. So he packed his clothes and she let him go.

HE RETURNED to his old hotel room, but the moment he entered it the loneliness of the life he had known before marriage pressed in on him. He went out for a drive, soothing himself with the sense of power that driving his own car gave him, but the loneliness followed wherever he went. He looked up some of his friends, but found them all busy. Finally he stopped at a restaurant for dinner, met a former casual acquaintance, poured out his woes. The other man laughed. It did seem petty, in the telling, but there was no way he could get across the ferocity of the quarrel, and the fear it engendered in him simply because it did arise from so trivial a cause. But the telling seemed to purge him and he wanted to forget. He longed for Evelyn and went to bed early, thinking of her sweetness, her laughter, the fun they had together.

[*Continued on page 34*]

NEWEST MAKE-UP IDEA...A BROADWAY SUCCESS

Two make you twice as Lovely

Jergens Make-up Cake

Matching Jergens Powder

"With Jergens Twin Make-up, it's one . . . two . . . and surprise . . . you're twice as lovely!" So says Jean Sorensen, one of the beautiful show girls in Broadway's famous "Latin Quarter".

One! Sponge on new Jergens Make-up Cake (made with special skin-softening oils). See what a smooth, flawless look it gives you . . .

Two! Fluff on the matching shade of velvetized Jergens Powder. Your new complexion is complete now . . . twice the loveliness for hours and hours!

Shade-matched and in one box . . . the Cake and Powder . . . that's Jergens Twin Make-up. A $2.00 value for $1.00*. Six skin-tone shades, one for every type. Wear YOUR shade today . . . and be twice as lovely!

JERGENS POWDER "TRY-IT" SIZES . . . **25¢, 10¢***

Jergens Twin Make-up

Both in one box—both for $1.00 ($2.00 value)

**Plus Tax*

SUNDAY EYE-OPENER

HE: Here's to a girl who does an extra fine job of keeping house! Even to finding nice new sheets like these.
SHE: Thanks, darling, but—the sheets aren't new! These are the same lovely Pepperell Sheets we've used the last five years—

HE: Five years? Gosh, honey, you were smart to buy such good sheets. But listen, how much longer will they last?

SHE: Oh, we know how to make sheets last, dear. For instance, by reversing hems. Look—I put the narrow hem at the head of the bed, every other time I use a sheet . . .

HE: I catch! That distributes the wear?

SHE: Mmm-hmm. And I use every sheet in rotation, always picking clean ones from the bottom of the linen closet pile—

HE: Say, how many more of those good ideas do you have?

SHE: Lots of them! Like rinsing very thoroughly after laundering. That's awfully important! And I fold sheets in halves one ironing, in thirds the next . . . and never, *never* iron in the creases. As for rips—

HE: Sure. I know all about you and your stitch in time. But I haven't seen you putting any patches in *these* sheets, honey.

SHE: No, dear. Remember, *we* always buy *Pepperell Sheets*—because of their lasting loveliness.

Sheets are precious! Make them last!

Send today for free 24-page sheet-saving booklet. Address: Pepperell Manufacturing Company, 161 State Street, Boston 2, Massachusetts.

PEPPERELL FABRICS WITH THE WEAR WOVEN IN

PEPPERELL *Sheets*

LADY PEPPERELL • DUCHESS • COUNTESS • ABBOTSFORD

[*Continued from page 32*]

At ten the telephone rang. He answered. Evelyn's voice, calm and sweet, seemed to float across the wires and into the room. She sounded sleepy, like a very young kitten. "When are you coming home?" she asked. "I'm getting sleepy."

He grinned in spite of himself. The delicious, delightful nerve of her! "When are you coming home?"—as if the quarrel had never been or hadn't mattered.

His voice was electric. She made life vivid. "I'll be right there," he said.

He drove back determined to forget the quarrel. When he entered the apartment she was sitting half reclined on the couch, a glass of rum and coke tinkling with ice in her hand; on her feet, slippers; on her shoulders, a tiny pink marabou jacket which left her bosom exposed; around her neck a string of pearls; covering the rest of her, nothing, and in her hair, a bow. She looked up at him lazily, and the blood surged to his head. Their sex was as fierce as the quarrel had been and when he fell asleep he was drained of emotion.

He remembered so much—the hurricane, when they boarded up the windows and waited in the airless, stifling heat; the barometer dropping, the air pressure so low you finally ceased to care whether the wind came or not, for all your energy had been drained away. He remembered the illnesses that dogged them both, and her surprise at his attentiveness when she was ill. The meals he cooked for her, learning how as he went; the terror they both left unspoken of the day when her meager salary would be stopped and he would have to carry the burden alone. No money for rent, not enough for food, the car lost to the creditors . . . And how, when the blow came, and the vital check withheld, he had come home smiling, his arms loaded with groceries and on his shoulder a tiny kitten for her loneliness.

THEY had known poverty, yes, and had hated it. Don't let them tell you it's a privilege to be poor, he thought. It's not. It's hunger and humiliation, and the one can be appeased by food but for the other there is no appeasement at all. Not even money can appease it. The difficult days lay far behind, yet for him there was no surcease to the need to get ahead, to build a wall of money around his hunger, around his pride. This had been one of the reasons for their never-ending quarrels, he realized now. For to Evelyn money was merely a means of getting, first, what she wanted, and second, what she needed. He remembered the time they had separated, when she bought three large oil paintings for her bedroom wall—three paintings for a home which no longer existed. He admired her taste, but deplored her judgment, for the paintings went up on the walls of a friend.

He was thinking of this when she spoke.

"Talk to me, Danny. Hold me. Talk to me. Don't let me go, Danny, don't let them—" There was hysteria in her voice; he cut her short.

"Remember the pictures? The Gauguin, the Van Gogh?"

She nodded, her eyes bright, pleased.

"Phyllis still has them," he said. "I'll ask her to send them to you, if you like."

The eyes changing, brightness giving way to disappointment, disappointment to fear, fear widening into active terror. Her voice caught in her throat, stumbled out hoarse, rasping, "How—how long will I have to be there?"

He wanted to choke himself, to catch his words and force them back down his throat.

"Not long," he said.

"How long, Dan?" Voice low, intense, so controlled he would almost have preferred hysteria. It began to rise, quavering. "How long, Dan? How long? *How long?*"

He looked out the window. Gray fog and chill clouded sky, sun gone, damn lonely afternoon. Drifting back through gray murk her voice piercing piercing piercing . . . How long, how long Dan—how long . . .

HE SAT up in bed, face paled with the effort and smiled. She smiled back. "That whacked up ticker of yours." She shook her head. "Gave me quite a scare."

His grin was weak. "I'll be all right, baby."

The attack had been a great weariness that came suddenly upon him as he finished his dinner, the preliminary flutter in his chest, then the great wrenching pound-pound-pound while he gasped and then the catch

The stop
The plunge over the brink
He held his breath and waited
Waited
His heart muscles silent, caught . . .

Then, the panic, the fear, the wondering if it would ever start again or if this was the end, and then . . .

The crash of a heartbeat that shook his body and expelled his breath and the grateful suck-in of air once more while his heart pounded and shook and throbbed blood through his veins and the sweat poured out and his wife bit her lips and he smiled.

"That whacked up ticker of yours . . ." He loved her for that, the acceptance, the kidding, the defiance of fate.

"I'll be all right, baby," he had said, but the days never ended and then it was weeks, then the question began: how long must he rest, how long before he could sit up, get up, walk, work?

The days in bed blending into weeks, while outside the Miami sun beat harder and harder and the scorpions stirred and scaled across the rocks, looking for the dark and the damp and stinging as they went. The spiders and the flying roaches, the strange-shaped colorful multitude of tropical insects that flourished in the heat—he saw them all and waited while the days passed and it seemed he would never grow strong.

He remembered how she had filled in at his job, made good at it, too, worked to support him while he fought the impatience, got them through a difficult time. And he remembered more . . .

A temper, a quarrel and finally a fight, her voice rising shrill in the evening air with the words that would cut him most . . .

"I'm supporting you now. How long do you expect me to go on supporting you?"

Kerrycushla!

He told her to leave and she knew he meant it. She left him in bed and the day she left he wanted her all through his body. He phoned her and she cried and they tried it again but always there was the memory and he could not go on. She stayed with him while he rested, and when he could walk again she said goodbye and he said goodbye but it was not goodbye.

THERE'S San Francisco." The doctor nodded toward the buildings which clustered the hills far ahead and toward their left.

Dan looked out across the bay with interest. "I've heard it's quite a town."

"It is. You'd like it up here. Swell people—not like those Hollywood phonies."

"Please." Dan smiled. "You're speaking of the people I love."

"Neurotics, the whole pack of them."

"Sure, I know the story. You work and slave for an ignorant fool who wouldn't appreciate good writing if he saw it; you prostitute your talent,

[*Continued on page 36*]

Stamp King! Although the war's over, this little stamp champ knows that the need for War Stamps and Bonds *isn't!*

Now he's enjoying that restful, sleeping-on-air feeling you get from Beautyrest—made by Simmons.

There are no *Beautyrest* mattresses made today, because it just takes more of *everything* to make a Beautyrest. Consider cloth alone: it takes 50 yards to make a Beautyrest! The ordinary mattress requires only 10 yards. Why? Because each of Beautyrest's 837 coils must have its own cloth pocket—and *that* kind of fabric is *still* tight, even though peace is here.

Meanwhile, your dealer may have some other fine mattresses, made by Simmons. If you need a mattress *now,* be sure the one you buy bears the Simmons label. That label is your assurance of *honest workmanship* and *restful relaxation.*

P. S. We can offer, too, a limited number of Beautyrest Box Springs, at $39.50.

BEAUTYREST—The World's Most Comfortable Mattress!

Made by SIMMONS COMPANY

LI'L ABNER
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
by AL CAPP
NO!-NOT THET!!
AH HAS HIRED YO' T'KETCH ME A HUSBIN'-BUT 'TAIN'T HOOMIN T'KETCH LI'L ABNER IN THET B'AR TRAP!!!
IT'S TH' BEST BRIDEGROOM KETCHER WHICH AH-AVAILABLE JONES-HAS AVAILABLE! AH'LL BAIT IT WIF LI'L ABNER'S FAV'RITE FOOD-DEE-LISHUS CREAM OF WHEAT!!!
GIT THET CREAM OF WHEAT FEELIN'! -LESS THEN 1¢ A BOWL!
CREAM OF WHEAT BABIES MINDED-5¢ EACH
OTHER KINDS 10¢
2¢
5 MINUTE CREAM OF WHEAT
AH IS AVAILABLE FO' A PRICE! Available Jones
"SOB!-HE'S WALKIN' RIGHT INTO TH' TRAP!-GIT READY MARRYIN' SAM!!"
SOMP'N SHORE SMELLS TEMPTIN' AN' APPY-TIZIN'-JEST LIKE CREAM OF WHEAT!!
SNIFF SNIFF
CLANG!
COPR. 1945, UNITED FEATURE SYNDICATE, INC.
YO' DIDN'T GIT CAUGHT IN TH' TRAP!!-'TWERE AVAILABLE JONES!!
CUSS IT!!-AH JEST COULDN'T RESIST THET SMO-O-OTH, NOURISHIN' HUSBIN'-BAIT-NAMELY CREAM OF WHEAT!!
GIT "ENRICHED 5 MINUTE" CREAM OF WHEAT
ALL THE BLOOD-BUILDIN' IRON YO' NEEDS IN EACH DAY'S DIET!
COOKS IN 5 MINUTES TO PERFECT DI-GES-TI-BIL-I-TY
EXTRY CALCIUM AN' PHOSPHORUS
TASTES SWELL!
VITAMIN B1, AN' NIACIN, TOO!
THE FAMILY FAVORITE
WAY UP IN NOURISHMENT-WAY DOWN IN COST-IT'S PUL-ENTY SMO-O-O-TH!
"Enriched 5 MINUTE" and "REGULAR"
CREAM OF WHEAT
The Great American Family Cereal
QUICK COOKING
ENRICHED 5 MINUTE CREAM OF WHEAT
REGULAR CREAM OF WHEAT
"CREAM OF WHEAT" AND CHEF TRADEMARKS REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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humble your pride, grind out sloppy trash—and for what? A lousy fortune!"

The doctor smiled. Evelyn did not. Her mind was filled with the terror that lay ahead. There was no use in trying to divert her.

Phil is right, he thought. It is a phony city. But in it he had known great happiness, for a while. His son was born there.

Sean . . .

He never thought of him as David. David Sean O'Brien. They had almost named him Barnaby. It had seemed a wonderful idea, at first, but their friends' reactions ranged from an immediate, "You can't do that to a defenseless child," to a shocked silence followed by a dubious, "Well, why not?" It was the "Well, why not?" that changed Dan's mind and the baby's name.

"Dan, I'll be good."

His thoughts stopped.

"Dan, if you let them put me there I'll never come out. I know it!"

"Don't be silly. I told you it's just for a couple of weeks."

"Dan, if you don't love me, think of our baby."

Suspension. No thoughts. No feeling. Floating . . . waiting . . . heart torn open, waiting for the pierce. No breath, no beat . . . timeless . . . suspended in space . . . waiting . . .

And it came.

"Dan, take me home and let me see my baby. Let me take care of my baby for you, Danny, the three of us again, like we were. Danny, darling, don't you love your baby? Don't you, Danny?"

The piercing slash and the twang as every nerve in his body broke at once and he was silently screaming, stop her, stop her, God, stop her!

"Dan!" It was the doctor's voice.

He was silent, not aware that he had spoken. Evelyn was huddled in the corner of the seat away from him. The doctor removed his glasses and caught her eyes with his own. There was only one way to do it. His voice bit through the air.

"You must understand. I've told you before. Your son is dead."

THEIR separation had lasted less than a year. Dan remembered how he returned to New York after the attack and lived with his family, his loneliness and longing growing by the week. He was still too weak to work, and to cover his feeling of inadequacy he grew a short, scrawny beard. It was not a success.

He began to write, tentatively at first, then with a great outpouring of words that drained his emotions and set him free. Every morning he awoke distraught from dreams of Evelyn. He would dress and eat, then shut himself up in his room with his typewriter and the words would come and the white pages would gradually darken with type. When the words came hard, he fought them and he fought the dreams that taunted him and on these days he longed for the security of steady work. But on other days he would buy a fresh ream of paper and the sight of it would fill him with elation. He would look at it lovingly, thinking of the five hundred sheets of paper waiting to be filled. His stories were fantasy, overwritten and lush, but they caught his humor and the public was pleased. He recalled his first effort, and the planned arrogance of the letter he sent with it, to the editor of a national magazine:

Dear Sir:

The attached short story, *Frankenstein's Typewriter,* should make me a candidate for your "Discovery of the Year." I think you will agree that it marks the arrival of a new name on the horizon of American literature.

I expect to be passing through Chicago sometime next month and hope to make your acquaintance at that time. You will find me balding, bearded and brilliant.

I hope I will be equally impressed by you.

Sincerely yours,
Daniel R. O'Brien.

He remembered, too, the agonizing six weeks which followed, while he awaited a reply. Then the fear that the editor might not have a sense of humor, might, indeed, be offended. And the second letter:

Dear Sir:

Six long weeks have passed since I sent you the manuscript of my short story, *Frankenstein's Typewriter,* and to date I have received neither a check nor a rejection slip.

It occurs to me that you may have misunderstood the letter I wrote you at that time. It was not at all in keeping with my true nature. Many is the manuscript I have submitted to you meekly, only to accept my rejection slip in humble silence.

Just for a moment, the worm turned.

And now the cycle is complete. I am meek. I am humble. I am abject.

But where the hell is my story?

Sincerely yours,
Daniel R. O'Brien.

Within a week he received a letter from the editor's secretary. Headed "Miss Penelope Pfleeger, Secretary to Editor Phillips" (the title itself was a salaam to her illustrious employer), it read:

Dear Mr. O'Brien:

We can well imagine how you must have run the gamut of emotions while awaiting word as to your story. The simple fact is that Editor Phillips (salaam!) is far behind in his manuscript reading. But he has seen your reminder and I'm sure you can expect an answer soon.

He whipped back a reply:

Dear Miss Pfleeger:

The gamut does not begin to describe my emotions while awaiting an answer on my story. From what you say, I can only conclude that Mr. Phillips is arse-over-elbow in work and badly in need of an editorial assistant.

Therefore, I am coming to Chicago to accept the job.

It will take me about a week to arrange my affairs here, so I should arrive by the 15th. Let Editor Phillips relax; help is on its way.

By return mail he received a check for his manuscript. Editor Phillips had been galvanized into a decision.

He remembered telling Evelyn about the correspondence the first time they had lunch together after the separation. She had called to congratulate him when his story was published and they made a date, feeling very grown-up and sophisticated, and a little tremulous, too. From the moment he saw her enter the restaurant wearing a big picture hat, he knew it was only a question of time before they would live together again. She was softer, more feminine, and at the same time more sure of herself. They made a date for dinner the following day, and when the meal was over he read to her the story he was working on. A love story it was, created largely from his own experience. When he finished reading he looked up and in Evelyn's eyes there were tears. His last defenses against her were downed. He moved his bags over to her apartment that night. Two months later she was pregnant. Three months after that they were on their way to Hollywood.

San Francisco petered out behind them, the houses growing scarcer along the road until, as dusk fell, they were in open country once more. Evelyn's trembling had increased, but she was silent. He knew there was nothing he could say. It was like the days when Sean was pounding a threat to the confining walls of the womb, when the day for his delivery drew near and Evelyn's fright was a part of him but he could not thrust it from her. Then the agony of labor for thirty-six hours until the doctor gave orders to wheel her into Delivery.

In her weakness she could only whisper "Will it hurt?" and the doctor was afraid to say yes, not wanting to frighten her and so not giving her strength to prepare, to brace herself for the great rending rip of pain as he ruptured the tissues without the blessing of drugs.

He heard her scream and his nails bit the chair and there was stifled silence as the door to Delivery was shut . . .

The pathetic kindly humor of his fellow companion who tried to divert him by describing the corpse of Lenin and how it was kept by removing the veins and substituting tubes of freezing brine.

He was in the refrigerating business so he knew.

Then the diffident "I thought I heard a baby's cry" and he was out of the chair and down the hall and the Delivery door was closed and the nurses hurried by and finally the doctor came out and said, "Didn't anyone tell you? It's a boy."

"No," he said, "no one told me . . ." The realization of what he was saying, of what he had heard.

"Hey!" he shouted wildly. "Did you say it was a *boy?*"

FATHERHOOD had meant a great deal to Dan, more than he expected. When his friends told him, "There's nothing like it," he did not take them literally. But after Evelyn and the baby had been brought home he realized that, very simply, there was nothing quite like parenthood. It matured him, swiftly and subtly, he realized now. For Dan, who had never washed his own socks, found himself washing diapers, making formulas, making plans. And it was the plans that made the chores worth doing.

"We'll send him to public school to teach him how to get along with other kids," he would say, "and we'll get him a tutor besides, so he'll really learn something."

But Evelyn would shrug and change the subject, usually to herself. There was a change in her that he could not see at first and did not want to see. Now that she had his baby, Dan was hers and she could afford to indulge herself. The loneliness of the past several months in a strange city, unable and unwilling to adjust to the role of a housewife, the fear of her pregnancy and the shock of difficult delivery, all these factors had their effect and she gave herself over to a series of complaints and imagined illnesses. They kept the baby's nurse for almost two months, while Evelyn lay in bed and developed elaborate theories about motherhood.

"It's all a gigantic plot," she would say. "Women are caught in a biological trap, so they make believe it's what they wanted all the time. I don't think any woman really likes to do housework and take care of a baby.

"And this great surge of mother-love they talk about—nuts! I don't feel a thing." She liked having the baby, of course. But the way she would like a toy, Dan thought. The responsibility merely irritated her. He remembered her reaction whenever the baby cried.

"Don't you find it hard not to rush in and pick him up when he cries?" the wife of one of their friends once asked. Evelyn laughed.

"Not at all. All it makes me want to do is rush out of the nursery, shut the door, and get as far away as possible!"

Dan still remembered the expression on the face of the other young mother.

He did not like to think about those days, but he forced himself to remember now, so that he would not be trapped by pity. He made himself remember the way Evelyn took care of her son after the nurse left: the diapers always dirty, formula never made on time, Sean with diarrhea and Evelyn too lazy to sterilize his bottles . . . And the quarrels they had as a result. Her voice rising shrill and violent: "I'm taking care of this baby! And if you don't like the way I do it, you can do it yourself!" The bottle likely as not thrown to the floor in shattering rage, Evelyn storming out and leaving him with a baby to feed, no formula ready and himself without instructions to make it up.

He fought his own temper, tried to reason with her, tried to placate her, told himself she was upset, that she didn't really mean what she said, that it was all postnatal shock. With every outburst, his heart would rock and remind him of the days in Miami, and he grew to dread each scene. She knew of his fear and played upon it, threatened him with scenes whenever he protested against her care of the child, until his soul was sick with hatred of her. And yet he knew she could not help it.

I must make allowances, he thought. She's not responsible. And always there was Sean to keep them together, just as she had planned.

I mustn't forget, he thought. I must never forget.

. . . the nights he worked late at the studio when a script needed swift revision, the words pouring from his fingers onto the metal typewriter keys; the strain, both physical and mental, and the weariness that followed when he left for the night, the weariness and sense of accomplishment.

THE night he came home late and found the apartment empty, save for Sean peaceful in his crib. Evelyn in a neighbor's apartment across the patio, relaxing with liquor and laughter and gossip. He was furious.

"If you ever leave that baby alone again . . ."

She did not flare up that time. She laughed and kidded him and tried to win him over. "He's perfectly safe," she insisted. "He can't hurt himself in that zipper sheet. See? It's tied to the crib, and his head pokes through the little hole and he's safe as can be. . . . And oh, Danny, isn't he cute?" She wheedled and she teased but he would not be sidetracked.

"I don't want him left alone," he insisted. Evelyn shrugged.

"Drop it," she said.

"But . . ."

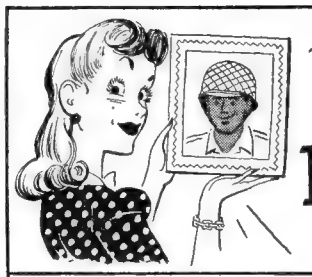
"Drop it! I'm sick of the subject. And I'm sick of you."

"Evelyn . . ." He was ashamed of the hurt in his voice. He felt he should be angry, but he was too tired. He knew she loved him, knew another fight was brewing, knew he was too tired to take it that night. He wished they had the magic back, wished he could whisper "Kerrycushla" and so end the bitterness, the friction, the fight. He could remember how she would melt at the sound of that name, her anger confused by a sudden tenderness, her eyes growing soft with tears until he had only to whisper once more, "Kerrycushla . . ." and she would be in his arms and their world would snap back into proper perspective, the quarrel unimportant, their love a massive, all-embracing, heart-warming thing.

But that was gone.

"Let's go to bed," he said. "I've got to get up in the morning."

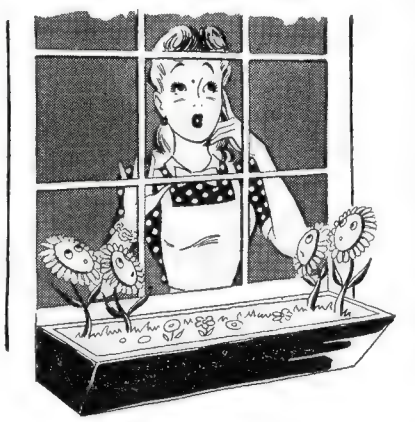
[*Continued on page 38*]



Happy Day— he's home to stay!

1 "Discharged from the Army," the telegram said, "Arriving at 6:27. Love, Ted"

2 And Mary was torn between joy and distress— He *mustn't* arrive with the house in a mess!



3 She said: "The new curtains! I'll hang them today!" But the windows were filthy, she saw with dismay.

4 So quickly she cleaned them— and easily, too. To Windex, she'll tell you, the credit is due.

5 Just spray, and then wipe, What a gleam you obtain! And the cost of it? Less than a penny per pane!

6 Get Windex (like Mary). The effort is zero To polish the glass for a conquering hero!

Get Brighter Windows Quicker With—

WINDEX

TRADE-MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. *by The Drackett Company*

WINDEX is a *must* for house cleaning! No streaking, no film, when you insist on this noninflammable, oil-free cleaner that costs but a fraction of a cent per window pane. Don't trust cheap substitutes!

For Extra Economy, Buy The Big 20-ounce Size

Copr. 1945, The Drackett Co.

Plan yourself a beautiful room

send now for home decorating booklets below

First, comes the foundation, a Bigelow Weavers' carpet, rich in texture, warm in color.

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Next, the furniture. Muslin for sofa. Turquoise chairs for bold accent.

Last, the accessories pointing up the bright colors of this cheerful room.

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Fine rugs and carpets since 1825

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[*Continued from page 37*]

The memories came harder now. Evelyn was a shrunken ball of fear, whimpering softly in the corner of the car. He was only vaguely aware of her. He shut his eyes against it, but her whimpering brought back the scene with a fierce reliving that tore at him. . .

On his way home happy, in love, complete.

Evelyn seeing him come up the path and rushing to meet him, their kiss covering the realization that she had come from across the patio.

Up the steps arm in arm, and into the living room for his pipe while she went into the nursery to look at the child.

Her scream.

He was beside her when she dropped.

He saw his baby hanging, face grotesque, red with ruptured blood vessels, the sheet a twisted shroud.

Then the whimpering began, from the stranger at his feet. He stepped over her and walked unsteadily to the crib. He lifted Sean and put him back on the bed. He unbuttoned the sheet from around the baby's tortured neck and straightened it, carefully retying the strings which had come loose, although it could not possibly matter any longer.

Then he walked out.

WE'RE almost there." The doctor slowed the heavy car, turned it off the main highway, onto a dirt road. Evelyn sat up stiffly, peered out at the dark, brooding trees that lined the road. Her voice was thin with fear as she tried to master herself with an attempt at humor.

"It looks like the opening paragraphs of *Rebecca,*" she said. The doctor smiled. She was taking it well, better than he had hoped. The doctor's wife was relieved, too. Only Dan knew what she was going through at the moment, knew it from her lifelong fear of such a moment, knew it from the pitiful trembling of her slight little body, grown thin with the burden of a loss she would not face: the loss of her child, her husband, her security, her home. The sanatorium loomed large ahead of them, dark and ominous in the early night. A dog howled mournfully from deep in the woods beyond. He shuddered. Why must it be like this? The car stopped.

Silence.

"I'll go see if they're expecting us," the doctor said. "I phoned ahead." He stepped out onto the gravel pathway just as the door opened and a white-uniformed nurse came out.

"We expected you earlier," she said. "I sent for Doctor Mathieson the moment I heard your car. He'll be here directly."

"Thank you." The doctor's voice was only half heard, like the nurse's. Evelyn was in Dan's arms in a final appeal.

"It's all right, puss." The words were not enough, but he could find no others. "You'll like it—honest! And didn't Phil tell you that you won't be locked in? All we want you to do is get a good rest and gain back a little weight."

She looked up at him, her face wet with tears. "You like me better when I'm fatter, don't you?" An eagerness, through the tears, a clutching at so frail a straw.

He nodded. "Sure, sweetheart."

"There's nothing to be afraid of, dearie!" The nurse sounded almost too hearty. Evelyn turned her lips to his ear.

"Tell her I'll come in a minute," she begged. "Just give me a minute, Dan—just one more minute, please, *please!*"

His breath came in measured spasms, which he controlled with effort. "Will you go without a fuss if I give you another minute?" he asked. His voice was not unkind.

"Yes . . . Yes!" She could not speak above a whisper. "Dan, Danny boy! My Danny! Let me tell you, quickly—I know they'll lock me in—no, no, don't say anything—I know! I was with my sister when they . . . wait! That's not what I wanted to say.

"I love you, Danny, I've always loved you. You know that. Even when I—God, Danny, you're the only security I ever knew. You gave me a home, a baby, all the things I really wanted. Danny, listen to me. I know you hate me. God, I can't help knowing it! But I tried, Danny, I tried, and it wasn't easy, ever.

"You'll be rid of me now, and I won't bother you any more, honestly I won't. I'll even like it here—I know I will, and I'll be good, I'll always be good. Only when you think of me, Danny, try not to hate me. Try to think of our baby, Danny, and remember he was mine, too. I wanted him, Danny, I want him now. Every minute I want him. If only I could do for him now the way I should have done—Danny, I didn't do enough and I've got to live with that now, knowing I didn't do enough . . ."

He broke, then. The spasm of breath erupted into a great broken heaving and his fiercely aching throat gave up short, hoarse cries of pain with every spasm. His world dissolved into tears, tears that could not come for him when his father died, could not come when his son lay strangled, tears he had fought all his life with a fear of tears, an unreasoning terror of exposed emotion. They came now—all the pent-up tears of a lifetime poured into his wracking sobs, and then his head was on her shoulder and she was soothing him as she would a child.

"Kerrycushla . . ."

She was gone. The doors closed behind her and more doors closed on the heavy-bodied car and the night closed in on Dan, alone in the back seat, alone as he never had been alone before. He stared into the past while their song welled up in a gentle, aching gush that mercifully took the place of thought:

O the days of the Kerry dancing,
O the ring of the piper's tune,
O for one of those hours of gladness,
Gone, alas! like our youth, too soon:

When the boys began to gather
In the glen of a summer night
And the Kerry piper's tuning
Made us long with wild delight!

O to think of it,
O to dream of it,
Fills my heart with tears . . .

ADVANCE changes of address more important than ever

In view of the continuing paper shortage, we can't print enough copies of McCALL'S to meet the demand. If you move . . . and a McCALL'S is mailed to the old address . . . it is impossible for us to send a duplicate copy to your new address.

If you've filed the usual notice of change with the post office, they will notify you to send postage to have the magazine forwarded. And they will send a notice of the change to us. But this takes time, particularly when so many experienced post office employees are still in the armed forces. So you'll get quickest results by sending notice of the change direct.

Please notify us AT LEAST 4 WEEKS BEFORE CHANGE TAKES EFFECT and state (1) the date you're moving, (2) old address and (3) new address. Clipping and mailing the label from an old McCALL'S helps. Write to McCall's Magazine, McCall Street, Dayton 1, Ohio.

REMEMBER, the last lap is the hardest . . . and our boys over there never needed snapshots so much as now . . .

Keep on sending snapshots—as many and as often as possible. It's so little for us to do—and it means so much to our men still in the service, still thousands of miles away from home and loved ones. Whenever you can, make your letters "snapshot visits from home."

You may have to wait for your roll of Verichrome. But Verichrome is worth waiting for—because you know, for sure, that with Verichrome Film you'll *get* those precious snapshots. You can depend absolutely on the film in the familiar yellow box.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY
ROCHESTER 4, N. Y.

Visit your man in the service with SNAPSHOTS

KODAK FILM

in the yellow box

All is Forgiven!

When the day arrives — and it will — that Fels-Naptha comes home from the wars, let's hope that the greeting in your household will be *'all is forgiven'!*

This famous soap is still 'seeing service' far from home. A large part of the output of the Fels Plant is assigned to special duty in the four corners of the world.

Most women have been understanding and patient about this absence of an essential item in good housekeeping, even though it has made the family laundry an unaccustomed burden. They know that good soap is part of the superior equipment furnished to our fighters.

To all these good-natured, patriotic women we make this promise: when its present obligations are discharged, Fels-Naptha Soap will be back—unchanged—ready to resume its familiar job of making homes bright and washes sweet and white.

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

Receipt for love

[*Beginning on page 24*]

The sun was fiendishly hot, even at half past five, and Susan's spirit lagged behind her footsteps as she went briskly up the walk. He'll have to live on just being at home again, she thought; or the ravens can feed him. He's not my son . . .

But she found that there was fried chicken, contributed by Sara Ellis, and from Lottie there was a casserole of potatoes and cheese that could be kept hot in the oven until the coming of Timothy. There was also a sense of anticipation about the house. Mrs. Harden's eyes shone with a fierce exultant happiness, but she couldn't eat; she picked at a chicken wing and looked at the clock.

"He'll wonder why I'm not at the train . . ."

"He knows the way home," Susan reminded her. "He'll wonder for at least ten minutes, then it'll all be explained." Nothing in Etonville was more than ten minutes from anything else.

THE train was on time; you knew it because the seven o'clock always tore the evening stillness to shreds. Finally there was a sound of wheels braking, the explosive slap of a taxi door, and swift footsteps on the tidy brick walk. Susan went into the front hall and stood there, feeling useless and intrusive.

Timothy Harden was thin and blond and physically unremarkable. His eyes were bad, Mrs. Harden had explained, and they wouldn't take him for officer training. So he had enlisted as a private. He had been assistant cashier at the First National Bank — at twenty-four, his mother added proudly—before he had had to go and shoot Germans.

"Hello." Susan said it almost timidly. "I'm Susan Freer."

He yanked off a garrison cap and held out his hand. "Hello. I'd have known you anywhere. Where's Mother?" He had a good voice, gentle and unhurried even in his obvious eagerness.

"Timothee!" Mrs. Harden's voice answered him, shaking the walls of the substantial house.

He took the stairs several at a time. Susan retreated to the living room, wondering whether a returned veteran would want beer, whisky, or merely a three-dimensional meal. Lacking both the ingredients and an answer, she went to the kitchen and pushed the casserole into the oven.

She heard his footsteps after a while and turned a damp, flushed face on him. "I thought you'd be hungry. Your mother said you wouldn't want to eat on the train."

He smiled. "To eat on trains, you have to be either rich or lucky. So far I haven't been either, except that I'm still alive." Almost absent-mindedly he stepped in front of her and turned down the oven burner. "I don't know what's in there, but it'll burn to a crisp at that rate. This oven's as temperamental as an opera singer."

Susan's eyes widened. He wasn't showing off; there was nothing about him that justified showing off. He was just a slight young man with imperfect vision and a hesitant smile.

"I'm not familiar with its peculiarities yet," she said. "This is my initiation."

He nodded. "Yeah, mother told me. She's as worried about your having to do all this as she is about my going hungry." He opened the oven and scrutinized the casserole. "That's done, and it looks good. You cook it?"

Susan rebelled at the patronage in his voice. "Mrs. Hays cooked it and I wouldn't know whether it's done or not. I went to business school instead."

He flicked a look at her face—a look that held amusement, speculation and shyness in about equal measures. "Handy thing, business school. Have you had supper?"

"No." The stiffness was still in her voice. "I—Mrs. Harden was worried about your having to eat by yourself."

He grinned a strange adult grin that made her remember how privacy, even in a small matter like eating, might be a blessed and unfamiliar privilege for a man dedicated to communal survival.

"Swell. I'll help you dish up."

THEY ate with relish and a slight constraint, not talking much. After a while Timothy Harden looked at her, his gray eyes troubled behind their glasses.

"Is Mother really all right?"

"I think so." Susan sipped her ice tea. "I called Doctor Bowen from the office today, and he said all we had to do was keep her from using her foot."

He nodded, studying the chicken platter until he found a drumstick. "I'll see to that."

"She's worried about your meals," Susan went on. "Ever since she knew you were coming she's been planning meals and laying in supplies. I—" Susan's eyes were dark and troubled and honest. "I'm no help because I have to work all day and because I can't cook anyhow."

He had sunk his teeth in the drumstick. He removed them briefly. "That's all right. I'll cook for us."

She stared at him. "You'll what?"

"Cook." The grin flickered, not too sure of itself. "That's what I've been doing, and on a lot bigger scale."

[*Continued on page 50*]

CHRYSANTHEMUMS

Painted by Pierre Auguste Renoir 1841-1919

The vivid chrysanthemums on the opposite page are from the hand of Pierre Auguste Renoir, a French painter often called the foremost modern old master. His portraits of women, his serene nudes in summery landscapes and his richly conceived flower and fruit arrangements in oils, pastels and water colors are a lasting expression of the sheer exuberance he felt in the bounty and beauty of nature.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS, now in a private collection, glows with the warm velvety tones the artist learned from the old masters. The flowers shimmer into life in glorious color and scent and texture—it seems as if Renoir had set on one canvas all of the luxuriance of autumn.

McCALL'S Homemaking

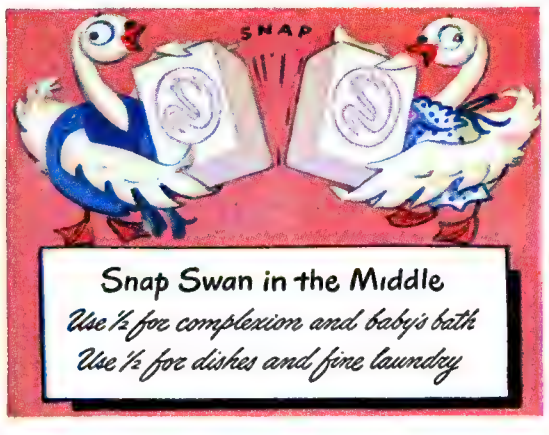
No need to keep four soaps on hand!

SWAN'S FOUR SWELL SOAPS IN ONE!

1. BATH
SWAN'S GRAND FOR COMPLEXIONS AND BATH! LATHERS LIKE SIXTY IN THE HARDEST WATER! FIRM! LASTS 'N LASTS!
2. DISHES
MILD SWAN SUDS FAST—DOES DISHES QUICK! AND IT'S SO KIND TO YOUR HANDS!
3. FINE THINGS
SWAN'S A WONDER FOR ALL KINDS OF LIGHT LAUNDRY! HELPS KEEP PRECIOUS THINGS LIKE NEW!
4. BABY
SWAN'S PERFECT FOR BABY! PURE AS FINE CASTILES. MILD AS MAY!

A lass?___ A dish?___ A slip?___ A tot?

One thrifty soap will wash the lot!

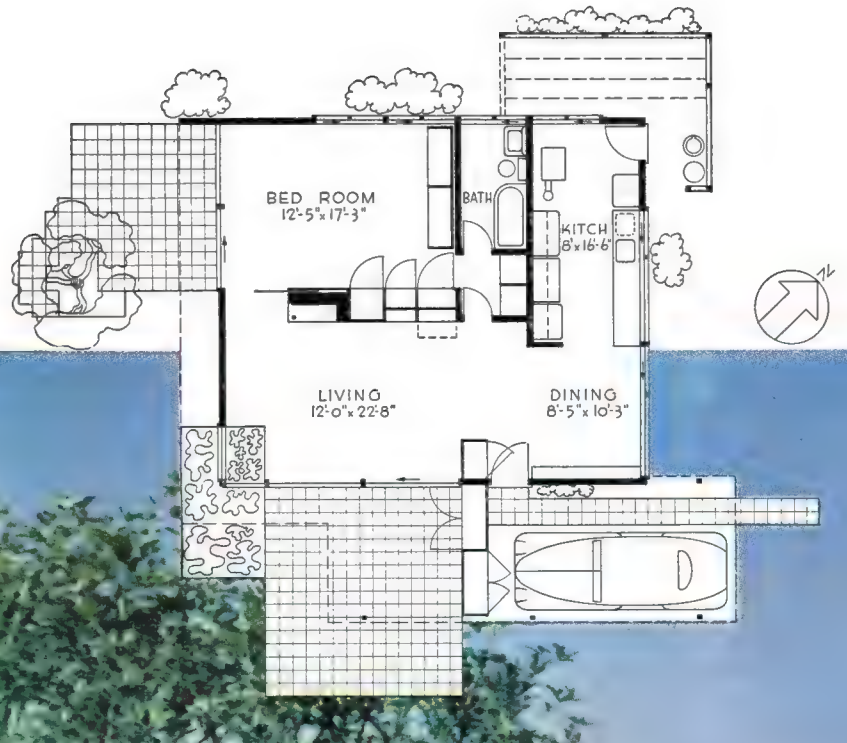


IT'S PATRIOTIC TO SAVE SOAP. FOLLOW THESE HINTS:

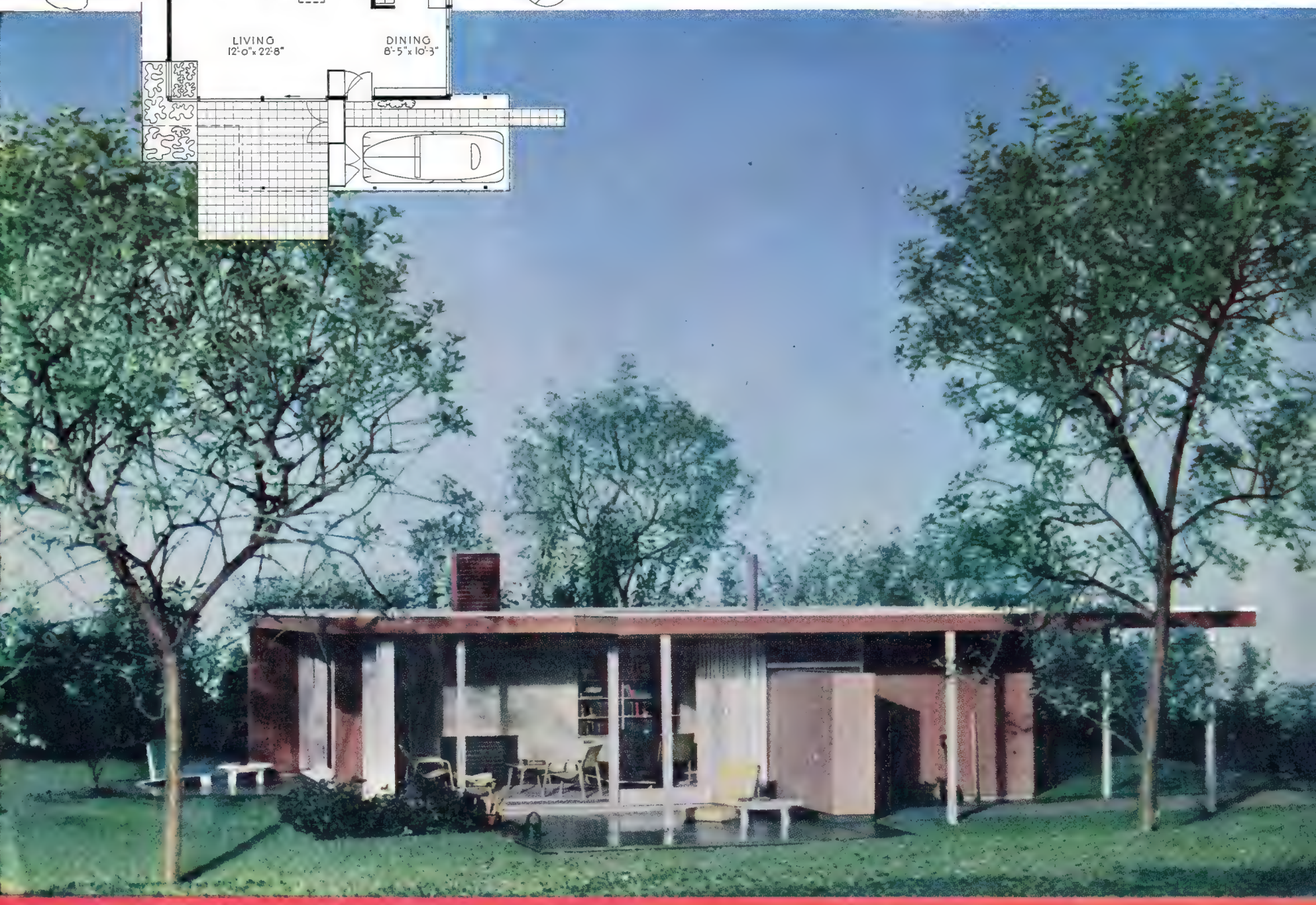
1. Don't leave Swan in water. Whip up lather—then take cake out.
2. Don't make more lather than you need.
3. Beware of a wet soap dish. Keep it *dry*.
4. Save slivers of soap—use them in your soap shaker.

SWAN'S 4 SWELL SOAPS IN 1

TUNE IN: The JOAN DAVIS SHOW...with Andy Russell, CBS Monday Nights!



This is no ordinary small house—it has sweep, glamour and living convenience. It's a new era house



Your first house

Construction Details

Walls: Wood framing and sheathing; vertical redwood siding.

Roof: Wood framing and sheathing; built-up tar and gravel roofing.

Insulation: 4″ glass wool in roof and exterior walls.

Floors: Concrete slab; split furring tile surfacing.

Fireplace: Water struck brick; terra cotta flue lining; hard burned common brick chimney.

Heating: Oil burning boiler; forced circulation hot water; radiant heating panel in floor; domestic hot water heated by electricity or gas in summer, by boiler in winter.

Huson Jackson, Architect, of Plan-Tech Associates

BY MARY DAVIS GILLIES

YOU have dreamed about it for years. At times it seemed a million miles away. But any day now your first house is going to be a reality. You will draw up in front, then change your mind and drive right into the car port. You will fit your key in the lock of the cheerful yellow door and there you will be, standing in the most beautiful room you've ever seen—and it will be all yours.

Your first house may be modest in size. Perhaps it had better be, because of the inevitable relation between cost and cubic feet. But its size need not affect its convenience or glamour.

The house shown here and on the next page expresses the best in architecture today. It makes possible a fuller way of living. It's informal, it's gay, it's cheerful. It encourages outdoor living. There's a terrace off the living room and another off the bedroom and they are turned to the garden side and back of the house so that they can be enjoyed more freely. The big windows face the south so that winter solar heat will cut down fuel bills, and the northern side of the house is tight as a drum with only a high ribbon of windows to give light as well as ventilation in summer.

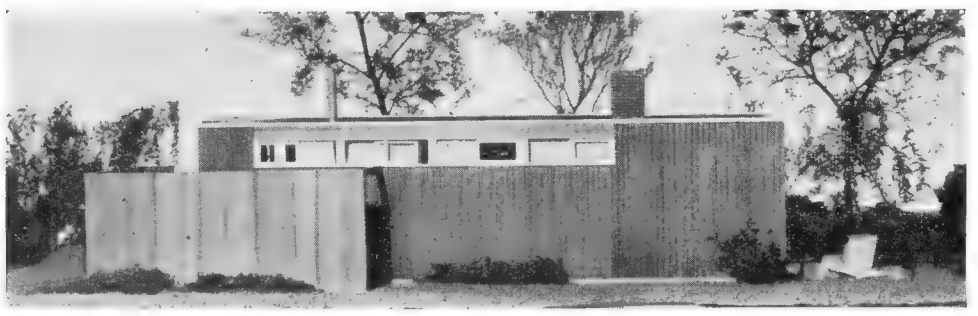
And note the advantage of a garage on the street side. You can drive up to the door, the driveway is shortened and valuable garden space is saved.

Turn The Page

Street side: Car port, dining and kitchen windows

Terrace side: Outdoor storage, living room windows

Back: Bedroom windows and terrace face the garden



North side: High windows in bedroom and bath

Inside your first house

Huson Jackson, Architect, of Plan-Tech Associates

COME on in and see the house. But first perhaps you would like to hang your coat in the closet at the left of the front door.

Now look at that living room, all 31 feet of it, if you count in the dining end of the room. Is that a place to entertain? With the kitchen just around the corner you can see how easy it would be to keep your ear open to what was going on in the living room and your eye on the contents of the oven.

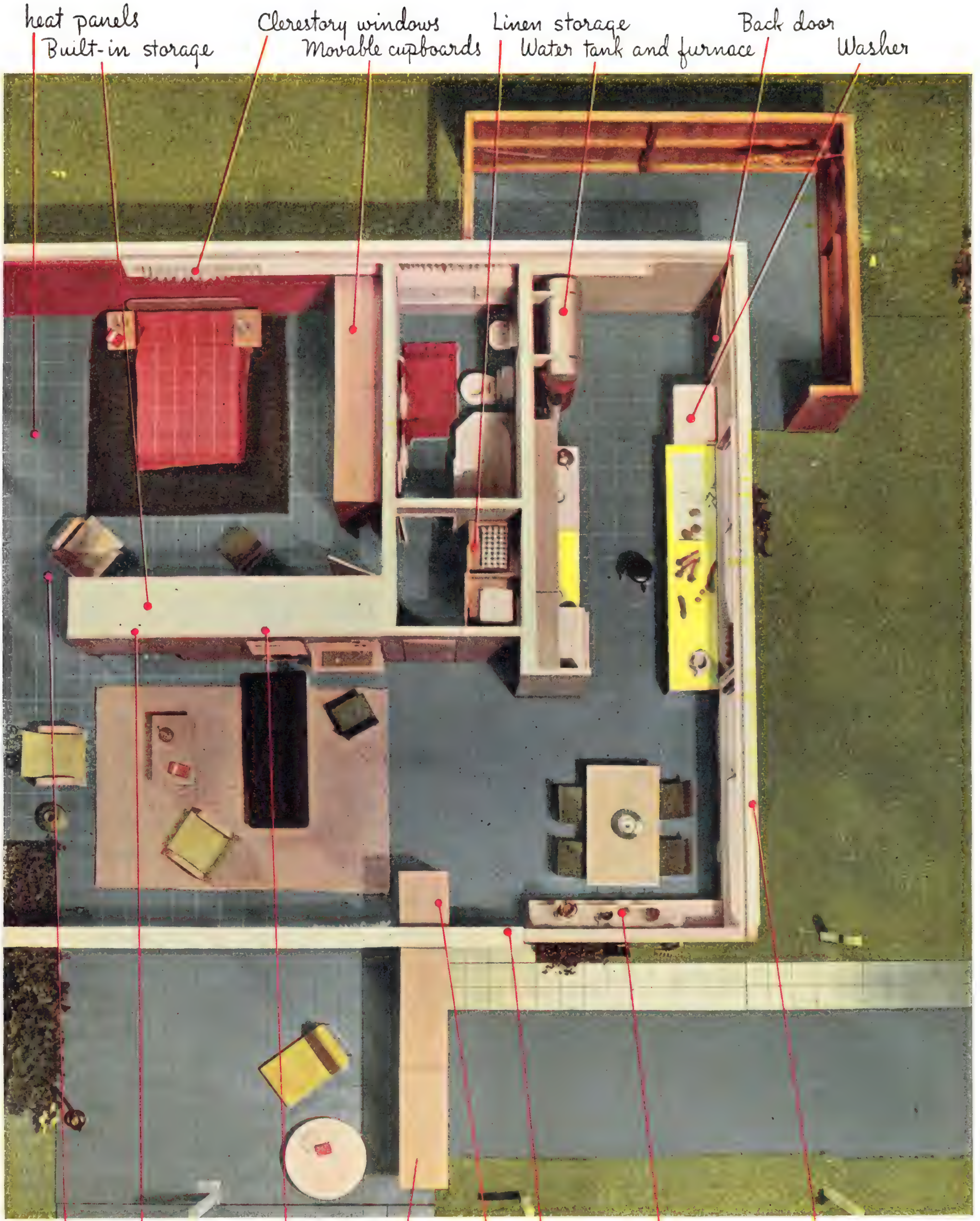
The fireplace wall is wood paneled and has a built-in desk and bookcase that is the last word in design. And like really swank houses there is an indoor garden in the corner with earth that goes down to China.

A sliding door separates the big 12′ 5″ x 17′ 3″ bedroom from the living room. There is wardrobe storage in the bedroom and in addition there are two movable storage closets against the bathroom wall which can be shifted to create an alcove if and when the first baby arrives. Later arrivals will require an addition to the house.

Now walk into the small center hall with its linen closets, and peek into the bathroom at the back, before you turn to go through the hall door into the living room and around the corner to the kitchen. The furnace, water tank and automatic washer are near the back door.

It's apartment-size with generous rooms, but—just as important—it's easy to care for and easy to pay for.

For further details of this house, send for our booklet, Home of the Month, *No. 45-10, 15¢ Send stamps to Modern Homemaker, McCall's, Dayton 1, Ohio. In Canada, 50 York St., Toronto 2, Ontario.*


heat panels
Built-in storage
Clerestory windows
Movable cupboards
Linen storage
Water tank and furnace
Back door
Washer
Sliding door
Fireplace
Desk, books, radio
Storage
Coat closet
Front door
Cupboards
Street side

As it was—a typical living room, but not very inviting for the activities of the four jolly youngsters who live here

As it was ... as it is

As it is—redecorated in teen-age rhythm; there is a conversation group around the fireplace, game table at the window end, love seat and radio at the other. The practical brown sofa and love seat are bright with jewel colored pillows

BY MARY DAVIS GILLIES

THE four young Lounsburys—bright-eyed and bursting with ideas—were coming into their teens. And the family living room had seen its best days. It needed repainting and, since the youngsters were old enough to appreciate an attractive home, the family decided it was time to redecorate.

All agreed that the room must be easy to clean and must welcome good times.

Bookshelves were number one on the list. With those built in on both sides, it was easy to case in the brick fireplace; then the whole room was repainted.

The shabby rug was replaced by an overall wool, loop-tufted broadloom, which cleans easily and won't track, and new furniture designed for use was installed. There are seats for 15 people, a game table by the window seat, a sofa opposite the fireplace and at the end of the room not shown in the picture, there is a love seat near the radio.

"It's smooth," say the twins. As you see the room in action on the facing page, you'll agree that it is both becoming and useful.

...how it is used

On the sofa Dorothy and Barbara look on as Billy, perched on the stout pine coffee table, does a magic trick with Beverly's help. When it's time for boogie woogie on the portable record player, below, the girls prefer to take to the floor

Above the radio are a pair of bulletin boards where the twins display favorite pin-ups. Billy and Dorothy have a bulletin board also for their own keepsakes

At the game table with its rattan chairs, authors, dominoes and Hollywood have a turn. There's storage space in the cupboards for records, games and odds and ends

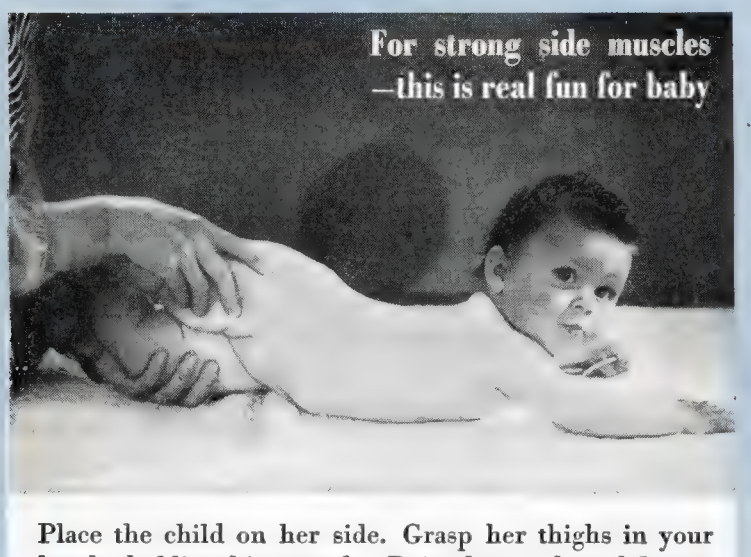
Big enough to exercise

BY EDWARD T. WILKES, M.D.

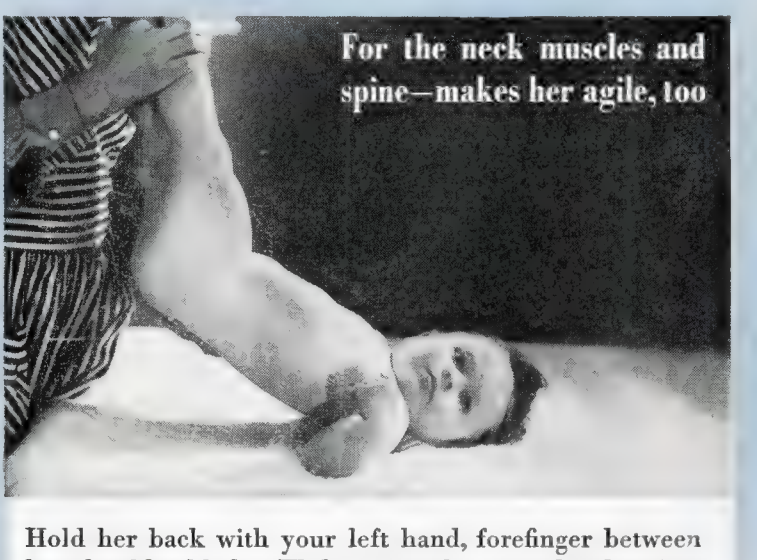
PLAYTIME with her baby is the happiest moment in any mother's day. It can also be one of the most valuable, if the play is turned into exercises, planned to develop the child's body and to build up resistance against disease.

The fifth month is not too early to start these exercises, and performed regularly up to the first birthday, when baby will be creeping or standing, they will strengthen muscles and develop deep breathing habits. They will also help to correct excessive fat, flabbiness, a protruding abdomen, constipation and rickets.

Exercise the baby for 5 or 10 minutes just before the bath on a table pushed against the wall, covered with a soft pad. Remove all clothing. Don't force the motions. Start by tying a bright balloon to her crib so she will reach for it. Then hold her in the positions suggested and she will soon learn to follow your leads.

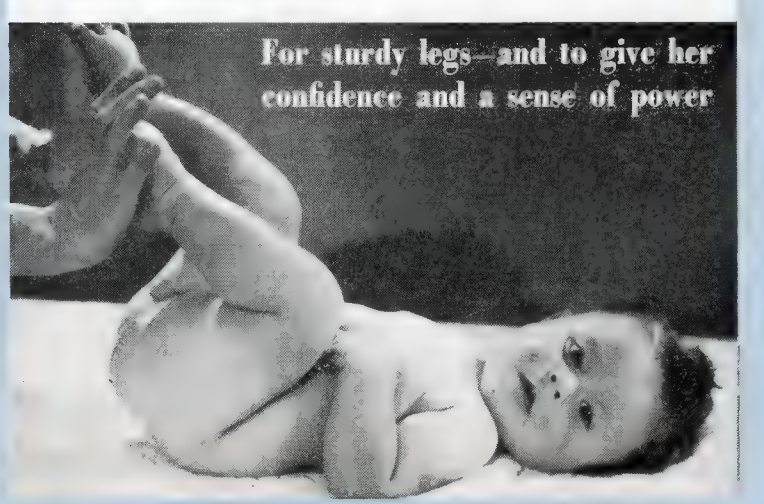


Place the child on her side. Grasp her thighs in your hands, holding hips steady. Raise her so her abdomen does not touch the table. Give her body a quarter turn to the right, then to the left. Hold her between, not by, the joints



Hold her back with your left hand, forefinger between her shoulder blades. With your right, grasp her legs just above the ankles and raise her until she supports herself on her head. Let her down. Don't exercise her when her stomach is full

Lay the child on her back. As she kicks, resist her movements with your hands. After a moment, grasp her lightly by the heels, little finger under her feet, and make circular motions with her legs. Don't pull her head, arms or legs backward



Hold her forearms in your hands. Then raise her to a sitting position and let her kick hard against your body. As she grows stronger, lift her by her hands while she supports herself stiffly against you. Don't show off baby's tricks. Exercise once daily

IN TOMATO JUICE...

LOOK TO LIBBY'S FOR PERFECTION

...it's TWICE-RICH*

The kind of meaty, full-ripe tomatoes you carefully select at the market or pick with pride from your own Victory Garden. *That's* the kind Libby uses for juicing. Real "beauties" that give juice RICH IN FLAVOR*. Rich, refreshing *tomato* flavor with nothing added but a touch of salt. And Libby's experts protect this fresh juice so skillfully that it comes to you RICH IN VITAMINS*. Your glass of Libby's is rich in Vitamins A and C—a ready source of B_1 and B_2. That explains why much of the pack is going to fighters, although Libby luckily has some for the home front, too. So when you shop be sure to ask for the twice-rich tomato juice. It's wise to get Libby's every time.

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THERE LIBBY PACKS THE BEST

SAVE TIN! YOUR EMPTY CANS ARE STILL NEEDED.

Libby's

FAMOUS VEGETABLES

PEAS • CORN • MIXED VEGETABLES
BEETS • SAUER KRAUT • AND OTHERS

This time-saver is tops for flavor

Hearty and nutritious, it's a fine dinner dish

Pan-fry Swift's Brookfield Sausage; while it is cooking, pour some drippings in another pan and fry cornmeal mush. (Make mush in morning or night before and keep in refrigerator.) Serve with green beans and carrots.
A Martha Logan recipe
One Pound Net Weight
Swift's Brookfield
Pure Pork Sausage
Small LINKS
For Goodness' Sake Keep Cold
Pre-War Quality

The sausage with the Just-right Seasoning!

There's a big difference in pork sausage, as you'll appreciate when you taste *Swift's Brookfield* brand. All **PURE PORK**, Swift's Brookfield is seasoned to *bring out* the good pork flavor. So **DELICATE**, yet **ZESTY** . . . here's the *perfect* seasoning blend. Ask your dealer for this fine sausage, in the attractive package with red-plaid ends. A **HIGH-QUALITY PROTEIN** food, it's grand for speedy dinners.

SWIFT'S BROOKFIELD

America's favorite pork sausage

A SWIFT QUALITY FOOD

Your first duty to your country: BUY WAR BONDS

[*Continued from page 40*]

She put her glass carefully in its coaster. "But—I thought you were in the infantry. Your mother said . . ." Her voice was wrong. Whatever a man did in war, he deserved admiration instead of bewilderment. But an army cook!

He looked at her squarely. "I'm with the infantry, all right, but I'm cooking for it. Mother didn't tell you?"

"No."

His smile was still there. "Maybe she's jealous—afraid I'll beat her at her own game." He attacked the drumstick again. "You forget all about the household duties. I'll take them over."

But when they had eaten, she reasserted herself. "Even a neophyte can wash dishes. Go up and talk to her; you can help with this another time."

He went without argument, and between the click of china against china and the swish of soapy water, Susan's imagination reflected the picture of their reunion.

WHEN she had finished with the dishes, she went quietly up the stairs toward her room. This was Timothy Harden's house and a stranger ought not to intrude on his homecoming. But Mrs. Harden's voice stopped her as she went down the hall. "Come in, Susan, and sit with us a few minutes."

Susan went, hiding her reluctance. Timothy sat by his mother's bed and held her hand, and the happiness on her face was blinding. He stood up instantly to pull out a chair for Susan.

"Timothy says you had a very nice supper." There was jealousy in Mrs. Harden's voice, not so much for Susan as for the supper she herself had been unable to cook.

Susan laughed. "It was good, but no thanks to me."

"Well, you can't be expected to do everything." But Timothy's mother's tone left no doubt about which of two things a proper woman should be able to do.

"How's the mill getting on?" Tactfully, Timothy was changing the subject.

Susan told him about her work. Her face came vividly alive in the telling; this was something that didn't warrant a feeling of apology. He asked intelligent questions while his mother's eyes followed his every gesture.

"I'd like to go out there while I'm here. Be interesting to see the home front in operation."

If he had seen the other front, Susan thought unwillingly, it was from beside the stove in a field kitchen. She had a hysterical desire to laugh at the disparity between Mrs. Harden's vision and the real man; even in his clean, faded khaki Timothy still looked like a cashier. And if he didn't exactly look like a cook—still, he was one.

"You must come," she said politely. "It's changed a lot even in the year I've been there." She stood up. "I have to write some letters; I'll come in later—"

"You needn't," he interrupted, with a smile at his mother. "I'll take her in hand myself."

Susan was downstairs before seven the next morning, but he was there ahead of her. A rich odor of coffee filled the kitchen, and Timothy, in old gray trousers and a ragged shirt, was making biscuits. He looked up and grinned.

"She says they won't be as good as hers and I've made a bet on it." A lock of yellow hair fell across his eyes as he canted his head toward the refrigerator. "Your orange juice is ready if you want to drink it now."

"Thanks." The whole thing was comic and inedible but she went meekly toward the refrigerator. "I was going to cook the breakfast—on your first morning, anyhow. I can at least cope with that."

"You've got one job," he objected, "and I'm temporarily unemployed."

"So you have to take a motorman's holiday," she laughed. "What can I do to help?"

He considered. "You can fry that rare and beautiful bacon."

Susan stared at him, then meekly started the bacon.

"I don't mind a motorman's holiday," he went on. "It must be my mother coming out in me. If I had to go to the bank and juggle figures I'd kick like a steer, but this is sort of interesting."

"I wish I could feel that way."

"Maybe you will, someday." He put the biscuits in the oven with a nice economy of movement, and began to beat eggs in a mixing bowl.

"I doubt it." She was ruffled by his masculine assumption that woman is essentially a domestic animal. "If it happens that a man can like to cook, isn't it just as logical that some women can dislike it?"

"Sure." He poured milk into the bowl and went on beating as he muttered parenthetically, "Real biscuits, by golly, not powdered. I made a few in France now and then and it created a second front." He looked up and met her eyes squarely. "I don't *like* it particularly; I just think it's handy to learn as many things in a lifetime as you can."

This situation certainly supported his conviction, Susan realized, and the thought irritated her even more. "Was that why you became a cook?"

He nodded and poured the foaming eggs into a double boiler. "Yes. They said I couldn't see well enough to shoot, and I had my choice between that and being a company clerk. I already knew how to clerk."

The meal was ready. He arranged Mrs. Harden's tray and lifted it skillfully. "Don't wait for me. Go ahead and eat or you'll miss your ride."

She ate. Breakfast had always seemed to her a simple matter, but few people could cook a breakfast like this. Backed into a corner, she would have chosen his biscuits even over his mother's, and because of it, she felt unreasonably humbled, angry and irrationally scornful.

AS SUSAN entered the house that afternoon she forgot for a minute Mrs. Harden was confined to quarters. The aroma of a beef roast floated into the hall to meet her, surrounded by lesser satellite odors, equally attractive. She started toward the stairs, then changed her mind and went into the kitchen.

He had on another, more respectable, pair of civilian trousers and a rather good sport shirt, judging from what she could see of it; most of him was obscured by one of his mother's aprons.

"Hi," he said calmly. "I thought we'd salute this roast with a little liquid refreshment. You want it now, or would you rather clean up first?"

"I'd rather clean up first, please." When she spoke to him her voice seemed to alternate between meekness and a veiled scorn. Right now, it was meek.

"Fine. I'll bring it to Mother's room in twenty minutes."

Twenty minutes later she walked into Mrs. Harden's room. She had put on a sleeveless linen dress the color of lettuce, and tied her hair with a green ribbon.

"How pretty you look!" Mrs. Harden appealed to her son, "Doesn't she, Timothy?"

"Very." The answer was prompt, but it seemed to Susan that his enthusiasm was well under control. And that suits me fine, she thought.

He handed her a tall glass, frosted and crowned with mint. "Juleps go with hot weather; I hope you like 'em." He raised his own glass to them both. "Your health, ladies."

Mrs. Harden giggled. "I don't know what on earth this'll do to me. I'm not used to anything but a little sherry."

He grinned at her. "You're safe,

[*Continued on page 52*]

Another quickie! Another lovely! ANOTHER Swans Down "Mix-Easy" cake

Maybe you've been drowsing through the excitement about Swans Down and the new "Mix-Easy" cakes.

If so, now's a good time to wake up and join in the fun. Because this new "Mix-Easy" cake is simply superb, and it's a real sugar-saver, too.

Of course, all Swans Down "Mix-Easy" cakes are like falling off a log to make. No creaming! Beating cut in half! The whole job streamlined. Yet they taste richer, keep fresh longer!

And in spite of their speed, they all have that true Swans Down tenderness and soft "downy" feel that top-notch cakemakers know so well. You just can't make a Swans Down "Mix-Easy" cake without Swans Down.

So don't mislay this page—cut it out and try Autumn Spice Cake soon...you'll love it! Swans Down guarantees it—*but not with any other flour*.

"Beating cut in half!"
"No creaming!"
"Fewer dishes to wash!"
"Richer taste!"
"Keeps fresh longer!"

AUTUMN SPICE CAKE...A LUXURY CAKE—BUT SUGAR-SAVING!

Preparations. Have the shortening at room temperature. Grease two 9-inch layer pans, line bottoms with waxed paper, and grease again. Start oven for moderate heat (375°F.). Sift flour once before measuring. (*All measurements are level.*)

Measure into sifter:
2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour (And be sure it's Swans Down!)
2 teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder
¼ teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon cloves
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
¼ teaspoon allspice
1 cup sugar

Measure into bowl: ½ cup vegetable shortening

Have ready:
⅓ cup milk
¼ cup molasses
2 eggs, unbeaten
½ cup milk

Now—Swans Down's "Mix-Easy" Part!
(Mix by hand or electric beater at low speed.) Stir or mix shortening just to soften. Sift in dry ingredients. Add ⅓ cup milk, molasses, and the eggs. Mix until all flour is dampened; then *beat 1 minute*. Add ½ cup milk, blend, and *beat 2 minutes* longer. (Count only actual beating time. Or count beating strokes. Allow 100 to 150 full strokes per minute. Scrape bowl and spoon or beater often.)

Baking. Turn batter into pans. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) 20 minutes, or until done. Spread Fig Filling between layers and Harvest Fluff Frosting on top. Sprinkle chopped nut meats around edge of frosting.

Fig Filling. Simmer 12 dried figs in 1 cup water 10 minutes; drain, reserving fig liquor. Cool and chop. Add ⅛ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 teaspoons lemon juice, ¼ cup dark corn syrup, and enough fig liquor to moisten. Mix well.

Harvest Fluff Frosting. Beat 1 egg white with dash of salt until stiff enough to hold up in peaks, but not dry. Add ⅓ cup dark corn syrup gradually, beating constantly. Continue beating until frosting will hold its shape. Add ½ teaspoon vanilla.

Double cost of your ingredients back... If you don't think your Swans Down "Mix-Easy" Cake is better than any similar cake you've baked with any other flour, simply write us enclosing the guarantee insert from your Swans Down package, and we'll send you double the cost of your ingredients!...Swans Down itself has not changed—you can still use all your old favorite recipes. Swans Down has made supremely fine cakes for 50 years...and it's still the overwhelming choice of good cakemakers.

Watch for New "Mix-Easy" Recipes in your Swans Down box!

New "Mix-Easy" recipes...developed, tested in Swans Down kitchens at General Foods...are constantly appearing in Swans Down packages.

Bake a better cake with Swans Down

"Just as near as here!"

Seems that way, doesn't it . . . when you put the receiver to your ear and hear your own Daddy say "Hello." For a few happy minutes you're all home together again.

Sure was nice, last night. . . .

Lots of other folks know just how you feel. Because yesterday . . . last night . . . and every night . . . Long Distance brings men in uniform back for reunions by telephone with their families. So their calls can go through . . . all those thousands of soldiers now returning . . . here's a suggestion we all should remember. . . .

A suggestion? What kind?

One that's easy to follow, too, and it means so much. . . . Make only necessary Long Distance calls during the evening hours. That's when most of them want to telephone, you see.

Bell Telephone System

[*Continued from page 50*]

even from your worst impulses, because you can't get out of bed." But hearing the sound of that, he chuckled wickedly.

"Timothy!" Mrs. Harden tried to look shocked and only succeeded in looking several years younger. "When I think about all the things you may have learned in the Army . . ."

"Nothing but cooking, dear." He glanced briefly at Susan—a curious, coolly defiant look—and drank again. "I baked a cake today," he told her.

"No!" Susan tried to sound gay and incredulous. "What kind?"

"White, with caramel icing." He turned to his mother. "I know a fine short cut when it comes to icing. I'll make you taste it first, then tell you how to do it."

"I wish our old ice cream freezer was fixed," Mrs. Harden said wistfully. "There's nothing as good as homemade custard ice cream."

"I'll get it out tomorrow." His eyes twinkled. "What with all the company today, and my housekeeping and baking and laundry, I didn't have a *minute.*"

"Timothy!" Mrs. Harden sat up straighter. "I knew you ran the vacuum, but you didn't tell me you washed . . ."

"I had to," he said mildly. "Everything I own was dirty and I had to have something to cover me till the rest comes back from the laundry. I didn't iron," he consoled her. "I'm used to wearing 'em rough-dried."

Susan found her voice. She felt small and left out of all this. "I'll be glad to iron them tonight . . ."

He looked at her quickly, then shook his head. "Thanks, but you and I are going to the movies, unless you'd rather not."

Her face grew hot, perhaps because he seemed to be heaping coals of fire on her head. "But—" her eyes went to Mrs. Harden. "You mustn't stay here alone."

"Sara's coming over," Mrs. Harden said. "Timothy needs the diversion and so do you."

He stood up. He wasn't tall, but he stood tall. "Timothy also needs to get back to his knitting. I'll bring your tray in a minute."

Mrs. Harden's eyes worshiped his departing back. "He wrote me he was a cook," she chuckled, "but he's always kidding and I didn't believe him. I thought he was making it up to keep me from worrying." Her voice dropped. "There never was a son like him."

"No." Susan could agree wholeheartedly with that. "I don't believe there ever was."

THE supper maintained Timothy's high standard and Susan told him so. "If you're typical, I can't see why soldiers complain about their food."

"It's because we have to cook for such a mob. They teach us how to do it right, but we don't often get the chance, or have the facilities. And everybody but Mother," he added quietly, "calls me Tim. So far, you've avoided calling me anything."

"Oh." She got up and began to clear the table. "I'm already dressed; you go and get ready while I do the dishes."

"Not in that dress you don't." He grinned the curious, taunting grin. "Too hard to launder. I'll wash and you can wipe and put 'em away. I can get into uniform while you're powdering your nose."

The night air was soft; moonlight through the big elms made a pattern of lace on the sidewalk. Tim seemed lost in thought. Was he perhaps concocting tomorrow's menu? she wondered wryly. He looked different in uniform tonight, though—lean and hard and not a bit like a cook.

"Sorry I have to make you walk," he broke in on her thoughts. "I sold my car when I enlisted."

"I like to walk," she said honestly. "I have to spend so much time sitting. Besides, it's only a few blocks."

They sat far back in the theater and after a time he reached for her hand. "For two years," he chuckled, "I've been dreaming about holding somebody's hand in a movie." She knew then that the hand-holding was symbolic; there was nothing personal in it at all.

Later, as they walked home along the quiet street, he drew her arm through his, and Susan was surprised at the deep contentment she felt with a shoulder against hers. Not Timothy Harden's, particularly, she reminded herself—just a shoulder. They talked in low tones about the picture and fell silent as they went into the house and closed the front door softly.

"Want anything before you go up?" he whispered. "A glass of milk? Ice water?"

She shook her head. "Thanks. Not a thing."

"I do."

His face had changed as he stretched out his hands. She resisted a minute, then let him take her in his arms. His body was strong and hard; he kissed her hard and expertly.

"Thanks," he murmured. "That's another thing I dreamed about for two years."

She stiffened, knowing suddenly that the kiss, like the hand-holding, had no relation to herself. Anybody who was young and reasonably attractive would have served as well. She whirled and went quickly toward the stairs, while he made his way to the kitchen.

Probably to gorge on his own cake and admire his skill! she thought contemptuously.

SHE was all right next morning. Even if she hadn't been, the sight of him in his ancient gray pants and his mother's apron, wiping the steam from his glasses, would have cured her. She said good morning in a cool voice and began to set the table.

"How's Mrs. Harden feeling?" she asked.

"She's getting unruly. Doctor Bowen said I could convoy her downstairs today, thank the Lord."

"I'm awfully glad." She really was glad, for two reasons. There was too much unavoidable intimacy living in the same house with Timothy Harden while his mother was confined to her bedroom. Things would seem a lot more—more normal this way.

She didn't even argue, this morning, about doing the dishes. The job seemed to fit him better than it did her, and from now on he could have it. She left him in the kitchen with only a nod, and went forth to her own job.

That day Tim got hold of a wheel chair for Mrs. Harden, and after that she was all over the place. She still couldn't walk or stand, but she could sit in the kitchen while he cooked, and eat at the table with him. They argued endlessly—sickeningly, Susan thought—about receipts and theories; and while neither was ever converted, both found their convictions strengthened by the force of their own arguments.

Susan kept out of the way as much as possible. There were a great many visitors who sat and rocked on the broad porch in the evenings and talked, and when the supper dishes were done Susan usually retreated to her own room, though it was hot and rather lonely. She wanted Mrs. Harden—and Tim—to know beyond all doubt that he was safe from any design of hers.

He had been at home for ten days and he was still cheerfully doubling in brass. Tonight there was a meat loaf for supper, succulent and covered with a poem in tomato sauce.

"I never thought of putting whole

[*Continued on page 55*]

Journey into TOMORROW

This is not just a picture of a boy and girl going off to school. This is a picture of American youth journeying into the future.

Journeying eagerly and unafraid, knowing not what's coming but happily and healthily confident they will be equal to it.

And they do not walk alone.

Looking forward to coming things, we too see a future for America eagerly to be faced.

We see a world made hungry for the good things of life by years of concentration on war and its destruction.

Men of science are moving forward with new methods and improved products. Turned to the uses of war, peace-built techniques proved valuable beyond all words to our fighting men. And with the return of peace, ever-better ways of doing things will result in a flood of new benefits to mankind.

From all this will come opportunity in many forms.

Opportunity to build the many things the world cries out for.

Opportunity for good wages for those ready to earn them.

Opportunity to continue the forward drive which brought your present General Motors car to its high state. The same sort of year-by-year progress that gave even the lowest priced cars the smoothness of Knee-Action, the beauty of Body by Fisher, the security of turret top and steadily increasing economy, power and efficiency in their engines.

Plainly, no one can tell these youngsters now what their future cars will be like. Nor their homes, refrigerators, radios and such.

But they don't need to worry about that.

For in this land, where nothing has long halted the steady march of human progress, tomorrow will be better than today.

And General Motors, holding steadfast to its purpose of building "more and better things for more people," will do its full part to see that it is.

GENERAL MOTORS

MORE AND BETTER THINGS FOR MORE PEOPLE

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK
CADILLAC • BODY BY FISHER • FRIGIDAIRE
GMC TRUCK AND COACH • GM DIESEL

Every Sunday Afternoon
GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR
NBC Network

KEEP AMERICA STRONG

★

Buy More War Bonds

TELL 'EM MOMMY—

How you became a Famous Pin-up Girl!

LISTEN TO CONNIE JOANNES, FAMOUS MODEL

She's appeared on covers of McCall's, Redbook and many other magazines. That's her 6-months-old son Bobbie in the picture coaxing her to tell. "Tell everybody where you got that lovely complexion, Mommy!" he says. "Just watch Bobbie splashing in his tub," Connie says, "and you'll discover my beauty secret. It's regular care with pure, mild Ivory Soap, of course. I was an Ivory baby myself!"

LET CONNIE TELL YOU HOW TO

HAVE THAT IVORY LOOK...

"Every girl wants a lovely complexion," Connie says, "but a model like me *has* to have one. If you suspect *your* complexion could stand improving, my advice is—don't give it a hit-or-miss wash-up. To get that Ivory Look, change to regular care with gentle Ivory Soap."

P-S-ST! . . . Bobbie wants to talk. "That's right, Mommy, what's mild enough for a baby like me is grand for grown-ups' skin as well!"

Try pure, baby-gentle Ivory care today—and watch your skin become softer, smoother, lovelier, too!

P. S. for U. S. Don't waste Ivory... it contains vital war materials!

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap

[*Continued from page 52*]

hard-cooked eggs in a meat loaf," Mrs. Harden conceded. "They look pretty when you slice it."

"They also swell the proportions." He looked at Susan, who was eating with reluctant appreciation. "There's a good movie at the Rialto. Could I tempt you?"

She hesitated, searching for a plausible excuse for refusing. She couldn't think of one. "Thanks. I'd love to go."

He nodded and turned to his mother. "This time next week, old lady, you'll be able to go along. I asked Doc about it today." His smile held such deep affection that Susan looked away.

He didn't reach for her hand in the theater this time; he sat slumped in his seat and gave his whole attention to the screen. As they left the theater he said casually: "I feel a yen for a cold bottle of beer. Could you use one, or would you rather have a soda?"

She made her voice as casual as his. "The beer sounds better."

"Fine. Joe's Place isn't very classy, but he has the best beer in town."

JOE'S Place was hot and bright; a crooner poured a persuasive melody from the varicolored juke box. All the booths were occupied so they took a table in the middle of the room. When the beer came it was cold and dewy and Tim poured expertly, with a negligible amount of foam, then lifted his glass with the curious, unreadable smile.

"Your very good health, Susan."

She smiled faintly. "And yours."

She felt confused and excited out of all proportion to the occasion's significance. Tim Harden was neither handsome nor dashing but once more he was completely masculine, so that neither the pots nor the enveloping apron had any reality. She was close to giving words to the thought when a man struggled from a booth near by and lumbered toward their table.

The man wore a sergeant's stripes and was very drunk. He wove nearer, shouting, "Tim Harden, you ole son of a gun!" and came to a precarious halt, shedding a grin of complete approval on Susan as he did so.

Tim's smile was firm but pleasant. "Hello, Shad. How are you?"

"Fine." The sergeant rocked on his heels and looked expectantly at Tim, but Tim let the conversation lie.

"How about interducin' me to your girl friend?" Shad suggested. "I like her looks a lot better'n mine over there."

Susan froze. In a daze she heard Tim say politely, "Miss Freer, let me present Sergeant Nolan. We did a stretch together in the third grade." In a daze she saw that Nolan was sticking out a huge moist hand. She touched the hand briefly and snatched her own away, not daring to look at Tim Harden for fear of showing the contempt she felt.

"Whyn't you both come over'n join us in another bottle?" The sergeant rocked once and leered at Susan. "How about it, Luscious?"

"Sorry, Shad." Calmly Tim finished his beer. "Mother's laid up with a sprained ankle and we've got to be going." He glanced at Susan half-humorously and then his face grew still. Their eyes locked for an instant before he shook his head in wry negation and pushed back his chair. "Ready, Susan?"

Nolan's face crimsoned as Susan sprang up. "Too good for us, huh? Listen, you lousy, high-hat chow-pusher, lemme me tell *you* somethin' . . ." He swayed forward, pointing a massive forefinger at Tim's chest, then he seemed to hang suspended, defying all laws of gravity.

"Say—" the finger came to rest on one segment of the ribbons over Tim's pocket. "What's that for?"

Tim looked down at the ribbon and grinned at Shad Nolan—a bright and lethal grin that sent a ripple along Susan's spine. "That?" He shrugged. "I got that one, Shad, for baking the best Lady Baltimore cake at the Aachen County Fair." With his eyes still on the stupefied Nolan he stretched out a hand and drew Susan to his side. "Be seeing you . . ."

They walked three blocks without a word. Susan was shivering with anger, fighting back the tears. I'll be darned if I'll cry, she told herself. He's just a conceited, cold-blooded little—cook!

Tim's voice broke the stillness finally; a tired, indifferent voice that seemed scarcely directed toward her. "You expected me to try to put him in his place, didn't you? Or to hit him, just to prove something or other." He turned to stare at her profile in the silvered darkness, then stared ahead once more. "You little nitwit, don't you know that nobody but a fool or a show-off ever picks a fight with a drunk? Tomorrow—if Shad remembers anything about it, which I doubt—he'll feel like crawling on his hands and knees to apologize."

She drew away from his arm. "I didn't expect anything. It's just that I'm not used to having roughnecks make passes at me."

"I'm sorry," he said quietly. "But it wouldn't have helped matters if I'd started a beer-house brawl. We won't go there again."

They had reached the brick walk with its ivy borders. "*We* won't go anywhere again," she said softly. "Not if I can help it, and I can."

He stopped in the shadow of the house and put his hands hard on her shoulders. "Why not, Susan? Afraid of falling in love with a cook?"

She couldn't answer him because she knew, hearing the words on his lips, that she had already fallen in love with a cook. She stood with her eyes lowered, waiting for him to let her go.

"You don't know much about this war, do you?" he went on softly. "Or about anything else, for that matter. By the time I got home I was half in love with you from all the things Mother had written about you, and from the snapshot she sent me." He laughed shortly. "I've got the picture in my wallet now, but I'll give it back to you."

THE night was very still. She could have wrenched herself away now, but there was no strength in her. "No!" It wasn't her own voice and the words had nothing to do with her. "Please keep it, Tim—unless you'd rather not."

His hand tightened as he bent and tried to see her face. "Are you sure, Susan? A girl ditched me after I went away and I'll never beg anybody to love me again. I'm not asking anything now; I'm just telling you."

She laughed miserably. "You still haven't told me anything, except that I'm a half-wit. And I know that."

"The devil I haven't."

Tim kissed, she thought dizzily, even better than he cooked. . .

He stopped finally, and she found courage to ask her question. "What is it, Tim—the ribbon that stopped Nolan in his tracks?"

He chuckled. "Now that you've committed yourself, it's a Silver Star. The story hasn't reached the local newspaper yet and I didn't see any point in broadcasting it myself."

She touched the ribbon in wonder. "What was it for, Tim?"

"For gallantry beyond the line of duty." The grim mirth was in his voice again. "I baked a dozen cakes when the menu only called for six. Chocolate, yet, with icing." He laid an arm around her shoulders and his voice grew gentle again. "I'll tell you about it another time. Let's go warn Mother that she's got a new pupil. I don't want either of you to get the idea that I've been establishing any precedents."

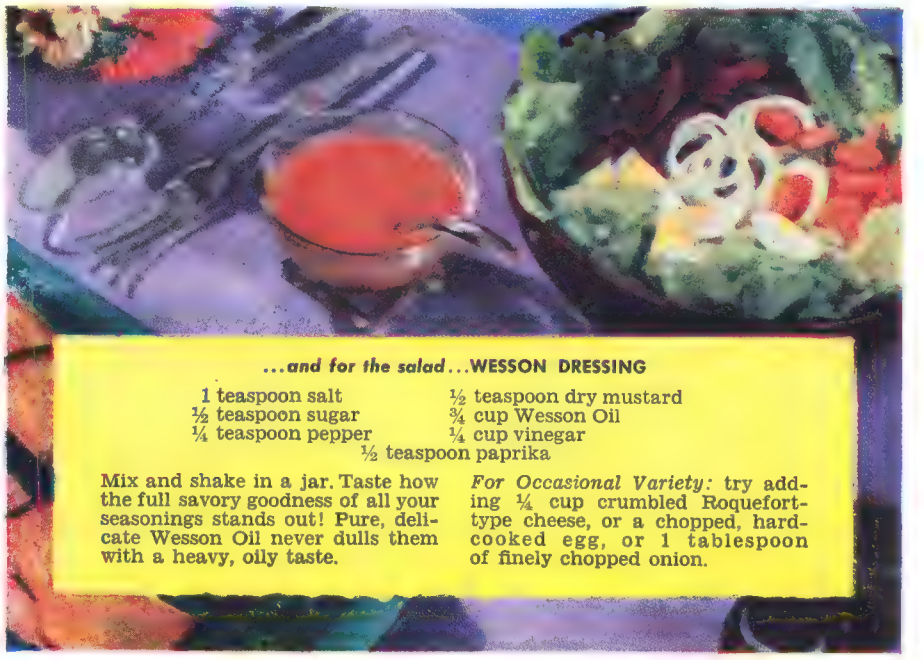
Hot "French Toast" Sandwiches —A Quick, Easy Main Dish

PILE the platter with hot Cheese Dreams, lusciously melty in the middle, delicately brown outside. Serve with a green salad tossed with zesty Wesson dressing, and you've got something! Use Wesson Oil in the dressing, of course...and for frying the Cheese Dreams, too. You'll find America's favorite *salad* oil perfect for *frying* as well! Clip both the recipes now.

FRENCH-TOAST CHEESE DREAMS

8 slices bread (stale or fresh)
¼ lb. American cheese
2 eggs
¼ cup milk
½ teaspoon salt
Wesson Oil

Make four cheese sandwiches and cut in half. (Other types of mild cheese may be used.) Beat eggs with milk and salt. If sandwiches are not buttered, use a little more salt. Dip sandwiches in egg mixture; moisten each side well. Fry gently in enough Wesson Oil to cover bottom of pan, until cheese is melted and both sides are lightly browned. (Use Wesson Oil regularly for more digestible fried foods. See how delicious potatoes are when fried the Wesson way!)



...and for the salad...WESSON DRESSING

1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon sugar
¼ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon dry mustard
¾ cup Wesson Oil
¼ cup vinegar
½ teaspoon paprika

Mix and shake in a jar. Taste how the full savory goodness of all your seasonings stands out! Pure, delicate Wesson Oil never dulls them with a heavy, oily taste.

For Occasional Variety: try adding ¼ cup crumbled Roquefort-type cheese, or a chopped, hard-cooked egg, or 1 tablespoon of finely chopped onion.

P.S. Let Wesson Oil help you on baking day, too. Try it in any recipe that calls for *melted shortening* and see how convenient it is. Just *pour* to measure and *pour* to mix! Keep Wesson Oil always on hand.

Wesson Oil

FOR SALADS & COOKING

NEW ORLEANS

• *GLADYS SWARTHOUT, lovely singing star of radio and opera.*

"Is brisk the word for LIPTON'S flavor?" asks charming Gladys Swarthout

Says her Producer..."Yes! Brisk is the tea experts' own word for the fresh, spirited, full-bodied flavor of Lipton's."

Says her Director..."And just as Swarthout is a great American singer, so is Lipton's a great American tea. It's not flat. Not insipid. It's completely different from ordinary teas."

Say we..."Lipton's is America's favorite brand of tea. Why not try the sheer delight of drinking a cup of Lipton's? Soon! Tomorrow, perhaps?"

BUY THE LARGER MORE ECONOMICAL SIZE PACKAGES!

LIPTON TEA
Brisk flavor
—never flat

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WOMEN AND WIVES

[*Beginning on page 16*]

are much more certainly available to those who are capable of getting them independently than to those who must be provided with them by another. Furthermore, training provided by parents very early begins to put emphasis upon the value of work and accomplishment. All parents encourage their small children to believe that "you can do it yourself," realizing that this gives the child pleasure and a sense of power. The extent of this need to be independent will vary with the nature of the experiences of early life, but it will develop to some degree in everyone. It is especially highly regarded as a masculine quality and, therefore, is given particular emphasis in the training of boys.

High on the list of the functions of work is its capacity to provide the worker with prestige. This position of superior influence and power in which one is highly regarded and looked up to is perhaps the most desired of all the benefits of work. So much of position and status, with all the desirable feelings about the self which they bring, are dependent upon it that it cannot avoid being an enormously powerful motivation.

By no means least on the list of man's work objectives is to win the love of the woman he wants, to marry and establish a family. His desirability as a man, and therefore his success in this undertaking, is largely conditioned by his work achievements. Women, as a whole, being dependent upon the man they marry for their position in the world, are not at all insensible to these elements in the men from among whom they make their choice of marital partners. The powerful, well-thought-of, successful, masterful, aggressive man is felt by a woman as much more likely to be able to gratify her sexual, emotional, economic and social needs.

All of these wishes and expectations of work require great exertions from the man. They necessitate the use of his powerful drive to fight and be aggressive. And though we no longer approve the use of aggression to further our ends except in war, physical aggressiveness is present and requires an outlet. The competitions and rivalries of work provide the means for translating it into the mental sphere and giving it a productive, socially acceptable channel for expression.

WORK, for all these reasons, cannot be a sideline to men, put in between more consuming matters, but a fact of central importance to which they bring their best capacities and energies as well as a large part of their time and attention. They don't work in a vacuum, so they will inevitably enter into relationships with the people they work with. These people will fall into one of three categories: superiors, equals or subordinates. The man's bosses are in the first category, those occupying parallel positions to his own in the second, and those who are in any way subject to his jurisdiction in the third.

The one we are first concerned with here is the man's secretary. In almost all instances she is hired directly by the man for whom she is going to work and, in any case, is subject to his approval. She stands in the closest relationship to him of any of his subordinates. She works directly with and for him and has practically no work existence independent of him. What is such a relationship? What are its ingredients and what are its psychological features?

In the first place, this secretary is invariably (or nearly so) a woman, so we must assume that the job itself is one which calls particularly for feminine traits. When you examine the possible combinations in which men and women stand together, there are apparent certain types to which all of them conform. The relationship will be identical psychologically with one of the following: son to mother; brother to sister; father to daughter or lover to sweetheart (husband to wife). The one between the man and his secretary is one which by its nature tends to be that of father to daughter rather than any of the others. The same qualities of dependency upon a superior power, of subordination to higher judgment, of protection for a weaker person by a stronger, of admiration for someone greater and more knowledgeable, of respect and affection for all these abilities, enter into its composition as they do into the father-daughter combination.

THE girl who works for a man as his immediate helper and right hand feels all these things. She is entirely dependent upon him for the content and direction of her work. She is only tenuously capable of dealing with the affairs in which he is involved, exercising no independence of activity except in definitely minor matters which cannot affect the course of the business or profession itself. In such a position, she will inevitably feel that he is powerful and reliable. She will be inclined to lean on his judgment about all sorts of things even apart from business. She will certainly wish to seek his approval, for upon it her relationship to him and her job depends. She will naturally try to discover his personal particularities and individual tastes and make them part of her job. She will soon know what he likes for lunch, what newspaper he reads, what his politics are. She will recognize when he has a hangover and needs to be handled with kid gloves. She will learn to have aspirin handy if he is prone to headaches after a difficult conference. She will recognize which people he respects, fears and dislikes. She will try to govern her management of his office accordingly. She will not be long in finding what errors or omissions he most detests and learn to avoid them.

There is also a tendency on the part of the woman to introduce into the combination a certain touch of the maternal. This is the strongest element in a woman's nature and everything she touches is likely to be somewhat affected by it. It is certainly more than likely that any woman working for and with a man will begin to show signs of wanting to take care of him. He, in turn, is unlikely to reject that quality. That would be something more than human. There is much about such a relationship which tends to enhance the man's feelings of self-esteem. The secretary is an uncritical and accepting audience, subservient to his dictates and wishes. This state of affairs any man will find agreeable.

However close this relation is, its intimacies are greatly restricted. Neither one of the parties to the combination ever has occasion to see the other except under circumstances of relative formality. The man always sees the secretary after she has taken the overnight

[*Continued on page 59*]

Remember what a lot you can do with a little!

That's important, these days of shortages!

Opening a can of Del Monte Brand Pineapple is a real event.
You'll want to make that rich, tart-sweet flavor go a long way!

See how many treats —from all 3 styles!

Ever so many! And you know from away back what a tropical treat Del Monte Pineapple is! Juicy, golden, good! None finer, none richer. The quality you've always liked—the quality you certainly want — Del Monte Pineapple, any style!

All these from just one No. 2½ can of Del Monte Sliced Pineapple: 4 salad servings with tomato aspic. Also 4 servings, hot or cold, with meat. Mix syrup with buttered crumbs in a spicy Brown Betty.

All these from just one No. 2 can of Del Monte Crushed Pineapple: In biscuit cobbler for 4, using 1 cup. Second cup plus cream cheese balls makes salad for 4. Make top-knots for 4 dishes of ice cream with remainder.

All this from just one No. 2 can of Del Monte Pineapple Juice: 4 servings of pure, natural, unsweetened juice. Or use 1 can juice to 1 pkg. lemon-flavored gelatin to make 4 to 5 servings of gelatin dessert.

Remember! Del Monte puts

flavor first

- ✓ In Growing
- ✓ In Packing
- ✓ In Picking
- ✓ In Testing

SLICED
CRUSHED
JUICE

Del Monte PINEAPPLE

Your doodle...

You're no architect. But you know the kind of kitchen you'd like. Efficient to the 'nth degree—but cozy, too. A place for everything . . . and everything scientifically placed to save you time, work.

and Presto!

our design...

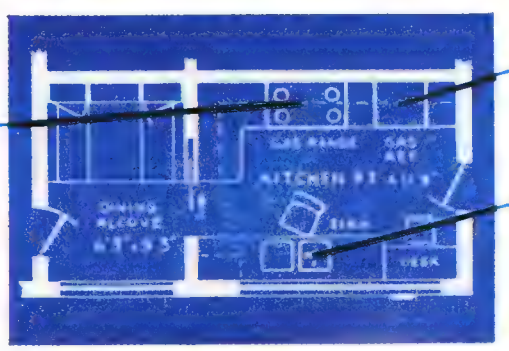
Here's the result of your "wants"—plus years of practical research by the entire Gas industry . . . designs for a whole series of "New Freedom Gas Kitchens."* They're free from unwanted heat, dirt—*even offending cooking odors.* They're free from little open spaces that catch and hold dust and crumbs. They're the step-savingest, work-savingest kitchens you ever saw . . . and one of them is bound to be just right for you!

a cooking center with new freedom...more fun!

PICTURE-WINDOW KITCHEN . . . ANOTHER "NEW FREEDOM GAS KITCHEN" DESIGN

Peek in the window and *see* the 3 "musts" that put each "New Freedom Gas Kitchen" in a class by itself!

WANT TO BE A BETTER COOK? Here's where your new *clock-controlled* Gas range goes . . . the fastest, smartest, most efficient and economical range you ever cooked on. No matter what "make" you buy—if it bears the CP seal it's tops in cooking performance!



WANT TO SAVE MARKETING TIME? Here's where to do it! In your spacious new Gas refrigerator you can store *more* frozen foods . . . keep *all* foods fresh longer. It always runs *silently*, efficiently, because there are no moving parts!

WANT PLENTY OF HOT WATER? You'll need it *here* for that automatic dishwasher . . . need it in the *laundry* for a new do-everything washing machine. And the easiest, most economical way to get all the hot water necessary for *every* job is with a new automatic Gas water-heater!

Better get to work on your "New Freedom Gas Kitchen" today!

GAS

THE WONDER FLAME THAT COOLS AS WELL AS HEATS

AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION

*Copyright 1945, American Gas Association

[*Continued from page 56*]

cream off her face, applied her make-up and dressed carefully for the day. She, in turn, never sees him in the morning grimness with a stubble of a beard and a definitely less than glamorous exterior. He rarely exposes his weakness or his ill temper to her, nor does she give way to her vagaries before him. He never sees her when she is ungirdled, uncurled or ill-mannered. She never finds herself alone with him when he is falling asleep behind his paper after dinner. For her, he is always the masterful, fearless, omniscient architect of his destiny and she is, for him, always the well-poised, capable, agreeable assistant. This is a relationship of the surface; it has no depth. Neither one has to worry about the mutual problems of the mortgage, the straightening of Mary Ann's teeth, or the flair Junior has for appropriating what doesn't belong to him. There is a kind of fairy story or fantasy quality to this well-groomed exchange: two people always well-dressed, well-mannered and controlled live in a world in which reality never intrudes, as between them.

SOME of the same elements are in the relationship between the man and any other woman he may be working with. In general, the girl who works as a man's secretary is not concerned with her work as a career. She is an interim worker—between school and marriage. The woman with the career is a different case. She may be working on a par with her men associates, in which case she is more likely to be a rival and a threat to the man's position than an assistant and an instrument of his demands. There are many fewer career women than there are women who simply work as a necessity or a temporary expedient, and they are correspondingly far less important in the picture as a whole.

In the present situation, we see still another combination in the form of the man and woman working side by side on the assembly line. This is likely to be a relationship of equality, a brother-sister combination. Here is a situation in which young, unmarried men and women come together in a companionship of work out of which love and marriage may eventuate. This probability disregards the undoubted fact that in the present disturbed social situation where men and women are separated for long periods, there are less desirable interpersonal relationships developing.

Of all these women, it is surely the secretary by whom the wife is likely to feel most threatened. She often does so precisely because of the characteristics of the employer-secretary relationship we have described. She frequently complains of the other woman's advantages in not having household responsibilities and therefore being able to present a continuously pleasant exterior. The fact is that if the secretary does become her rival, the fault is not so likely to be in the secretary as in the wife. The girl doesn't approach her job with any hopes of displacing the woman to whom her boss is married. Far from it. Often she has definite marriage plans of her own. If not, she looks forward to making them with a man of her own age and of compatible background. She is keenly aware that any socializing with the boss is dangerous to her reputation.

On the other hand, no man who is happy and gratified in his marriage is going to fall in love with any other woman. Marriages are not destroyed from the outside but from the inside. Any man who is discontented and thwarted in his marriage is very likely to fall in love with another woman. That the woman is sometimes his secretary is more a tribute to propinquity than to any deadly quality in secretaries as a group. It is perhaps understandable that a woman who feels she is losing her husband's love should try to find some outside person on whom to place the blame. The facts, however, are much more likely to point toward the wife's difficulties in understanding and adjusting to her husband's work.

Many a woman may think that her husband entirely loses connection with her and his home when he leaves for the office. She may develop envy of her husband's supposedly exciting and stimulating life by contrast with her quiet, less apparently vivid existence. She may complain that she has the drudgery and monotony of dirty dishes, difficult children and household routines while he is enjoying a glamorous life in conferences, luncheons and business exchanges. She may feel at times that he enjoys his work more than he does his home and her. If he does, the wife needs to examine her own role in the situation.

Too many women fail to see what their part in the family undertaking is. They resent their own functions and envy their husbands'. These are the women who rarely fail to greet the returning man with a long jeremiad of the children's failures and misdemeanors, domestic mechanical breakdowns, household catastrophes of every sort. If the husband were to give a minute recitation of the innumerable frustrations of *his* day, these women would be unlikely to be sympathetic or tolerant. They would be as bored as those other women who wait for the husband's arrival at night to be entertained, apparently feeling that they should be compensated in this manner for the monotonies of the day. These are the women who never understand the man's longing to relax and find comfort and love in his home.

There are other ways by which women exhibit their inability to accept themselves and their role. Certainly there is a fairly large number who are directly envious and rivalrous toward their husbands. Those are the women who attempt to become dominant partners in their husbands' business activities. They belittle him if he fails to live up to their own aspirations for money and position. They criticize and advise, interfering, or attempting to interfere, with the smallest detail of the conduct of business. They are the infallible ones who meet any business mishap with the announcement that they had a feeling that such would happen or they had warned him or they knew it all along. All would have been different, they say, if only the husband had followed their inspired advice. Hardly less difficult to take are the ones who never lose an opportunity to embarrass their men by telling all and sundry how little their husbands are appreciated, how, in reality, the business is depending entirely upon the brains of the misunderstood one.

ANY of these reactions is sure to be disappointing to the man who looks to his wife and home for the deepest satisfactions of his life. If he gets them, he is prepared to give his devotion and loyalty in full measure. Men have a right to expect certain contributions from their wives, and women cannot expect to be parasitic beneficiaries of men's efforts. The man is working for himself, to be sure, but he is working for his wife, and their children and home, too. That is what has meaning for him. That is the heart of his enterprise. They are partners in that large undertaking.

A man must have a feeling that his wife accepts him as he is and admires him for what he does. He needs her sympathy and understanding and her complete acceptance. He needs to feel that in going home he leaves behind the stresses and tensions of work and can look forward to relaxation and rest. In his home he must be accepted and loved for his essential self without the need for surface adornments. He will be willing to share with his wife the anxieties

[*Continued on page 60*]

Do big washes floor you?

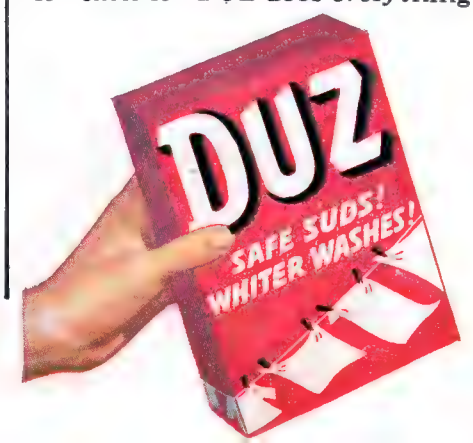
Get this NEW KIND of soap...

DUZ does Everything

—all 3 Kinds of Wash!

NEWS! Proof DUZ does MORE for you!

Here's real evidence! And you can check it in your own washer. In actual tests DUZ beat 25 other washday soaps with this wonderful combination—white washes, suds for cleaning, and greater safety for colors. Try it—prove it—cheer it—*DUZ does everything!*



3
Duz is SAFER -even for pretty rayon undies!

A LITTLE DUZ A LOT . . . Don't waste DUZ — it contains scarce materials.

Fluffy macaroni
. . . with real cheese flavor

Two magic ingredients in every Kraft Dinner Box work together to give you delicious macaroni-and-cheese in a jiffy. Kraft Dinner's macaroni is a special kind that cooks tender and light, fast; the golden Kraft Grated puts in the rich cheddar cheese flavor your folks hanker for!

Pictured is one of the *many different* ways to serve Kraft Dinner: Cut green peppers in half lengthwise, remove seeds and boil rapidly in 1 qt. of water 6 minutes. Drain and place in baking dish. Stuff peppers with Kraft Dinner prepared as directed. Around them pour 3 cups of hot tomato soup. Bake in moderate (375°) oven 10 minutes.

Time-saver!
Point-saver!
"Life-saver"
for main dishes

The world's favorite cheeses are made by the men and women of Kraft

[*Continued from page 59*]

which must beset any life. He may fairly expect her to share his too. His other relations are apt to be all surface and no depth. Reality must include the anxieties, weaknesses and miseries of life as well as its exalted moments. A man to be secure, must feel loved whether he succeeds or fails. It is this completeness that consolidates marriage and makes it impregnable.

IN THE center of all this is the vital fact of marriage: Man and woman were initially brought together by a strong sexual attraction. They married because they were lovers and their marriage was expected to bring them the satisfaction they craved. A sexual tie is the core of marriage and the source of its enrichment. It gives strength and durability to a relation which is difficult to maintain. Without it marriage is meaningless. With it, marriage can be an ultimate consummation in which the basic loneliness of every individual is exercised in a perfect fusion.

A woman can play her part toward the accomplishment of this goal only if she can accept the facts about herself as a woman and her husband as a man. She must know that love is a more consuming preoccupation to her than to him. It is inevitable that it should be, for she is the one in whom love has its fruition. He can't help that and he needn't be blamed for it. They live in mutual interdependence where they can satisfy and complement each other. She is a refuge to him with her tenderness and her wish to care for him. His strong protectiveness is a fortress to her. She is a cherished object to her husband because she makes him a home where he can find the comfort and love that he craves. She gives him his children and earns his devotion and gratitude in so doing. The woman must accept her husband's needs for the satisfactions of work without envy or fear. That striving of his for success and self-approval through achievement is the rock of his manhood. She may make of it either a shoal on which their marriage may be wrecked or a strong foundation on which it may stand, sure and enduring.

A WIDOW'S WAY

[*Beginning on page 17*]

In normal times the mathematical chances are that what has happened to you will happen to three out of five of the married women you know. In a typical peacetime year some 360,000 American women are widowed. This war has not spared husbands and fathers. There has been no single time in our history when such large numbers of women have found themselves faced with the identical problems of enduring the illness of grief, making homes without men, supporting themselves and their children.

Some have become widows before they were really wives. They have to remember only a passing figure in uniform, a few nights of love, a handful of letters, a lost dream. Adjustment will mean little more than taking a tuck in their lives, going on with their jobs, keeping up their old interests, developing new ones. They have all the assets of youth; the probabilities of remarriage are with them.

A good many others have little children. Their years ahead will be hard but, save for the absence of hope, not greatly changed from the difficult months they have already been through. They have far less to dread than the middle-aged woman who faces the prospect of two decades alone.

From birth to senility, the male mortality rate normally runs substantially above that of women. Because of that and because women at marriage are usually several years younger than their husbands, the average wife must look forward to at least eight years of widowhood. It is a stark fact, but it is worth a long, level look. All through our married lives, we have turned our minds deliberately away from the one fixed reality of human existence, almost as though we feared that thinking about it might be misinterpreted as a wish for that death. A generation whose psychologists have spent so much time on the problem of how to make marriage last has only barren clichés for its ending: "God will comfort you"; "Time will heal"; "You will adjust yourself." It has kept "widow" one of the pathos words of its language, along with "cripple" and "charity," connoting a lack, a partial person. The law still speaks of "relicts," the leftovers of marriage. Yet the woman widowed is the same person she was before, with the same needs for a place to live, a way of living, for companionship and sexual fulfillment.

When it happened to me, I was in the middle forties. My children were grown, one married and away on a war job, the other in the Army. The entire structure of my life, built on home and family and sharing of work, fell apart. I made a great many mistakes those first months. I slammed every door which led to the past. "You have to forget," people said. That is nonsense. You need to remember, remember and treasure the good things, the laughter and fun and ridiculous bickerings and even the tough times, faced and defeated. They are wealth.

MY HUSBAND had led a rich active life. The city was filled with memories too poignant to face. Things we had enjoyed together became things to avoid. I met his old friends with a silence which hurt them deeply. It was akin to the envious anger that wells up in the widows of war when they see their friend's husbands safely returning.

I abandoned the house in which we lived for twenty years. I scattered my household goods like a vandal, sent what remained off to storage and went, as many widows do, to live in a hotel. I ran completely to form. I told myself that I did all these things because I could not bear to face memories. I know now that they must be faced, not only because it is wanton to throw away what you have spent a lifetime creating but because from the facing comes the sense that the good life you remember goes on. Not until the chairs and tables and bookcases were out of the warehouse, set up in an apartment, with the familiar clutter on the living room table, the familiar dishes and glassware on pantry shelves, the old pictures on the walls, did I feel like a whole person again.

The question of how to live and with whom is the first and the gravest decision which faces the newly widowed and in the way she decides lies the pattern of the rest of her days. Unfortunately she must decide when she is least capable of making decisions. When bereavement is fresh, she is deluged with attention and kindness and offers of help. Then, she least needs it. When the fog lifts

[*Continued on page 66*]

Use the juice of Green Giant Brand Peas

These peas, of course, are fully cooked when you get them, but there is a world of difference in flavor in the way they are prepared for the table.

That's why we recommend briefly heating Green Giant Brand peas in their own boiled-down juice. We think this best maintains their delicate flavor.

These peas are grown from a special seed (S-537, exclusive with us). They are picked only when the scientific tenderometer tells us that they are *at the fleeting moment of perfect flavor.*

Save the Vitamins and Minerals

Pour the juice from the can into a saucepan. Boil down to about one-half, which concentrates the vitamins and minerals.

Save all of the Flavor

Add the peas, and just heat through quickly. ***Don't overcook. Season, add butter if desired, and serve in a hot dish.***

Packed at the fleeting moment of perfect flavor

Packed only by Minnesota Valley Canning Co., headquarters, Le Sueur, Minn.; and Fine Foods of Canada, Ltd., Tecumseh, Ont. Also packers of the following brands: Niblets Whole Kernel Corn, Niblets Mexicorn (whole kernel corn and peppers), Del Maiz Cream Style Corn and Niblets Asparagus.

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"GREEN GIANT" BRAND REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

THE OCTOBER Prize Package

Better one grape for yourself than two figs for a neighbor, says an old French proverb. The fellow who thought that one up must have lived alone and liked it. Actually, the French have a rather lavish way of serving fruit for dessert. A whole tray—like the one in our picture—is heaped with the bounty of the season, and you pick and choose all you want, helping yourself to a slice of cheese at the same time. It's an ideal end to an autumn meal—the sweet cool blandness of the fruit against the tang of the cheese. And practical, too, for you don't use any sugar, and a little cheese goes a long way served with fruit . . . All this is making me very hungry, so let's

COME INTO THE KITCHEN

1 ***Grapes for the neighbors: I just remembered a way I used to fix them, unpeeled but seeded, stuffed with seasoned cheese spread, as an addition to the appetizer tray. The thin skinned California ones, purple or green or rosy, are the ones to buy—doesn't work with the ones that pop from their skins.***

2 Grapes with fowl: The Café Basque in prewar London used to serve grouse, stuffed with white grapes, in a red wine sauce. It was a dish for the gods. Or was it because I was young and in love? Anyway, I'm thinking of attempting it with those guinea hens we raised.

3 ***Back to our cabbages, because Susan Adams has been telling me—and as she's an unreconstructed rebel I don't argue with her—that kraut is easy to make. Keep all outside cabbage leaves, she says, for the soup pot. But grate the rest into long fine shreds using a shredder. Then when the shreds are nicely crisped with ice cubes, drain them and pack very tightly into sterilized jars, just to the shoulder of each jar. Add 1¼ teaspoons of salt for each pint of cabbage, seal the jars and store in a cool dry place to cure and ripen for about 3 weeks—it is ready to eat then; keeps indefinitely.***

4 Leeks, like cabbages, are still growing in my garden. And they taste divine, cut long so you get some of the green parts, simmered in bouillon and served on toast as a vegetable.

5 ***Apples — have you ever cooked them quartered and cored and peeled, with a little water and some strong tasting honey like buckwheat honey? Makes a dessert, served with cream or cottage cheese—but is both delectable and surprising eaten along with a curried main course.***

6 Sauce for a sizzling fried or broiled fish (to you with love from Elizabeth Sweeney): ¾ cup of mayonnaise or salad dressing, ¼ cup prepared horseradish, 2 tablespoons of chili sauce, ditto of minced onion and ⅛ teaspoon salt.

7 ***There's an easy cheese loaf one of our California friends has evolved that requires, as they say, your immediate attention. Buy a small loaf of sliced bread and spread each slice with pimiento cheese (a 5-oz. jar to the loaf) mixed with 2 tablespoons of softened butter or margarine, or bacon drippings, or top milk. Re-form the loaf, replace its waxed paper wrapping and heat 20 to 25 minutes in a moderately hot, 375°F., oven until cheese is melted and loaf is piping hot. Serve as a main dish, plain or with creole sauce.***

8 Making liver loaf? Then freeze the slices in the refrigerator tray before putting the meat through the food chopper. Because the more completely the liver is frozen, the less messy it will be to grind.

9 ***Two good vegetable tricks: (1) Broil your eggplant crisp in thin slices, unsoaked and unpeeled, but oiled and seasoned. (2) Make celery root for salads whiter, more delicate tasting: Immediately after peeling, throw in boiling water for a very few minutes, then cut in strips.***

10 Preserve some eggs now — and you'll have plenty for holiday baking later. There's a magic new method: Dip eggs, a few at a time, into boiling water for just 5 seconds. (A wire basket is handy for this.) Let them cool 30 minutes or so, then box and store. They'll keep about 3 months in a cool place, 5 months in the refrigerator.

11 ***An October salad, the kind of "better salate" Ben Jonson wrote a poem about. Only this is Susan's own hymn to the salad bowl—chicory, generous chunks of avocado and half a dozen little yellow tomatoes, tossed with French dressing.***

12 Speaking of avocados, they're in season now, and what a sandwich they make with a little crisp bacon—or mashed smooth with high seasoning (try chile powder) and onion juice! Or mashed as an oilless dressing for salad. A Guatemalan garnish for hot black bean soup you might remember when eggs are short: Knife-thin slices of avocado and of green lime.

13 ***Easy dessert: Loaf-shaped bought fruit cake sliced, each slice spread with orange marmalade, and the whole stuck back together in shape. Place in a baking pan, douse liberally with sweet sherry, and bake till crusty.***

14 Another one: Compote of prunes and cooked or canned raspberries with some dashes of port wine. Serve with cottage cheese beaten with cream and more port wine.

LOOK AROUND THE HOUSE

15 ***Want to save steps? Then keep baskets at the head and the foot of the stairs to collect what must be taken up or down.***

16 Trick with knitting yarn: If you're unraveling an old sweater or scarf, wind the wool into skeins (easy if you wind around a 12 inch piece of cardboard). Tie the ends securely so the skeins won't tangle. Then dip them up and down in thick soapy suds, rinse, and hang dry. *Then* roll up your little ball of yarn — and knit something new and lovely.

17 ***Padded shoulders are problems indeed to launder—but sew snaps on the pads (to make them removable), wash them separately, and there just is no problem.***

18 A large bulletin board hangs in the kitchen of one of our readers: new recipes she cuts from magazines are tacked up on it. Then the family decide what they'd like to have her try. All of which keeps the food interest in this household at white heat. Quite an idea, I call it.

BY MARY FROST MABON

Fried Shrimp

1 pound cooked shrimp
1 egg, beaten
1 cup milk
Mazola
2 teaspoons salt
1 cup sifted flour

Rinse shrimp in cold water after removing black vein. Soak in Mazola Marinade* 20-30 minutes. Combine egg, milk and 1 tablespoon Mazola; add to salt and flour sifted together; beat with rotary egg beater until smooth and well blended.

Drain shrimp, dip in batter and fry in Mazola (about ¼ inch deep in pan) until golden brown. Serves 6.

Fillets of sole (other fresh or frozen fillets too) are also delicious marinated, dipped in batter and fried in Mazola.

***Mazola Marinade:** Mix ½ cup lemon juice, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper and ½ cup Mazola.*

Dinner Music in the key of "high sea"

A chorus of praise greets every fish dinner . . . when it's prepared with Mazola. This pure, clear oil adds flavor and food value to all kinds of sea food. Clean and convenient to use, Mazola is as perfect for cooking as it is for making fresh, delicious salad dressings. Delight your family with these simple recipes . . . all grocers sell Mazola.

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Broiled Salmon Steak

WITH HOT CUCUMBER SAUCE

1 cup diced cucumber
2 tablespoons chopped onion
⅓ cup vinegar OR ½ cup lemon juice
¼ cup chopped pimiento
1 tablespoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
2 slightly beaten egg yolks
⅓ cup Mazola
¾ cup milk
2 tablespoons flour
1½ teaspoons dry mustard
1 tablespoon sugar

Combine first six ingredients; let stand 20 minutes. Combine remaining ingredients in top of double boiler; beat until well blended. Cook over boiling water 10 minutes or until thickened. Add cucumber mixture; continue cooking for 2 minutes. Serve hot. Serves 6.

Mazola Broiled Fish: **Before broiling, soak fish for 20 minutes in Mazola Marinade (given for Fried Shrimp).**

Baked Whole Fish

6 whole small fish
½ cup Mazola
¾ cup lemon juice
2 teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
2 cups bread and celery stuffing

Have fish cleaned, trimmed, but not split. Rinse fish in cold water, and soak ½ hour in Marinade of Mazola, lemon juice, salt and pepper. Remove from marinade (reserve for basting), stuff fish and close opening with skewers. Place in shallow baking dish; pour ½ cup of marinade over fish; bake in hot oven (400° F.) for 30-40 minutes, or until tender, basting several times during baking period. Serves 6.

Mazola Stuffing: **Dip bread cubes in *Garlic Mazola*** **(½ tsp. garlic to ½ cup Mazola) and brown in the oven before mixing with celery.**

A duck dinner—to please your man

BRING on the ducks these blue October days. For frost is in the air as canvasback and mallard and redhead wing toward the clear red sunrise. What a quacking comes up from the barnyard too—those yellow billed ducklings are so fat now they can barely waddle!

Time indeed for a duck dinner. So we've chosen a chef's way of cooking those ducklings that's a four star favorite with the men. *Duck à l'orange* it's called in restaurants, but you'll call it a real treat. The ducks are delicately flavored by the orange they're cooked with—crisp outside, succulent, flavorous and plenty juicy inside. They're served up with orange slices, parsley, kumquats—and a heavenly orange sauce. To go along with them we show a different—and wonderful—mushroom flavored rice, greened with parsley. (There'll be seconds on this so the recipe allows for big helpings for everybody.)

Now all you need is a crisp salad for contrast—like our cheese dressed romaine garnished with pickled baby beets that are stuffed with horseradish. We've called our dessert honeyed apple nests—glorified apple dumplings is what they are—there's nothing that satisfies those fall appetites any better. And of course you'll want big cups of coffee at the same time.

Here's the bible on wild ducks—if you've a hunter in the family. And what man isn't proud as Punch if his wife knows how to cook 'em right. Pluck, singe and draw all birds. Clean, wipe out interiors with a damp cloth. All you have to do then is to rub the breasts with a little butter or margarine or fat, stick the birds unstuffed but seasoned in a moderate oven, 350°F., and roast 'em uncovered according to size—25 minutes per pound. And remember when you do serve 'em how good any form of hominy tastes with 'em—specially hominy grits fried in cakes—not to mention celery salad, watercress and tart currant jelly.

Here's a way to fix smaller wild ducks—little birds like teal and butterball and ruddy that might dry up if they're roasted. First split and broil the bird under a sizzling hot broiler 2 minutes on each side. Then, in a pan over the fire, or in a chafing dish, blend and bubble a mixture of 1 tablespoon of butter or margarine or fat to 2 tablespoons of currant jelly. Throw in the duck pieces, season with cayenne and salt, cook rare or well done to suit each person's taste.

BY ELIZABETH SWEENEY

Ducklings with orange, roasted to crackling perfection...or those wild birds your Nimrod shot, served up ruddy, juicy, done to a turn...

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NICKOLAS MURAY

1 DUCK DINNER MENU

Duck à l'Orange Orange Sauce
Green Rice with Mushrooms
October Salad
Honeyed Apple Nests Coffee

2 Duck à l'Orange

Clean 4 lb. duck; wipe dry; fill with unpeeled apple quarters. Skewer legs and wings to body. Place uncovered on rack in shallow pan. Lay three thin slices orange on breast. Set in hot oven, 400°F., 20 min. Remove; pour off all fat. Scald ¼ cup orange juice and pour quickly over hot duck. Return to moderate oven, 350°F., to roast 1 hr. longer. Garnish with orange circles, kumquats. Serves 4.

Orange Sauce

Pour off excess fat, leaving 4 tablespoons juice and fat in roaster. Stir in 2 tablespoons all-purpose flour, at low temperature, stirring until smooth; then stir in ½ cup orange juice and bit of coarsely grated rind. Simmer 5 min. Serve hot with duck. Serves 4.

3 Honeyed Apple Nests

4 medium apples
1½ cups water
1 cup honey
Few drops red food coloring
Pastry
2 tablespoons butter or margarine

Pare apples; core. Add water to parings and cores. Cook 10 min. or until mushy. Strain and add ⅔ cup honey and few drops coloring. Heat to boiling point only. Make pastry using 2 cups flour; roll very thin. Cut in strips 1" wide and long enough to wrap around apples. Press closely to fit apples. Mix remaining honey with butter or margarine; fill apples. Place apples in baking dish. Pour apple juice and honey mixture around apples. Bake in hot oven, 450°F., 15 min.; reduce heat to moderate, 350°F.; bake 45 min. Serves 4.

4 October Salad

2 heads romaine
1 small can spiced baby beets
Prepared horseradish
1 cup French dressing
¼ cup crumbled blue cheese

Cut crisp romaine in thirds, lengthwise. Hollow beets with smallest measuring spoon. Fill with horseradish. Combine French dressing and cheese. Pour over romaine. Garnish with beets. Serves 4.

5 Green Rice with Mushrooms

3 cups cooked rice
½ cup top milk or cream
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon curry powder
¼ lb. mushrooms
3 tablespoons butter or margarine
½ cup chopped parsley

Steam rice with milk or cream, salt and curry powder until hot. Wash mushrooms; slice. Place in skillet and brown in butter or margarine. Combine mushrooms, rice and parsley. Cook 5 min. Serves 4.

NEW KIND *of chiffon pie. Like pumpkin, but with a deliciously subtle difference!*

CARROT CHIFFON PIE

(Filling for 9-inch pie; uses ¼ pkg.)

1 envelope Knox Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
1¼ cups cooked carrots
¼ cup sugar
½ cup milk
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon ginger
½ teaspoon nutmeg
½ teaspoon cinnamon
2 eggs, separated
2 tablespoons sugar

Soften gelatine in cold water. Sieve carrots and add them, with the ¼ cup sugar, milk, salt and spices, to slightly beaten egg yolks. Cook in double boiler until thick. Add gelatine to hot mixture and stir until dissolved. When mixture begins to thicken, fold in stiffly beaten egg whites to which 2 tablespoons of sugar have been added. Pour into baked pie shell. Chill until firm. (*Extra* good in a crumb crust made of crushed ginger snaps!) What a smart new dress for plain, country-cousin carrots! Keep Knox handy to keep meals bright!

Pop those plentiful carrots into a spicy chiffon pie!

AND MAKE good use of your various fall apples in a handsome jellied salad. So different! So perky in flavor!

THESE are just two of the helps Knox Gelatine can give you in these days of shortages. With Knox, it's *easy* to give delicious variety to the plentiful foods you may be getting tired of—easy to serve family-pleasing desserts without using one grain of your sugar! Write Knox for still more bright ideas. See address below.

KNOX GELATINE

DOUBLE DUTY DISH-*tangy enough for the salad course, sweet enough for dessert!*

APPLE-CRISP SALAD

(Serves 6, uses ¼ pkg.)

1 envelope Knox Gelatine
½ cup cold water
1 cup hot water (or fruit juice)
¼ cup lemon juice or mild vinegar
3 tablespoons honey (light corn syrup or sugar)
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup chopped celery
2 tart apples, cut in small pieces
¼ cup chopped nuts

Soften gelatine in cold water, and dissolve in hot water. Add lemon juice, honey (light corn syrup or sugar), and salt; stir well. Cool and, when mixture begins to thicken, fold in remaining ingredients. Turn into individual molds that have been rinsed in cold water and chill. When firm, unmold on salad greens, and serve with any desired dressing. Use Knox Gelatine regularly to stretch high-point canned fruit and vegetables...also leftovers.

P.S. **FREE!** Excellent recipes for main dishes, salads, pies, desserts, in Mrs. Knox's beautifully illustrated recipe book. Also, new leaflet, "Sugar-Less Recipes." Send a postal to Mrs. Knox, Box 610, Johnstown, N. Y.

[*Continued from page 60*]

and she commences to plan for her future, she finds she must do it alone.

The young woman with dependent children, in spite of her burdens, is relatively lucky. She's still part of a going concern. She is needed. Her responsibilities give her life meaning and anchor. She may have to go out to work but when she comes home there is someone to talk to. Fatherless kids may be sore trials all day but it's a deep comfort to know they're near by in the long, lonely nights. Meals must be cooked and at regular intervals. A widowed friend once said: "If I could just once come home and find my living room lamps on, I'd be perfectly happy. Just to know again the wonderful feeling that there's been someone besides me in the place." Now I know what she meant. I put my lamps on before I go out.

THE girl who wrote *Live Alone and Like It* got married soon after she wrote the book. Yet, whether you like it or not, for the woman who no longer is part of a going concern, living alone is still the best answer. As a choice between evils it is the least. Loneliness may be corrosion and bitterness, but two things are worse—dependence and idleness.

One of the alternatives is living with adult children or relatives or friends, taking the studio couch in the back bedroom instead of your own good bed, sharing a corner of another life instead of making a full one of your own. Children, no matter how loving or loved, must not be turned into crutches. When they grow up and get married, they have a right to lives of their own. The kitchen large enough to hold two adult housewives has not yet been designed.

Few American family portraits are more familiar than that of the young husband torn between loyalty to his wife and his mother, shriveling before mama's tears or tight-lipped forbearance. The specter of the family drudge, puttering around another woman's house, trying to find and do the odd jobs that will pay for her keep—the husbandless mothers, aunts, sisters — should be enough to frighten any woman out of the notion that she can be happy or even moderately content in a relative's household. Conversely, she must be chilled by the daughters she's seen, doomed to the aloes of spinsterhood because poor mama couldn't be left all alone.

There are no two ways about it: A woman's place is in the home—a home of her own, to live in without pathos or pretense.

By home, I do not mean the one-room hotel boxes, with electric plate, into which widows shoehorn themselves, saying, and knowing they lie, that they're glad to be free of household chores. For most women, making a home is the one occupation they know. Their days have been spent in polishing, dusting, straightening dresser drawers, getting meals. Take that away and nothing is left except sitting—sitting all day and picking at the sores of self-pity, rejection and boredom, sitting at night in garish, impersonal lobbies with reasonable facsimiles of their own emptiness, or at the movies or bridge tables, sitting out years that become utterly meaningless, serving time on green plush or brocade. These aimless, self-centered lives are one reason why so many quacks have Park Avenue addresses, why spiritualist mediums and semireligious cults flourish. They are the relicts, the truly dispossessed. In places of their own, however small, with the chairs and the tables with which they have aged, floors to be scrubbed, rugs to be vacuumed, a real kitchen, they can still have a large part of the life that belongs to a home. Sharing an apartment with a woman friend of similar interests and tastes has its points if one finds the right person, but that is a relationship as hard to maintain as marriage itself, for it contains the petty irritations and adjustments of wedlock without many of its compensations.

When you have a home, you must pay rent and the best way I know to get money for rent is to earn it. Work is not only shelter, food and clothing but health and healing too. You haven't time to coddle your grievance. You have to get up and dress and be at a definite place at a definite time. There's someone at the next desk or bench or counter to whom you can say: "It isn't the heat, it's the humidity" or "Do you think Hitler really is dead?" You're part of a world that's alive and moving on.

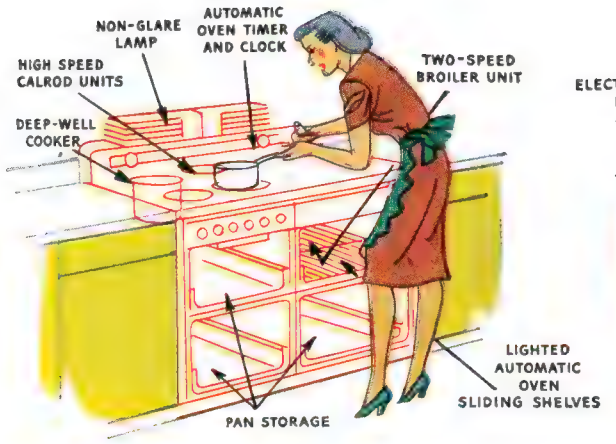
The girl who went into war work after her husband's death in the war was as instinctively wise as she was patriotic in staying close to the career in which he last lived and the cause for which he died. So, too, the woman who continues the business to which her husband gave his creative years. The past makes a bridge to the future. One of the most extraordinary women I ever knew was totally blind. She was widowed and left with eight little children. She supported them by running the hardware store her husband had established. With skill and good humor she reared those children alone, sent them to college, helped them launch their careers. I never heard her speak one word of self-pity. When they were small, she hadn't time. When they were grown, she had nothing but pride in their success.

The middle-aged woman must, of course, recognize that in peacetime in a competitive labor market her employability will decrease with the years. For her, a business of her own, provided it does not absorb or endanger her entire capital, has many of the same values as a home of her own; it offers independence, security, continuous interest and growth. Innumerable successful businesses have been built on the housewifely arts by women who knew how to bake a good pie, sew a fine seam, care for the sick, launder precious linens or instruct little children.

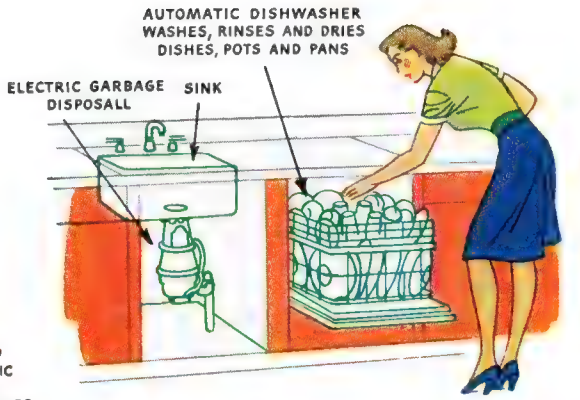
Even the woman who does not have to earn money need not be condemned to the dry rot of idleness. Every community has responsible, interesting jobs to be done in its churches, its schools, hospitals, social welfare agencies and patriotic services by women of mature understanding and human compassion. And one is never too old to learn a new trade. A woman I know has just entered law school. She is forty-six. "All my life," she declared, "I've been saying I'd study law if I had the time. Well, now I have time. I may never practice but at least I shall have a profession to work at if I want to or need to. And whatever may happen, right now I have something exciting and constructive to take up my time."

THERE is a widespread notion, founded on fiction, that widows are either stone poor or rolling in wealth. The painful truth is that they are middle class, lower level, and if that is not what they're used to or want to be used to, they must earn the difference. Some 60 to 70 percent of non-war widows receive life insurance benefits. It comes as something of a shock to learn that the average life insurance policy is slightly over $2,000. This figure would be lower if the tens of thousands of tiny industrial policies which barely cover burial expenses were counted into the average. The widows of war are financially more fortunate, for the government through its National Service Life Insurance program has sold 14,000,000 policies in the armed forces at an average value of $9,000. Knowing that few women have ever had the disposal of four digit sums, the government does not make lump sum payments to vet-

[*Continued on page 68*]



1 Cooking Center. Your Hotpoint Electric Range should be installed conveniently near refrigerator and sink to do away with needless steps. ★ ★ ★ Electrically lighted Hotpoint Steel Cabinets provide handy storage space for cooking utensils.



2 Dishwashing Center. To save work, this unit should be between the other two centers. Dishes are washed *hygienically* clean by the Hotpoint Automatic Dishwasher. ★ ★ ★ Food waste is whisked away *electrically* by Hotpoint Garbage Disposall. Hotpoint Steel Cabinets furnish room for dishes.

3 Food Storage and Mixing Center. Cut down unnecessary steps by placing your Hotpoint Electric Refrigerator on side nearest outer door through which supplies are brought. ★ ★ ★ The maple cutting board belongs near refrigerator—with Hotpoint Steel Cabinets to store equipment.

Cost of a Hotpoint Electric Kitchen averages about 10% of home-building costs.

Cut your kitchen time with 3 HOTPOINT WORK CENTERS

BY FITTING each new electric servant into a general scheme, your postwar kitchen can be a model of convenience! Hotpoint Work Centers—a system of arranging kitchens to cut time and work—are the modern way to increase the efficiency of appliances.

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Take steps now toward building a kitchen that will give the most service for your money! Send ten cents with coupon for your copy of the Hotpoint book!

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Hotpoint *Electric Kitchens*

Electric Ranges • Water Heaters • Refrigerators • Home Freezers
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● Enclosed please find ten cents in coin or war stamp, for which send me your new kitchen planning guide entitled, "Your Next Kitchen by Hotpoint." (This offer available in the United States, Territory of Hawaii and Alaska.

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LEFTOVER recipes need lemon

Lemons are one of your most helpful foods. Their tempting flavor adds something new to leftover dishes. Try lemon with these and other economy treats . . .

FRUIT CUP

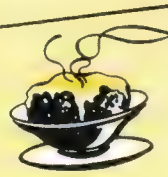
Surprise the family with a tasty appetizer made from leftover canned fruits. And for that tartness appetizers need, add a generous amount of lemon juice to the syrup. Other first course dishes like sea food and tomato juice need lemon, too.

SAVORY STEW

With plenty of garden fresh vegetables that leftover roast can be easily turned into a delicious stew. But don't overlook *this* one secret to good stew making: The freshly squeezed juice of one lemon...added while stew is simmering...has a way of blending the hidden flavors of all the ingredients into one savory dish that's sure to bring forth the compliments.

VEGETABLE SALAD

Toss together...in wooden bowl...such thoroughly chilled leftover vegetables as peas, beans, beets, cauliflower. Drench with Lemon French Dressing (page 14 Sunkist Lemon Recipe Book), add crisp lettuce and serve with lemon quarters for extra zest. No salad's complete without the tang of lemon.



EMERGENCY PUDDING

Steam leftover fruit or spice cake through. Top with this Lemon Clear Sauce: Blend 1 tbs. cornstarch with ½ cup sugar; add 1 tsp. grated lemon peel, 1 cup water. Cook 2-3 minutes until clear—stir constantly. Take from heat—add 3 tbs. lemon juice, 2 tbs. butter or margarine, a pinch of salt, chopped maraschino cherries. Serve with tea and lemon.

HEALTH is another reason for using lemons liberally. For lemons are a rich source of vitamins C and P, a good source of B_1. They aid digestion, alkalinize. Sunkist's famous Lemon Recipe Book has over 100 recipes. It's free. Write Sunkist, Sec. 610, Los Angeles 55, California.

Sunkist Lemons in trademarked tissue wrappers are the finest from 14,500 cooperating California-Arizona citrus growers.

FOR GOOD HEALTH AND GOOD FLAVOR

Sunkist
California Lemons

LET'S FINISH THE JOB—BUY WAR BONDS

[*Continued from page 66*]

erans' widows but doles out the money, month by month, for 20 years to women under 35, for 10 years to those beyond that age.

I am convinced—and I had to be bludgeoned into the conviction—that the only attitude to take toward life insurance inheritance is that there's no more where that came from. It is family savings, not to be squandered. It is protection against illness, disaster or helpless old age. It is the children's guarantee of an education, a good start in life. It is backbone, not windfall.

What seems like a large sum of money when you pay annual premiums on it is little in terms of investment. Twenty-five thousand dollars at three percent, which is as much as one conservatively might expect in these times and which many insurance companies guarantee under policy options, brings less than $15 a week. That is scarcely good living. Nor is $50 a month from an enlisted man's policy and as much again from his pension, or the minimum rent and food budget worked out by social agencies under the federal program for the care of dependent children. The need for money is an unassailable argument for drying one's tears and finding a job. The other one is just as valid. Being a productive member of the community is the best possible way of filling the days of a week and the months of a year.

Not until you begin living alone do you take count of the evenings there are in a week. There are seven. Seven, with six hours apiece between six and midnight. When you're working, the care of your clothes, apartment and person, catching up on your mail, your reading or your sleep takes up some of the slack. The normal family spends more than half of its evenings at home, just lounging around, reading the papers, listening to radio programs, talking. Sitting at home, when you do it alone, is bread without salt. If you don't like the diet, you take steps to change it. You go out—more perhaps than you ever have in your life—and you ask friends to come in. You discover the resources of your town—not merely its movies, theaters, concert halls but its centers of learning and civic service. The result is the difference between being buried alive and being alive.

IN THE beginning and for more than a year I lived with "five o'clock panic," an absolute terror of spending an empty evening. I look back, with a sense of monumental achievement, to the first time I went into a restaurant alone and to the evening I gave my first party, for these turned the corner for me. The first I did when I felt I could not bear to open one more can or scramble another egg. I found that the food tasted fine; that the stranger who sat at my table was friendly; that I wasn't the only woman who had to eat dinner alone.

The party was a much greater hurdle, for our family had always had an open house policy. My husband and I had looked forward to celebrating our twenty-fifth anniversary with two very dear friends who were married as long. I decided to give them the party. We planned it with unspoken dread, yet when it took place, it wasn't grim. It was right. One guest after another came over to say that he felt, not that my husband was absent but that he was there, in the people and spirit he loved. By keeping alive the warmth and hospitality which were his essence, we had made him immortal.

It is reasonable to assume that if you had friends before you will continue to have them, provided you use them as more than shoulders to weep on. The chances are that if they loved your husband, they miss him too but that is no reason why your conversations should be solely about the departed. It is fine to share memories of good times experienced, just as you would if he were living, but today has its interests, tomorrow its plans. If you still are good company, if your home is attractive, your cooking good—and with more time to do it, it ought to be better than ever—old friends will remain and new ones will come. Obviously, there are difficulties in entertaining alone, such as, for example, who will carve the roast or mix drinks. Meat can be sliced in the kitchen, and no woman with two workable hands should find it impossible to pour a few glasses of wine or mix a good highball.

Even granting the conventional social setup of two by two, the extra woman who will talk agreeably and not exclusively of her troubles, who can find her own way home at the end of the evening, needn't lack bids to dinner. Nor should she be chary about asking her friends out to dine. A restaurant check can be paid in advance, to avoid a struggle with masculine chivalry.

INEVITABLY you become aware that your world is a new one. You are a free woman, an adult female. The sheltering confines of marriage are gone. The aura of sadness which surrounds widowhood gradually evaporates and if you still have your figure and looks (and why should you not?) you find yourself out on a date. You have lived with the affection and attentions of a man and you miss them. The man you are with finds you desirable and for the first time, perhaps, since you took your marriage vows, you need to decide how your sex life is to be lived. You will find, I believe, that now, in your new freedom, you will remain precisely as you were in your marriage.

If the habit of chastity is in you, you will stay chaste. If love or the illusion of love is essential to your sex relations, if you play only for keeps, then it's all or nothing. If you look upon sex as diversion or physical need or ego fulfillment, casual romance will satisfy you. It is a personal decision, between you and your conscience and nobody's affair but your own.

There is a fair chance that one of those dates may turn into an offer of marriage and then you may count yourself lucky. But when your good friends insist, as they will, "You *must* get married again," you will do well to answer: "To whom?" The reply is not nearly as flip as it seems. A few months ago, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company completed a study of the marriage records of 22 states which shows that at the age of 25, a widow has 80 chances in 100 of marrying again, at 30, only 60, and from there on progressively less. Singularly enough, the divorcee's chances to remarry at 30 are 94 in 100 but the spinster of that age has only 48 in 100. her prospects dropping off sharply after she reaches the great age of 25. At 33, a widow has only a 50-50 chance, as much as a divorcee of 45. Lest that prove disconcerting, let me point out that the widow's remarriages are fewer not because her charms are less but because she frequently has minor children whose rearing a strange man might be loath to take on or because she may have a pension or inheritance which would stop if she married again.

The fact remains that if you have made a success of one marriage, if you still have the warmth and humor and patience that make marriage good, the probabilities are you will do as well in a second. It will not be the same as the first, nor should it be. Each marriage stands on its own feet. Each brings its own adventures and trials. And it does not demand you forget the man you once loved. Rather you will remember, with gratitude, the devotion with which your life was enriched.

Only with GLASS! RE-seal caps that protect your coffee even AFTER the jars are opened.

It keeps coffee safer from flavor-killing air—the Duraglas Jar!

Year after year, coffee roasters have been trying to get your coffee to you in fresher and fresher condition. First, by ordinary packaging. Next came the miracle of vacuum-packing. Then another step forward—this modern vacuum-pack jar with a RE-seal cap, so that your Duraglas coffee jar protects your coffee even AFTER IT'S OPEN! As a result you now can have coffee that STAYS fresher and more fragrant.

Just be sure—*always*—to buy your favorite brand in the Duraglas container, that can be RE-sealed AIRTIGHT. Cost? No more than any other vacuum container!

There are a thousand and one other things you buy for which Duraglas, the modern container, provides ideal, economical protection. Owens-Illinois Glass Company, Toledo 1, Ohio.

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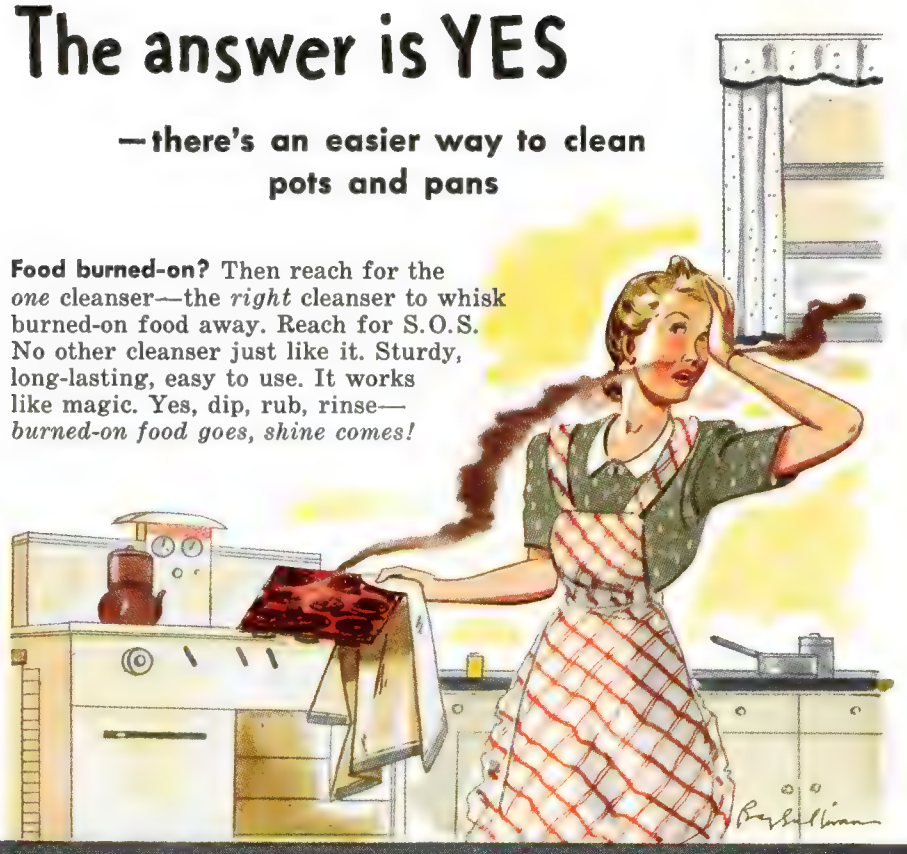
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

CONTAINERS THAT GIVE A LIFT TO LIVING

The answer is YES

—there's an easier way to clean pots and pans



Food burned-on? Then reach for the *one* cleanser—the *right* cleanser to whisk burned-on food away. Reach for S.O.S. No other cleanser just like it. Sturdy, long-lasting, easy to use. It works like magic. Yes, dip, rub, rinse—*burned-on food goes, shine comes!*

Magic cleanser of pots and pans

Look for the Yellow and Red package

Sick and tired of greasy pans? Then here's the cleanser that does a complete job—S.O.S.! The one cleanser you need to cut through greasy, sticky food. No bother with extra soaps, powders, rags or scouring aids. Try S.O.S. yourself—*grease goes, shine comes!*

What makes it shine? The answer's S.O.S.—with soap in the pad, it's the best and easiest way to clean, scour and polish dull pans. Try S.O.S.—*dullness goes, shine comes!*

The S. O. S. Company, Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A.
S. O. S. Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

Till the moon be no more

[*Beginning on page 18*]

fire to repair a break and hearing the message, "Send up some more hundred fifty-fives, will you? And for God's sake, what's happened to that first-aid unit?"

Duncan was saying, "Aw heck. I can't go to bed when Mark's just come home."

Jenny smiled. "I'll spare you half an hour and a piece of cake."

Duncan looked at Mark for sympathy. "Cake! Sis thinks I'm a baby. We fight all the time."

"The word is argue," Jenny said. She set a piece of cake before Duncan, who began pinching bites off absently.

"We had a dilly of a—argument about Christmastime," Duncan said. "Remember Ted Barnes?"

"I seem to recall a Barnes who heaved pebbles at phone insulators."

"That's the guy. No good. We fought all the time—every time I saw him in town, or after school, or even at recess if it wasn't dry enough to take the basketball out. You know what?"

"Duncan!"

Duncan ignored Jenny's caution. "I drew his name for a present at the school Christmas party. Jenny said I had to give him one. She said Christmas was a time of peace and good will, and forgiving your enemies. I said, 'Say listen, do you suppose just because it's Christmas MacArthur is loading up a boat with ammunition and sending it over to the Japs with a big red ribbon? Do you suppose just because it's Christmas Mark is over sharing rations with the Jerries?' Nuts!"

War poisoned things forever. Even good clean kids like Duncan this far away. Ray had been right. Mark hadn't ever thought he wasn't.

"What *did* you do Christmas, Mark?"

Mark's face closed up. The past folded its wings about him, deadening his consciousness of the present. He didn't hear Jenny say uneasily, "Your half-hour is about up, Duncan." He didn't see Duncan waiting, or Mr. Abbey begin to brush crumbs from the tablecloth and keep brushing them until long after they were gone.

CHRISTMAS . . . The week before Christmas their armored division had been ten miles onto German soil, and the phone lines had gone out again and again. Two by two Mark's men had gone to mend the breaks, one to work and one to watch. He'd gone himself many times, because the only two who hadn't gone alone were new replacements. Just kids, both eighteen.

Another call. "Lines down. We can't get through to Battery K."

The kids volunteered. The rest were asleep. The kids couldn't sleep, and they knew it was more than their turn.

They didn't come back. Mark went out after them when the slow hour had shaped itself on the luminous dial of his watch. They lay at the break in the wire, grotesquely, and Mark was sick. You didn't get used to the things you saw, but you did get used to being sick. It wasn't shell fragments that got the kids. They'd been shot—rifle, probably. There must still be some Krauts in the pillbox who hadn't come out when the others surrendered.

He told Ray—Lt. Ray Osmer—when he got back.

"We'll clean it out when it's light," Ray said, looking drawn because of the kids.

They trained the tank's 75 mm. on it just at dawn. "Come out," the lieutenant shouted. "Come out with your hands up."

They waited. "You're nuts, Sarge. There's nobody there."

"I'll have a look."

"Why waste time? They'd come out. We'll blow it in and get back to cover."

But Mark had gone. If there were Krauts in there, Krauts that wouldn't surrender, those were just the kind of Krauts he wanted to see.

"You'll get your damn head shot off," Ray warned.

MARK dropped cautiously to his knees and peered down into the dark of the pill-box, his eyes slowly making out shapes in the darkness, his rifle trained into the interior.

He could see them, two kids crouched in there, their faces softly bearded and streaked with grime that didn't cover their blank terror.

"There's two of 'em in here. Just kids," he shouted back to the lieutenant.

"Tell 'em to come out with their hands up."

"Come out!" Mark motioned with his rifle. The two didn't move. They just sat there frozen.

"Hell, they don't get it. Anybody know any German?"

"They get it all right. Get back and we'll let 'em have it."

Mark tried again. "Come out, damn you. Come out of there."

They stared, unblinking, motionless.

"They're too scared," Mark called over his shoulder.

"The kids last night were scared, too," Ray snapped. "Come on. This lull won't last forever."

Time. You got the feeling if you could just hurry. You couldn't stand much more of this. Get it over. Prisoners! You hated their guts when they came out, their hands over their heads. It meant somebody had to conduct them back from the lines. It meant a short-handed tank. It meant time lost in getting this thing over.

He backed away. The gun plunged and thundered. Dirt blew all over them, and twigs fell from barren trees. When it cleared, the pillbox was under a mound of dirt and rubble. They withdrew their tank and covered it with brush, took to cover again, one more thing behind them they didn't have to think about any more.

Only it wasn't over. It was several hours before they realized through the renewed fury of the shelling that those muffled shouts were not nightmarish memories of pleading heard another day.

"What is it, Sarge? You hear it?"

"Yeah, I hear it."

By night it was obvious. The muffled shouting would be quiet for a time. By morning it was a muffled sobbing, a frenzied berating. More quiet.

"You hear that, Sarge?"

"Yeah, I hear it."

By the third day the sounds were more animal than man. "Yeah, I hear it. It's the Krauts. We sealed them in. Yeah, I hear it."

The quiets from the pillbox grew longer, the muffled shrieks wilder. The constant shelling couldn't deaden them.

[*Continued on page 72*]

You stand between him and his Greatest Danger— "The Family Cold"

So little and helpless—he needs your wisest love to guard him from the common cold and its frightening, fatal complications.

IT IS NOT DIPHTHERIA or whooping cough, but the common cold—with all its complications —carelessly passed on by a grown-up, that is the greatest threat to your tiny baby's health and safety.

The surest way to guard *your* baby from the "family cold" is to keep every one with a cold entirely out of his room.

Be sure to wear a protective mask

If this is impractical, if you yourself have a cold—you can greatly reduce the danger of infection by wearing a tissue mask whenever you are doing anything for your baby.

Remember, germs expelled into the air can travel far, can get on the clothes you launder for him and then onto his hands and into his mouth. They can very easily get into his food prepared in the kitchen.

Tissue mask no trouble—effective

Take two thicknesses of ScotTissue, cover your nose and mouth, and pin or tie at the back of your head. Clinical tests prove that two thicknesses of ScotTissue effectively trap germs.

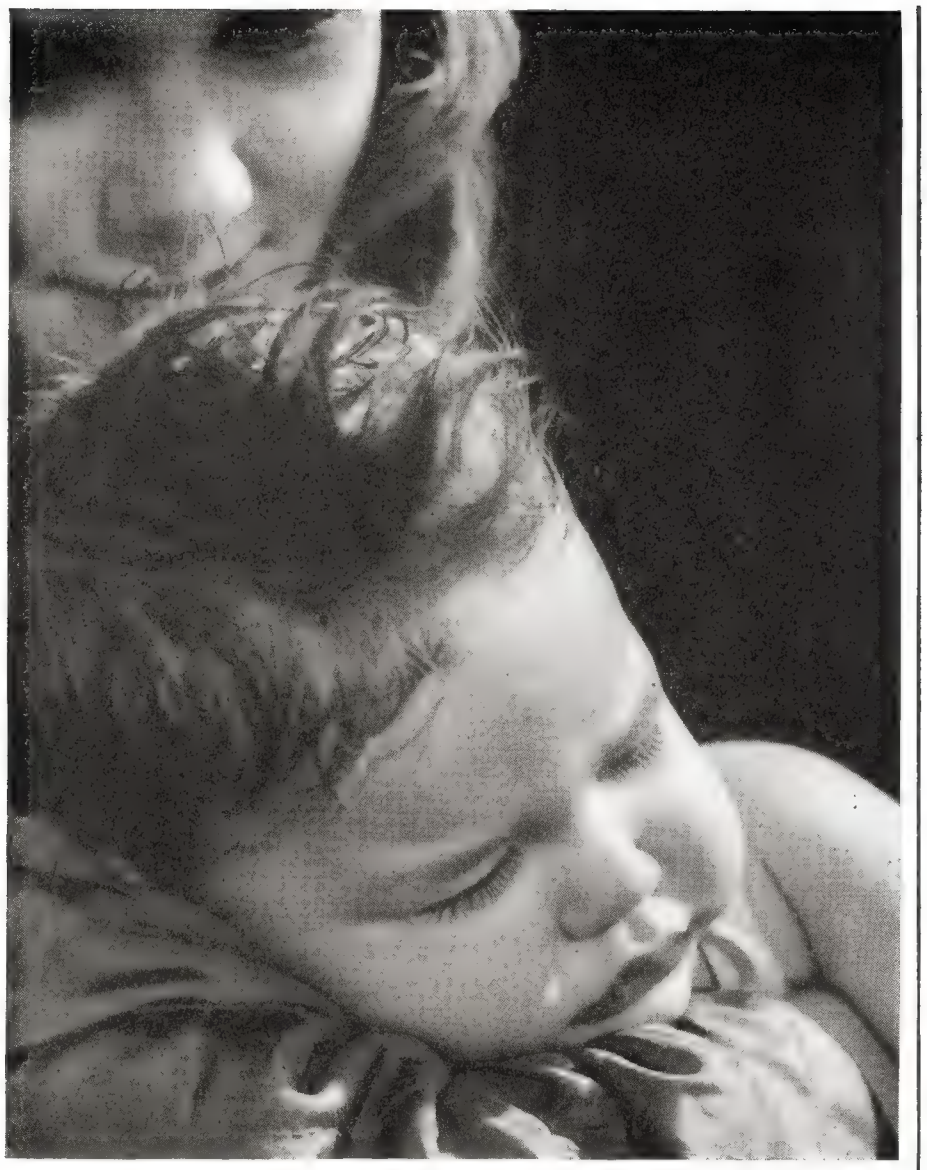
Make the Mask for a Cold the rule in your house and you will be doing one of the greatest things a mother can do to keep her baby strong and safe. In a world where doctors and nurses may be difficult to get even in emergencies—you can't be too careful!

THE CORRECT CHOICE OF A BATHROOM TISSUE IS IMPORTANT FOR COMFORT AND CLEANSING

The correct choice of a toilet tissue for your child is important, too. It should be soft enough for comfort yet strong enough for thorough cleansing. ScotTissue has both these qualities. You will find it is soft and "nice" to use even against the face as an emergency mask. And, with 1000 sheets to every roll, it is also an economical tissue for the whole family.

Trade Mark "ScotTissue" Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Millions are Grateful for its Luxury Texture



While he sleeps,

I dream a mother's dream

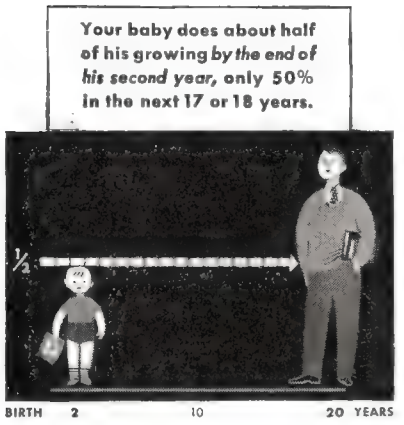
of sound teeth

straight legs

a strong back

a fine, full chest

a well-shaped head



To make this dream come true

I will give him a critical element he needs to transform the minerals in his food into this sound, strong framework. Since this element, Vitamin D, is supplied by Squibb Cod Liver Oil, I will give Squibb's to my baby regularly *every day.*

While he's growing rapidly, give plenty of Vitamin D. Start Squibb Cod Liver Oil soon after birth.

SQUIBB *cod liver oil*

a name you can trust

[Continued from page 70]

"Why don't they blow their brains out?"

"Same reason they didn't blow mine out, maybe. No shells."

Mark went to Ray. "I'll go dig 'em out."

"Under this fire? That's concrete."

"At least we wouldn't hear them any more."

Ray shouted at him. "No! Maybe one of their shells will hit it. None of my men go out there to dig."

Mark knotted and unknotted his long fingers. "Sure. Sure, I guess not."

The fourth day and the fifth, and the bombardment never stopping.

"How long can a man live without food and water?"

"Shut up, damn it."

The morning the shelling stopped the orders came. "Get moving. String lines to position L on the map. And get the lead out. Maintain communications until further notice."

It was quiet in the pillbox. Quiet until they were piling into the tanks. Then the whimpering like the whimpering of a lonesome puppy in the night. Get the lead out. Another move about to be put behind them. Mark raised his head and looked about the desolate, once wooded terrain. Not even a bird moving for miles. Abandoned position. Just a whimpering. It would be months before the displaced population would trickle back here.

He took a grenade and walked back to the mound of rubble. One of the gun openings where their air had come through. He pulled the pin and turned away. Before he climbed onto the tank he was sick.

"God, Sarge. Today's Christmas."

Christmas? So it was. Christmas. . . .

THE apologetic young voice was saying, "Probably you don't remember what happened Christmas, Mark." Somehow it was wrong. It didn't fit into the picture. Mark raised a hand to his face, and it was smooth shaven. He could see Duncan's anxious face, and the warm kitchen, and Jenny's gray eyes waiting.

"Christmas? I guess I just strung more wire."

"Duncan, your half-hour is up."

Duncan grinned at Jenny. He picked up his jacket, the letters P.W. printed largely on the back in full view as he slung it over his shoulders.

Mark felt apologetic. "How'd it come out? You and Ted?"

"Aw, Sis made me wax that old pair of extra skis and give 'em to him. On the card she made me tell him the hill back of our house would be just about right during vacation. Now the guy's under my feet all the time. We're building a flying model of a B-29. He's not so bad."

Mark wished he knew how long they'd waited while he relived a week before Christmas, and there was the sourness of shame in his bitterness. "What's the P.W. for? Prisoner of War?"

"Naw, that's Postwar Wolf."

Mr. Abbey snorted. Jenny picked up the dish that had held Duncan's cake. "Duncan!"

"OK, OK. I'm going. Women horrify me. It slays me to think a guy with your brains, Mark, would come back to marry one—and that one my own cross to bear, no less. G'night."

He thundered up the stairs. Mark looked at Jenny. A faint flush had crept into her face, and her fine white teeth bit at her lower lip. She hadn't liked Duncan's saying that.

It made Mark remember something about Jenny. He remembered how carefully she had caught the spring moths in a paper so she wouldn't bruise their wings, and she carried them out-of-doors to free them. No, Jenny wouldn't fence him in.

He broke his sandwich, put cream and sugar in the fresh cup of coffee she poured when the other one had cooled. It was funny about people. They were like books. Some books you picked up years later and wondered how come you ever fell for a mess of tripe like that. Another book had grown up with you. The sentences you'd underlined long ago looked pretty obvious, maybe, but the sentence right next to it that you hadn't noticed before—that one really had some meat on it.

Jenny. Before he'd gone away he'd underlined her gaiety, the clear loveliness of her gray eyes, the full mold of her figure.

Now he was back, he was underlining things he hadn't before. How gentle she was, and how the grave seriousness in her eyes balanced the gaiety at the corners of her mouth. How serene she was. He felt goaded and betrayed by her serenity. Life wasn't anything to feel that way about.

MR. ABBEY fondled Tam's long ears. Jenny poured herself a cup of coffee and sat at the table with them.

"You boys have done a mighty fine thing, winning this war," Mr. Abbey said slowly. "We'll not forget."

"We won the war," Mark agreed sharply, "not the peace. The little guys can't win that."

It was Jenny who answered him. "Of course not. You have to fight a war. You can't fight a peace. You have to believe in peace."

Mark looked at her. "You can't fight a peace." How did she know if she hadn't been there when Ray and Mark and the others fought their way town by town through growing hatred?

"God how they hate us, and how I hate them," Ray said once. "This is insanity; humanity standing up and blowing itself to bits. There's no end to it."

Jenny hadn't seen it. He couldn't tell her about it. War was fantastic. Monstrous. Unreal. How could you tell about it when you who had seen it never quite believed it?

"There'll be peace only when the guys that start the wars have to exchange the first shots. Only that won't happen. The little guy who fights wars doesn't make 'em. He's helpless."

"The little guy can believe in peace," Jenny said softly.

"So what? So he fools himself for a while and has kids to feed their cannons. But the next war will fool the big guys. It'll not only end the little guys, but the big guys, too, and the whole damned civilization they've padded for themselves." Mark's voice was high with tension.

"That's why we've got to believe in peace," Jenny repeated quietly.

Believe in peace! After you'd seen the hatred and noise and slaughter make of your buddies, make of you—the you that you'd always believed to be a fairly right guy—driving, relentless, unfeeling instruments of hate?

"Abundance of peace till the moon be no more!" Jenny wasn't the only one to quote the Bible. Ray quoted it, too. "Peace, peace; when there is no peace."

Mr. Abbey carried his cup and saucer carefully to the sink. "Every man has to live the best he can. Life can't always be good for any man. Jenny has always kept the spare room ready for you, Mark, if you'd like to stay the night."

Mark stood up. "Thanks, Mr. Abbey, but you see, I'm not going to stay in the valley at all."

Mark didn't look at Jenny, but the impact of her hearing his words was reflected on the face of her father, who did look at her swiftly.

Mr. Abbey went toward the stairs. "Well, good night, Mark."

"Good night, sir."

[*Continued on page 76*]

Missing Page

Missing Page

Presenting . . the Combination Kitchen and Laundry

Practical, new, home-tested arrangement for the working heart of the home. No more dashing from room to room, floor to floor . . . wearing yourself out with unnecessary footwork. Everything you need for the two major homemaking jobs is right at your finger tips.

Take the kitchen, for instance. There's a new electric range so automatic you can put a meal in to cook and then forget it. An electric refrigerator with amp.e space for everything, frozen foods included. A dishwasher that will wash everything from your finest crystal to greasy pots and pans. A grand new "pop-up" toaster . . . a portable roaster-oven . . . in fact, everything a kitchen will need!

Then look at the laundry . . . it's a dream come true! There's the Laundromat that reduces washing to a simple "put 'em in . . . set the dials and add soap . . . take 'em out". And its work-saving twin . . . the new automatic clothes dryer. With a flip of the switch, it dries clothes . . . regardless of weather . . . then shuts itself off. An easy-to-use electric ironer. And a new hand iron, superbly lightweight and automatic.

As soon as possible, Westinghouse will make all these kitchen and laundry appliances. Then you can build a step-saving and efficient Combination Kitchen and Laundry like this in your own home.

Meantime, ask your Westinghouse retailer or write us for a folder describing it in detail . . . floor plans, equipment needed, wiring specifications. Now's the time to start planning so you'll know first-hand that "There's a Lift to Living Electrically"!

Plants in 25 Cities • WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC CORPORATION • *Offices Everywhere*
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ELECTRIC HOME APPLIANCES

YOUR PROMISE OF STILL FINER ONES TO COME

TUNE IN JOHN CHARLES THOMAS • SUNDAY 2:30 EWT., N. B. C.
LISTEN TO TED MALONE • MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY, 11:45 A.M., EWT., AMERICAN BROADCASTING COMPANY NETWORK

ROYAL CHOCOLATE MOLASSES TREAT

1 package Royal Chocolate Pudding
2 cups milk
1 egg white
1½ tablespoons molasses
1 teaspoon sugar
chocolate-dipped almonds

Mix rich, luscious, easy-to-prepare Royal Chocolate Pudding with milk. Cook as directed on package. Remove from heat and cool, then chill. Before serving, beat egg white until stiff; beat in molasses gradually, then sugar, to make a meringue. Spoon the smooth, creamy-textured pudding into dessert glasses and drop a large spoonful of meringue on top of each. Decorate with almonds. *4 servings.*

"ROYAL DESSERTS TASTE MORE DELICIOUS!"

—say 8 out of every 10

Survey of 1,526 Royal users reveals why millions are "Reaching for Royal"

Taste more delicious! Yes, eight out of every ten of these women gave this as their *big* reason for always wanting Royal. They fairly raved about Royal Chocolate Pudding, told how their families love it. "Royal seems to have *more* chocolate richness," many declared. And, like *all* Royal Puddings, it's so smooth and creamy-textured, so easy to make and *takes no sugar!*

Try Royal Chocolate Pudding with molasses meringue, pictured above—a marvelous blend of flavors! Try delicate Royal Vanilla . . . luscious Butterscotch and those tangy, fruity Royal Gelatin Desserts. You'll agree *—Royal Desserts taste more delicious!*

IF YOUR GROCER'S TEMPORARILY OUT OF ROYAL DESSERTS, KEEP ON ASKING. IT'S WORTH WAITING TO GET ROYAL.

ROYAL FRUIT TRIO

1 package Royal Gelatin Dessert (raspberry or any flavor)
1 cup boiling water
1 cup cold water
½ cup grapefruit sections, cut in cubes
½ cup seedless white grapes, cut in half

Dissolve fruity, flavorful Royal Gelatin Dessert in boiling water; add cold water. Chill until it begins to thicken; add grapefruit and grapes. Pour into dessert glasses. Chill until firm. Garnish with grapefruit section and grapes. *Makes 6 delicious servings.*

[*Continued from page 72*]

Mr. Abbey *had* aged, Mark realized, as the stairs creaked slowly one by one under the man's weight. There was a stoop to his shoulders, and his face looked tired.

Mark picked up his bag. "Thanks for everything, Jenny." Still he didn't look at her.

"Of course." She followed him onto the porch, shutting Tam in behind them.

Mark glanced down at her. Her hands lay on the porch railing. Her head was bowed so that her lashes made black semicircles against the glistening wet of her cheeks.

Mark tightened his knuckles. "It isn't that I don't want to stay, Jenny."

"I know."

Mark set down his bag. She would shed fewer tears if he went than if he stayed. But if he couldn't explain, Jenny would feel she'd failed him some way.

"I'd like to have you see how it is, Jenny." He sat on the porch railing, his fingers interlocked between his knees.

"I can't believe in the world any more. I can't believe in myself. I won't go back to my old job just to fatten the world until the greedy won't be satisfied with enough, but want so much they have to war to get it. I won't marry and have children and send them out someday where I have been."

Jenny looked up at him suddenly, and there was an odd light in her eyes there in the moon's silver. "But what will you do, Mark? You will have to go on living."

"I know. You don't stop living. I don't know what I'll do."

Jenny leaned toward him, her eyes bright and almost feverish, her body suddenly consciously seductive as Mark had never seen it before.

"Stay, Mark. Stay! You don't have to work for greed. You can grow food for the little people. You—you could marry without having children." Her hand on his arm was trembling.

Mark looked at the white clapboards on the house. "I guess I could, Jenny. I guess I could stay if it could be like that."

The light in Jenny's eyes exploded into sparks, and her body, no longer seductive, stood straight and angry as a whiplash.

"You know I love you, Mark. You know how much it would mean to me to have you with me. Because of that, I could promise to marry you and not have children, Mark. But because I know that each man who doesn't in his heart believe in abiding peace is postponing the day of its coming, I can't compromise, Mark. I wouldn't live a life whose symbol is 'Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow the next war.' We made sacrifices to fight the war. We must make them to believe in the peace."

Mark looked at her in hurt puzzlement. "What good can your faith or mine do at the peace tables?" His voice was thick with scorn.

"Faith is catching, Mark. The men at the peace tables want peace, but because we fear it can be only temporary, they fear it, too, and they fail. If the little people believed, they'd not give up. That's why I can't even pretend to doubt. That's why I can say goodbye, Mark."

SHE turned her face from him. Mark picked up his bag and went down the steps. He felt completely shaken.

He walked along the road, but when he came again to the spot below the hidden rock on the hillside, he climbed once more and lay down his bag.

He wished he could talk to Ray. But Ray had lasted only a couple of hours after the little girl had thrown the grenade she'd had hidden in her skirts. It hit Ray just below the ribs. He was in little pain, and he wanted to talk. "The hatred of a little child!" The world was so full of hate now, more than man had ever before engendered. Over and over Ray had said, "They cry 'Peace, peace; when there is no peace.'" Then, at the last, "She was just a kid, Mark." And, "Don't do it Mark. Don't go back and work to whet the appetites of the greedy. Don't for God's sake go back and have children to fight their wars for them."

"Look, Ray. Maybe we were wrong." Mark didn't know he was speaking so intently his lips moved, and whispers of sound augmented the rush of the wind in the pines as he talked. "Maybe we were cowards. Maybe winning the war against evil was only the first step. Maybe if we believed in peace—believed in it as much as we believed we had to win the war, enough to give up for it as much as you gave, why . . ." He stopped as the idea slowly gathered form in his mind. "No, Ray, I shouldn't say 'maybe.' There *would* be peace then."

Suddenly he buried his face in his hands, for he realized what had happened. Jenny's faith *had* spread. It had spread to him, the bitter unbelieving. As desperately as mankind wanted peace, all of them could come to believe—not a Pollyanna believing that assumed peace was there if you didn't look to see, but an active determined belief.

Mark felt as weak as if the hideous pools of his emotions had shot themselves dry, as a geyser frees itself of the hot waters in it, leaving only a scar in the white, molten sand.

The valley held him for a bit, strengthened him. No longer did he resent the gentle touch of the wind on his face. He took his bag and went back down the hill to the house in the valley. He had sat long on the hillside, but there was still a light in the window.

JENNY was on the porch. She sat on the glider, her hands linked on the porch railing, her head on her arms.

Mark touched her hair. "Jenny!" he said softly. "I . . ." He wet his lips.

Jenny looked up startled, something, almost fear, in her eyes.

How could he say it? "You were right, Jenny. I believe it."

But still her eyes were wary. "All the way, Mark?"

Mark grinned. "All the way! Only remember, you can just raise about so many on a telephone lineman's salary."

"Oh, Mark!" Jenny stood up and hid her face in his coat. She was crying.

But Mark felt very gay. He was surprised at that, but it was good.

"Let's go back to the rock!" He opened the door so Tam could race out and vent some of Mark's own feelings into the night.

Jenny began laughing through her tears, and Mark saw in her face the radiance of a rainbow before he took her back into his arms and kissed her.

IF YOUR McCALL'S IS LATE

Much as we regret it, some copies of McCALL'S may be late in reaching subscribers and newsstands.

Shortage of experienced employees still affects publishers . . . railroads . . . trucking companies . . . post offices . . . everybody responsible for moving magazines to their readers on time!

Although we are doing everything in our power to meet schedules, some copies may be late . . . perhaps even as much as a week or ten days.

So, if *your* McCALL'S does not arrive when you expect it, your patience in NOT writing at once will be appreciated!

(PATENTED)

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50% Sweeter · · · Higher food value · · · Easier to digest · · · Smoother pouring · · · Richer in dextrose

Now there's another amazing development from corn—so revolutionary the Government of the United States has granted a basic patent. It's a new kind of corn syrup—completely different from ordinary pure corn syrup in all these important ways:

One, Tastes 50% sweeter by actual tests. *Two*, Contains 40% more sugars. *Three*, Contains 75% more dextrose—the quick-energy food that's so important to growing children and hard-working people. *Four*, Is easier to digest. *Five*, Is also smoother pouring, smoother to taste. You can see—and feel—and taste the difference right away.

Here at Staley's, we blend this new miracle from corn into our *Sweetose* syrups. This makes *Sweetose* far sweeter-tasting, far richer in quick-energy sugars, and easier to digest than any old-style corn syrup on the market today.

So—next time you buy syrup—we hope you'll try *Sweetose*—for table use, cooking, and for freezing and canning fruits. Write for free recipe book. A. E. Staley Mfg. Co., Dept. M-10, Decatur, Illinois.

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Only Kleenex® has the Serv-a-Tissue Box
that serves up just one double tissue at a time!
®T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Don't tell the landlady

[*Beginning on page 14*]

come without warning. One morning while ironing his shirts, Kay was called to the telephone. Numbly she heard his voice read to her his orders: He would proceed to a staging area. Dependents would not accompany . . . The next day he was gone. Kay had taken a day coach back to New York and the life she had left when Lt. Pat Harley had flashed across her horizon. The office where she'd worked was glad to have her again, and she had settled down to wait for Pat's return. For weeks she'd done her best, grimly, checking off Pat's missions—one, two, five, eight, ten . . . Finally had come the news he was grounded.

Then, unbelievably, she was actually on her way to the Pacific to join him. Lying in her bunk on the transport, her eyes closed, her body tense with the ecstasy of it, Kay had planned their meeting over and over, a dozen different ways. She knew peacetime Hawaii well, but she was vague about her life as a government worker. She'd be housed in a unit with several other girls, she knew that much. She'd have to go there first, probably. But the moment she was settled, she'd call Pat. She had no address other than his A.P.O. but she could find out the office where he was working—

Somebody would answer the telephone and tell her to hang on. She'd stand waiting, holding the receiver to her ear. And after a while there would come his voice, deep, pleasant, bringing her heart to her throat.

"Lieutenant Harley," he'd say very officially.

"Hello, Lieutenant," she'd answer him gaily, so he wouldn't have one instant of uneasiness, thinking something had happened to her. "Hello. This is your wife." *No. She couldn't say that.* It wasn't so. "Hello. This is Kay. How are you, darling?" And then he'd gasp, "Where are you?" and she'd say, "Right here on the Field." And then he'd come to her . . .

After the first kisses she'd explain things. There'd be a funny, unbelievable little interlude when they wouldn't be married and they'd maybe feel awkward and embarrassed. But they'd hurry and get licenses or whatever you needed to have a wedding in Hawaii, and then they'd find a minister and everything would be legal again very quickly. A second wedding really would be fun, she assured herself, like eating your cake and having it, too.

BY THE time she'd landed in Hawaii she was feeling confident again—as though she could fly straight from the transport into Pat's arms. But it became apparent at once that whatever her own reason for coming here, the Army was of the notion she had come to work. She barely had time to shake out the things she had taken from her suitcase and hang them in the closet of the housekeeping unit when she became a cog in a machine of military activity. Even in the tropics, she discovered, an Air Base is an Air Base, demanding and impersonal. Because it was new to her, her job seemed strenuous, so much so that when at five o'clock, half dead with weariness, she stumbled aboard a bus to go home, the memory of her first day was only confusion—out of which loomed the bitter fact that she had not been given a single second in which to put in a call to her former husband!

She wanted to see Pat so badly she ached with it. But she was tired and hot and dirty. She couldn't meet him like this, she decided. She'd go to her room and shower and change into something fresh. Then she'd get to a telephone and track him down. Wherever he was, he'd come to her instantly, she was sure. *It had to be that way. She loved him so much. She'd waited so long.* "Please I want to find him tonight," she whispered to herself, and felt her heart swell with longing.

THE bus to the gate rumbled and lurched, and civilians and servicemen loaded into it, tightly packed and perspiring, lurched with it, stepping on one another's toes, prodding their way to exits, not even trying to mask under a veneer of courtesy their frayed nerves. Kay shifted from one foot to the other, a desperately weary little figure, trying to avoid contact. But at a stop the crowd surged toward the exit and she felt herself pushed violently against a khaki back.

"I'm sorry," she gasped, bracing herself against it.

The tall young man in the lieutenant's uniform turned and glanced down.

"Think nothing of it—" he began, and then they stood transfixed, while the crowd pushed and grunted about them.

She wouldn't have to telephone now, Kay thought dazedly. She'd found Pat, just like that, without the slightest effort. Pat, thinner and older, but with the same blue, blue eyes. Pat, standing tall and straight, looking at her incredulously, with the air of a man who knows he has suddenly gone mad and is trying to take it quietly. For a moment she forgot he hadn't known she was here, forgot that she was hot and dirty and tired. She only knew she was his girl and that they were together again and she loved him. Then the expression on his face shocked her into realization that she had some explaining to do.

"Pat," she stammered. "Pat—I was just going to telephone you. I—I meant to all day, but they didn't give me a chance—"

She broke off because she could see he wasn't taking in any of it. His big hand grasped her arm above the elbow and he bent toward her, peering into her face.

"It's you. It's really you. Where'd you come from, Kay? What are you doing here?"

"I came out on the boat," she explained hastily. "I'm—I'm working here, Pat, at the Field. Aren't you glad?"

They had reached the gate now and the mob flowed toward the door again. Holding her, Pat went with them.

"Let's blow this firetrap," he muttered. "Let's get out."

They stood at the gate. The bus rattled away. Kay realized location apparently had no part in Pat's calculations. His exit from the bus had been wholly an instinctive move toward being alone. Now as the crowd surged he looked about helplessly.

"I don't know what this is about. I'm probably just nuts," he said. "But I've got to kiss you—quick. Where's your hotel—"

"I live in a housing unit with three other girls," she told him. "It's not far, but it's public as a fish bowl—"

He groaned, his clasp tighter on her arm. "Kay," he said. "Kay, *darling.*" And then suddenly he let out a shout

[*Continued on page 80*]

take your VITAMINS this New Way for better results!

Take them in fortified food—the delicious Ovaltine way!

Of course, the whole subject of vitamins is new. We learn more about them every day. And today, millions are learning a new and better way to take their extra vitamins—a more modern, more natural way that can do more good. Discarding earlier methods of taking vitamins alone, they now take them in *fortified food!*

For latest evidence shows that vitamins do not work alone. They work most effectively in combination with certain other food elements—which are absolutely necessary for best results.

This is the reason so many people are changing to Ovaltine. A specially-fortified food, it contains—besides vitamins—nearly every precious food element needed for good health. Especially, those elements necessary for vitamin-effectiveness.

For example, Vitamin A and protein are both necessary in cell-building—and they're both in Ovaltine. Vitamin B_1 and fuel-food also act together for sparkling vitality—and they're both combined in each glass of Ovaltine. Vitamin D, Calcium and Phosphorus can't work without each other—and you get them all in a glass of Ovaltine made with milk!

So why not turn to Ovaltine, as many people are doing? If you eat normal meals, including citrus fruit or tomatoes, two glasses of Ovaltine daily should give you all the extra vitamins and minerals you need for robust health.

READ WHAT YOU GET IN 2 GLASSES OF OVALTINE

more **FOOD-ENERGY** than 2 dishes of Ice Cream...

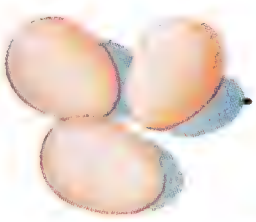
...more **IRON** than 3 servings of Spinach

...more **VITAMIN G** than 3/4 pound of Sirloin Steak

more **VITAMIN A** than 2 servings of Peas...

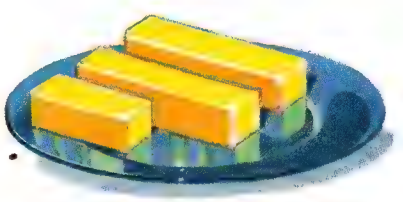
more **NIACIN** than 5 slices of Enriched Bread...

...more **CALCIUM** and **PHOSPHORUS** than 2½ servings of American Cheese



...more **PROTEIN** than 3 Eggs

more **VITAMIN D** than 10 ounces of Butter...



more **VITAMIN B1** than 3 servings of Oatmeal...

3 out of every 4 people should get extra vitamins or minerals—according to Government reports. Reasons include vitamin deficiencies of many modern foods—also loss of vitamin-mineral values due to shipping, storing and cooking.

"We're waiting to get on the waiting list for Scranton Craftspuns"

Waiting for Scranton Craftspuns* will be over soon we hope, now that peace is here. Since military demands have ended, we'll start weaving those handsome Craftspuns you love, just as soon as we can get our hands on the yarn.

We've already done our "post-war planning," so we won't waste a minute when we have the yarn to start up our hungry looms. And you can depend on this—the new Craftspuns will have the same sturdy tied-in-place weave that wears and washes so well.

So please have patience just a little longer. Before you know it, we'll again have plenty of smarter-than-ever Craftspuns to beautify those windows of yours.

Scranton CRAFTSPUN Curtains

"THE NET OF THEM ALL" *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

[*Continued from page 78*]

and went dashing toward a jeep that was passing. Dazedly Kay saw it stop, saw Pat in violent discussion with its occupant, and saw a chubby little lieutenant with a bewildered look get out and trot to the side of the road, and begin to make thumbing motions at passing cars. Pat beckoned to her. In a moment she was beside him on the hard seat, and the jeep jumped forward.

"Where are we going?" she whispered.

He waved a hand toward a hill. "Up there," he said, vaguely. "Away."

HONOLULU'S dingy streets whirled past—Chinese funeral parlors, queer stores, then beautiful estates, a dense wood—and then at last the summit of Pali. So far as Kay was concerned they drove straight up into heaven.

It could have been moments or years later that she turned her head on his shoulder so she could see his face, eager, intense, his eyes seeming almost to devour her.

"Darling," he said. *"Darling."*

For some time the word had seemed to constitute their entire vocabulary, but it had been more than adequate.

"It's getting light," she whispered finally. "Is it the dawn?"

He laughed. "Just the moon," he assured her, and drew her close again. But she twisted around on the seat of the jeep, fumbling in her bag for her compact, suddenly conscious of her appearance. Pat laughed. "Still have to be perfect, don't you?" he teased tenderly. "You haven't changed a bit. I used to tell my crew about what a fuss-budget you were."

"I didn't want you to see me like this," she told him. She ran a comb through her hair. "I thought I'd be all fixed up for you."

"I'd tell the guys how pretty you always were, even at breakfast," Pat went on. "She's the original fix-up girl, my wife is, I'd tell them."

His wife was. *His* wife! Alarm bells rang in Kay's ears. Heavens, she must tell him at once, so that they could take steps quickly to get this awful illegality fixed up. For Pat was looking at her now in a possessive way that made her heart pound.

She opened her lips to speak and suddenly she found she was afraid, shaken with the terror that had become familiar now. And her gay, forced story, so carefully planned, about her job, the need for office workers, the trip out on the boat and the speed with which she had been set to work had barely begun when Pat cut into it.

"Kay, I don't know how you ever managed to get this far, but they won't let you stay here. There's an absolute rule against wives of Army personnel coming out—"

"I know that," she admitted. "You see—"

"It was a crazy thing for you to do, dearest. They may crack down hard when they find out. And of course you'll be sent right back—"

"No," she said in a faint little voice. "I won't be sent back."

He sighed, ruffling the hair she had just carefully combed. "At least I've seen you. But the moment it's discovered your husband is an officer on duty in the Pacific, you'll be shipped, sweet."

"No. I won't be shipped."

She sounded like a frightened parrot, she thought, repeating phrases after him.

"You can't sneak a thing like this. You'll have to go, Kay," he said, suddenly very military. "Your husband is an officer, and—"

She circled his arm with both hands and held on tight.

"I didn't sneak. It's all official. I guess the only way to tell you, Pat, is just to say it right out. I haven't got a husband."

He stared at her blankly. "What?"

"I haven't got a husband. Not now."

"What is this?" he demanded. "A joke?" But he wasn't smiling, and his fingers clamped on her wrist and hurt.

"No. No joke."

He laughed anyhow, harshly. "I don't get it. I was there when you were married. Remember me? I stood on your right. I was the guy who said, 'I, Patrick take thee Kay—' "

"I know, Pat. But—oh *please*, dearest, *understand*—this war could go on for years—"

His eyes were searching and merciless.

"Are you saying it was too long to wait?"

"Much too long, when there was a way of being together. Pat, *I had to do it to get here*—"

Pat's face was a mask of angry bewilderment.

"Stop babbling, will you Kay, and tell me what gives? Just *what* did you do so you could come out here?"

"I—got a divorce, Pat."

"A divorce!"

"It's not a real divorce—at least Carl says it could be challenged, probably. But that doesn't matter anyhow because we'll—we'll—" Her voice trailed off suddenly. "Pat, don't look like that! Darling, don't."

Her eyes were pleading with him to understand. Her hands were on his shoulders now. He put them away. Suddenly, she was talking to a stranger.

"Just a minute till I find out what the deal is," Lt. Harley said. "I want to be sure I've got it straight. You and I are divorced, you say?"

"In Mexico. Just till I got out here."

The moonlit night was suddenly very silent.

"Why didn't you tell me you were going to do it?" Pat asked after a little.

"Pat, I couldn't. If you'd mentioned it in your letters the censor'd have caught it and they wouldn't have let me come." Oh, he *had* to understand. "Pat, say you *know*—"

He stared at her and his look was hard. "All I know at the moment is that my wife isn't my wife."

"But Pat, darling, I am."

"Are you?" he asked in a strained voice. "Then prove it. Tell me you're just ribbing me."

KAY put up a hand and touched his cheek but there was no response. Why this is crazy, she thought. Pat and I are here in Hawaii. We're together at last, but we're not together at all. A few moments before Pat's mouth had been on hers. He'd held her as though never again in this world would he let her go. Now he was looking down at her with cold critical eyes, eyes that regarded her as though she were an enemy. *Prove she was his wife!* How could she, when not only the legal document in her handbag but the look on Lt. Harley's face told her the opposite. And suddenly she knew that the premonition and the chills had not been without significance. The nightmare of fear in which she'd lived ever since Carl's warning was coming true.

A divorce was only a piece of paper, she'd said. But it was a piece of paper that meant something. It meant a marriage was over.

She was too tired and too stricken to protest.

"I *can't* prove it, Pat," she said in a low voice. "I can't even talk about it any more now. Take me home."

If he took her with him, she thought desperately, if home to him meant a place where they were together, where in his arms she could make this awful business clear, then they had a chance. They might be having a misunderstanding, but nothing their love wouldn't set right. But if he took her to the housing unit maybe they really were divorced.

[*Continued on page 82*]

"THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS" BEHOLD SIR CHRISTOPHER, BEAUTIFUL FROM EVERY ANGLE

Sir Christopher

THIRD DIMENSION BEAUTY IN STERLING BY

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Mood of Grandeur ...in the lofty beauty of a mirror-frame, carved by the great Grinling Gibbons, master-carver to Sir Christopher Wren, outstanding architect of all time...in the sculptured magnificence of a silver masterpiece. Sir Christopher, by Wallace, translates the heroic tradition of Wren and Gibbons into sterling. The hand-wrought quality of this pattern is Third Dimension Beauty, exclusively Wallace.

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One solitary store front in the heart of Manila's shopping district was still standing as the Americans marched in—welcoming the doughboys with the familiar American sign, "Indian Head Cloth."

It was just a coincidence, of course, but we do feel that it is symbolic of Indian Head's durability. For over 114 years—through 5 wars—Indian Head has been the world's best known fabric.

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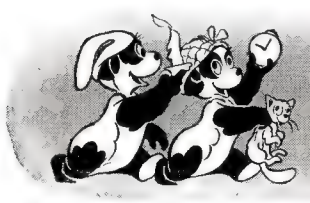


Nashua

PURREY BLANKETS • INDIAN MAIDEN SHEETS • WELWYN BLANKETS • DWIGHT ANCHOR SHEETS

[*Continued from page 80*]

For Pat Harley would never let his wife go. She was sure of that.

She looked at his face but it was set and told her nothing. After a moment he lighted a cigarette and started the motor. They rattled down a hill. When they hit the highway, she closed her eyes and prayed. Presently they slowed down.

"You'll have to tell me where to turn off," Pat said.

He had brought her to the housing unit.

She made one more attempt, swallowing her pride. "I did it only for us, Pat. I believed you'd understand," she told him when the car stopped.

"I'm sure you had a good reason for doing it, Kay."

"Then why—"

He sat staring into space. Once he made a move as though he would take her in his arms but then he drew away again. His face was stony with misery.

"For a long time I've dreamed of what it would be like when we were together again, and how I'd meet my wife," he said finally. "Now it seems I haven't got a wife."

Kay tried to say something, but the explanations stuck in her throat. She could only look at him, wordless.

"It's something I've got to get used to. I'll have to think this through, Kay," he said at last. "I'll call you."

The jeep drove off. In it was a young man who looked as though for the first time he had discovered the nature of the enemy.

"Divorced," he said under his breath. "She got a divorce. So OK."

Kay went into the house, teeth clenched, choking back the sobs. Fortunately her roommate was already in bed. Kay undressed without turning on the light. She lay under the army blanket, motionless, staring into darkness. Her heart beat slowly, heavily. Her body felt icy with shock.

She was exhausted. And she had to be at work at eight. She must go to sleep. She closed her eyes. Tomorrow she'd see him again. He would understand then. He *must* understand. Everything would be all right. Tomorrow, she whispered, tomorrow . . .

BUT when tomorrow dawned, Pat, aboard a B-24 headed for Guam, faced with the cynicism born of Army experience a period of detached service. His orders had been waiting when he had returned to the Field after leaving Kay. In despair he'd learned that in the housing unit where Kay lived there was no telephone. He had no way of reaching her, telling her he was being sent off.

Well, maybe the respite would be a good thing, he'd thought miserably, scrawling a note to tell her what had happened. It was rugged being separated again but he needed a few days to adjust, to get over this feeling that the world had crashed because Kay had divorced him. How she could have done such a thing he couldn't see. Probably she hadn't understood what it meant, breaking off a marriage, even for the purpose of their being together. He'd get over it, he told himself. It had only been the shock. But the idea was gruesome. Suppose he'd been a fellow who'd figured once free he didn't want to get married again?

Hadn't she realized what it had meant to him, all these months out here, to know that she *was* his wife? No wonder he needed a few days to think it through.

But as it happened, Pat had months to think it through. Once on Guam he remained there. The Air Force did things like that to you. And in the interval Kay thought it through, too.

Because he had addressed her as Kay Harley and not Kay Holland, Pat's note telling her of his departure was stamped not known, and consigned to the limbo of unclaimed mail. But any possibility that she wouldn't receive it did not occur to the lieutenant. Waiting for her answer in the red dust of Guam, he resolved he would not write again until she showed a realization of the enormity of her offense. While Kay, waiting in Hawaii day after day with no word, suffered so much that when she finally discovered through a chance remark overheard at the Club what had become of him, any message from him would have been anticlimax.

THE white heat of adoration which had brought her out here chilled. Injured pride and heartbreak are a bad combination. Particularly bad at an Air Base where the ratio of men to attractive girls is twenty to one, and a wolf pack howls nightly at the gate of the housing unit. At first Kay refused resolutely to go out and sat at home each evening in solitary misery. She had brought this on herself. She had been rash and foolish. She'd been warned and she deserved punishment. Then gradually her spirit stiffened. Why shouldn't she date! she asked herself. She was lonely and unhappy. And she really was free. Like it or not, she was a divorced woman. She still shuddered when she realized the fact, but in view of Pat's behavior her own seemed a little absurd. Then as days passed and the pain he caused her continued, her resentment mounted to combat it. After all why *should* a girl want to remarry a man who could so completely misunderstand? Since Pat obviously wished it to be this way, perhaps she could learn to like it, too. Perhaps, she thought, looking at the loathsome document as though it were a snake, she too could take seriously that scrap of paper.

And as time went by, the scrap of paper seemed increasingly important. For even if she still *felt* married to Pat, the paper certainly said she wasn't. It said she had a right to date other men evening after evening, to listen to their love-making, to let herself think about someone else besides Lt. Harley.

So, though she still frequently cried in her sleep, she began to go out a little, first with a couple of lieutenants in the office, then with friends of her roommates, then officers she met at dances. And they were nice—most of them so nice that sometimes she forgot for moments at a time that Pat Harley was nicer than any of them.

But after a while she discovered that mostly she was dating Lt. Jim Morton.

Jim was as dark as Pat was fair. He was big and he had black eyes that looked right through her and he was a fast worker. The second date they'd had he'd asked her to marry him. She laughed at him but every date after that he'd pressed the matter with growing insistence.

"You're not married to anyone else, are you?" he'd demanded in the beginning. And when she'd told him she wasn't he'd ignored her other explanations as to why she did not want immediately to become Mrs. Jim Morton.

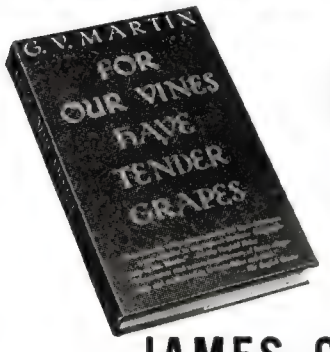
Jim Morton had been overseas more than two years. He was starved for romance, hungry for love, and Kay was the dreamiest thing he had seen since he left the States. He knew she was aware of him in spite of all her pretended indifference, and her resistance only made her more attractive. And after a while she began to realize how excitingly she was aware of him, too. He was so ardent and eager and it was good to feel desired. Perhaps that was what a man really wanted, Kay told herself bitterly, the excitement of the chase. She had belonged to Pat, and he had no urge to *recapture* her. Oh, Carl had warned her not to disturb the status quo.

All right. So you were free and you

[*Continued on page 84*]

● The screen's tough guy in an absorbing new role! ● Never greater! She wins your laughter and tears! ● The hard-boiled hilarious brat, "Butch" himself!

EDWARD G. ROBINSON • MARGARET O'BRIEN



Our Vines Have Tender Grapes

with

JAMES CRAIG • FRANCES GIFFORD
AGNES MOOREHEAD • MORRIS CARNOVSKY
and JACKIE **"BUTCH"** JENKINS

Screen Play by Dalton Trumbo • Based on the Book "For Our Vines Have Tender Grapes" by G. V. Martin
Directed by ROY ROWLAND • Produced by ROBERT SISK • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

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Jolt the Japs with Another War Bond!

[*Continued from page 82*]

thought about making a new life for yourself, perhaps with someone else. Pat had gone off without a word which made it very clear how he felt, didn't it? So when she saw him again, it would be to tell him their marriage was over, for her too. Not because either of them had wanted it that way, or planned it so. But because, though it had been terminated almost by accident, they lacked the urge to reestablish it again. How many couples suddenly finding themselves divorced would rush out and marry one another again? Carl had been right. Life kept pushing you ahead, Kay thought, and set her soft mouth so it wouldn't tremble. Ahead other experiences waited, maybe not as sweet, but new and different. You had to go forward to meet them.

And if it was something different she wanted, Jim would unquestionably provide it. His courtship was as spectacular as his appearance. Flowers, books, gifts, the evidence of his devotion were everywhere. Whether she dated him or someone else, he invariably took possession of her before the middle of the evening, drove her home through the warm night, tried to kiss her in spite of her protests. It was gay, it was exciting, and she forced herself to welcome it. There was a door she must close firmly on the past. If occasionally it came ajar she slammed it again with furious determination. And Jim helped her hold it shut.

THEY were dancing at the Outrigger Club the night she decided she was beginning to fall in love with Jim. Listening to his remarks about her eyes and her hair, she realized that she was actually hearing them for the first time, hearing them and responding to them. That must mean she was over the hurt of her broken romance. It could even mean she was turning to Jim, not to escape thoughts of another man, but because of what he was himself and what he might be to her. That was progress, she assured herself. It showed she had not only accepted Pat's indifference about remarriage, but that she no longer had a desire to remarry Pat.

They were sitting at a large table with several other couples. But the group shifted constantly and when they were not dancing, Jim demanded her full attention. When other men cut in, he allowed them only a few turns and then claimed her again. Back at the table Kay was scarcely conscious of the officers who slipped in and out of the chair on the other side of her. Jim was very demanding and the light answers with which she had been able to fend him off before were not worth much tonight. Perhaps the time had come to tell him the whole story, she thought, about the divorce—

A WAITER came up and touched Jim on the shoulder. "There is a telephone call for you, Lieutenant Morton," he said. Jim scowled impatiently.

"Think about what I've been saying while I'm gone," he told her. "I want you, Kay. I've got to have you, Sweet Thing, and tonight I want a promise—"

He pushed back his chair. Absently she tapped a cigarette from a pack, reached vaguely for a match.

"Here's a light," said the lieutenant on the other side of her. The little flame blazed up and she bent toward his hand, puffed and then lifted astonished eyes to his face.

"Hello," Pat said. "I wondered when you'd get around to me."

"When did you sit down there?" she demanded.

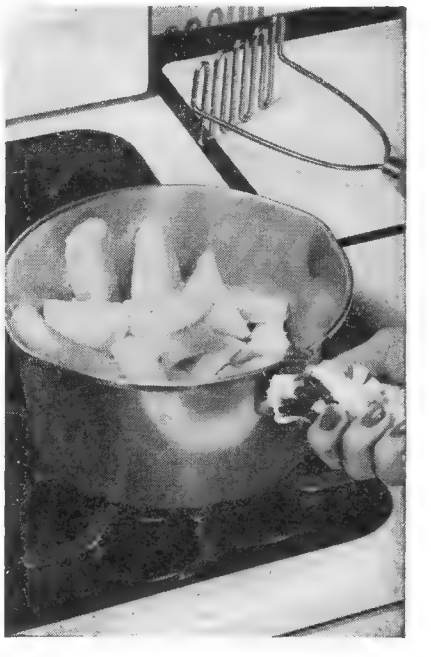
"A little while ago. I tried to speak, but you seemed so engrossed, I hated to interrupt."

He was thin and very very brown.

Can you make velvety smooth,

Here's How To Do:

1. Cut potatoes in uniform pieces; cook quickly.
2. Drain thoroughly; shake over low heat until dry; *then* season.
3. Heat milk and butter or margarine in same pan with potatoes.
4. Beat together well, whipping until potatoes become very fluffy.



Pare 2 lb. potatoes and cut lengthwise in quarters. Drop into 1" boiling water; cover. Cook at boiling temperature 20-25 min. or until done but not mushy. Drain; shake in kettle over heat until potatoes are dry and mealy

BY SUSAN ADAMS

His eyes were so intensely blue she caught her breath before she remembered it didn't matter any longer what color his eyes were nor the way he looked at her. She said politely, "I'm sorry. We were having a discussion—"

"Obviously." The eyes were so blue they were almost black now. Pat's eyes never looked like that unless he was stirred. She hoped he wasn't going to be difficult and make a scene. Since her mind was made up, she wanted no pulling at her emotions and no arguments. She hoped whatever Pat had to say he'd say quickly and leave before Jim returned.

"Was there something, Pat—?" she began and then a hard brown hand closed about her bare arm in a way she remembered.

"There's a lot. But it won't take long. I can tell you in a few well chosen sentences. I've had quite a while to digest the news you handed me the last time I saw you, Kay. I've got my decisions very well in hand."

"Then we'll have to get together and talk, I suppose," Kay said lightly. "Tomorrow night maybe—"

"We're together and talking right now. We've wasted all the time we're going to, Kay."

Well, he needn't waste any more on her! They were nothing to one another any more.

SHE tried to pull her arm away but his fingers were like steel. Instead he lifted her to her feet, and put her coat over her shoulders.

"Tell the lieutenant when he gets back the young lady was called away," he said carelessly to the waiter. Kay tried to refuse but the hand on her arm propelled her through the crowded room straight to the door. Unless she wanted to make a scene she could only go. Well, she reflected, they might as well say the words and have it over with.

Outside there was a moon again. They went downstairs, past the stacked surfboards and the shops. In the parking space was the same battered jeep. He motioned her to get in.

"Where will we go to talk?" she asked. "It's so late—"

"*Talk,*" said Pat. "What's there to talk about?"

"Well, there's the divorce—you haven't forgotten that!"

"Skip it. If you insist we'll get married again sometime."

Insist! Evidently he didn't realize she could change, too. So now she would tell him.

"I don't believe I *want* to be married to you again, Pat," she said lightly. "I find I rather like being free—"

His eyes blazed at her.

"If I thought you meant that I'd beat you, woman," he said shortly. "You haven't been free, and you know it. Maybe I had to go to Guam and sweat it out all these months to learn divorces aren't made with any piece of paper. But you're smart. You knew it all the time."

He started the motor. She looked at his stern profile and loved him so much she was dizzy.

"Where are we going?" she asked faintly.

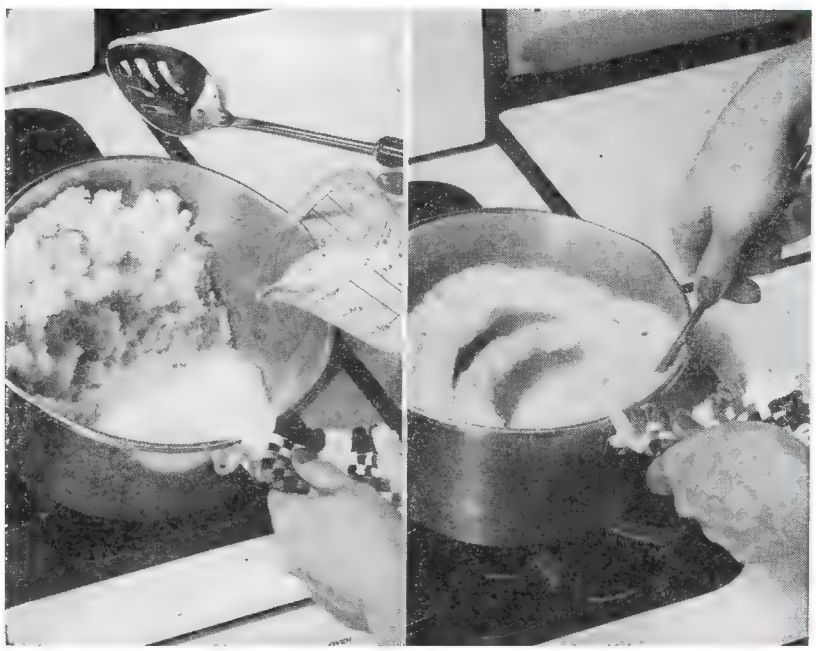
"An awful looking dump," he said. "There's a housing shortage here. I had to take what I could get. But there's a card on the door that says, 'Lieutenant and Mrs. Patrick Harley.'"

"But—that's illegal. They're divorced," she protested.

Pat turned and looked at her and a flame swept through her. "Are they?" he asked. "Then don't tell the landlady."

Suddenly then she was in his arms where she belonged, and when she opened her mouth to argue with him the only words that came out were "Darling . . . darling . . ."

fluffy mashed potatoes?



Mash thoroughly. Add ½ teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Pile potatoes to one side, leaving at least ¼ of the pan empty. Add 1 tablespoon butter or margarine and ¾ cup top milk. Heat in the pan at low temperature

With slotted spoon, whip hot milk and butter or margarine into potatoes, using big strokes and incorporating lots of air through potatoes as you whip. Beat hard until fluffy and smooth. Serve from heated dish. Serves 4

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You'll find when you say "Shefford" there's a cheese mild or snappy, spreadable, meltable or sliceable.

SHEFFORD CHEESE CO., INC. . . . Green Bay, Wisconsin

PUFFY CHEVELLE OMELET—Separate 4 eggs. Add ½ teaspoon salt to yolks; beat well. Beat whites until stiff; add to yolks, mixing gently but thoroughly. Meanwhile heat skillet. When hot, add 1 teaspoon butter or fortified margarine and quickly add egg mixture. Spread evenly. Cook 5-6 minutes to brown bottom. Top appears uncooked. Place under broiler 2 minutes until top seems dry. Quickly sprinkle ¼ pound Shefford Chevelle, grated, over one half of omelet. Crease omelet lightly across center; fold carefully. Lift out; serve immediately. 4 servings.

**Chevelle is a trade-mark owned by Shefford Cheese Co., Inc.*

the new EKCO pressure cooker stays to dinner!

A star in the kitchen... shines at the table!

First the Ekco Pressure Cooker provides the joy of cooking in magic minutes, THEN brings food piping hot, *extra* nutritious to the table . . . saves steps and dishes . . . makes your serving as simple and smart as your cooking. See how beautifully the Ekco plays its dual role . . . with gleaming plastic serving handles instead of the cumbersome kitchen kind . . . with a special serving cover and tray if you wish.

And the Ekco is easy to use! A *twirl* of the Finger-tip Knob seals it. A *flick* of the Pressure Control keeps pressure at the proper level. See the Ekco before you buy any pressure cooker. It's plus, plus, plus! At better stores.

EKCO

EKCO PRODUCTS COMPANY • CHICAGO

Love Passed By

[*Beginning on page 20*]

She touched his arm. "Chris—" she said.

"Uh?"

"Darling!" Her fingers tightened possessively. "Chris, you looked so odd when you were leaving the table. Are you all right?"

"My stomach cut up." There was a suggestion of ironic humor in his face. "Definitely, the Raynor underlings cannot take caviar."

"Chris, I don't mean to pry into your business. But did something happen between you and Rufus today?"

He made no answer.

"OK," she said with forced lightness, "I won't ask again."

Perhaps Chris sensed the hurt. Impulsively, he put his arm around her and kissed her on the mouth.

"Ouch!" she protested laughingly, "the dregs of your drink are running down my neck!"

Chris took his arm from Leslie's bare shoulder. He stood very still, wondering what it would be like to become a part of the darkness—to lose feeling and entity, to dissolve into nothing.

"Chris—" In the shaft of brilliant moonlight, Leslie had glimpsed his face. There was such an empty look in his eyes! Why, that expression reminded her of photographs she had seen of foot soldiers coming out of battle, blank with fatigue!

"Darling," she said with abrupt decision, "we're going home—right now. We can stop at the hotel for my things on the way."

Rufus Raynor was outraged by their early departure. People didn't leave his parties early. But Leslie fibbed nobly.

"Chris has some new ideas for that radio show," she explained. "He wants to work on them tonight."

LESLIE woke promptly at eight. She would prepare a superb breakfast for Chris, and serve it to him in bed. Then she'd make him rest all morning!

She swung her long slender legs out of bed, glancing eagerly across the room. Darn it! Chris was already up.

She slipped on a blue flannel robe and slippers, and padded to the screened windows which overlooked the garden. Each April, she and Chris moved to the sleeping porch. Leslie stood still a moment, listening to the noisy birds, conscious of the perfect morning. Then she padded out to the central hall.

"Chris!" she called. "Christopher Francis Buell! Where the heck are you?"

Not a sound in the house. She went into the living room, and there was his note on the desk:

> I've got to work at the office this morning. I'll ring you at four. Perhaps we can have dinner in town. Be good, sweetie.

She hurried out to the sunny kitchen. The so and so! He'd gone off without breakfast!

The day stretched bleakly before her. Eight long hours before he'd telephone.

She took a shower, washed her hair and dried it in the sunshine. Finally, dressed in a blue woolen suit, she drove over for lunch to the Spur and Saddle an old tavern on the Post Road where the crowd usually gathered.

As Leslie came in, she looked around the room and saw Monica Tate waving to her.

"Have lunch with me, darling," Monica urged. "A beau stood me up, and I'm a lonely gal!"

Leslie came over to her table. "You're never lonely," she hooted. "You're actually the most self-sufficient female I know!"

Leslie sat down and deposited her brown pigskin bag on an extra chair. "Did you stay late at Rufus' last night?"

"Until the party broke up, which was about four . . . Van Schroeder was taken with you, darling. He thought you were highly intelligent, and he meant it as a compliment. Why did you leave so early?"

"Chris was exhausted. He's been working too hard." Leslie took a sip of water. "Have you heard from Hugh?"

Hugh Tate was Monica's husband. Hugh was sweet. And you couldn't honestly blame him for his upbringing, which was pretty stuffy, or his character, which was exasperatingly gullible. You couldn't blame him either for loving Monica so desperately. But you wondered why Monica, who was absurdly rich in her own right, had married him, just before he was shipped overseas two years ago.

"Hughie's fine," Monica answered. "He had leave recently and went to Paris. I'm afraid it was wasted on him, poor dear!"

THE waiter brought Monica an old-fashioned and took Leslie's order. "Where's Chris today?" Monica asked.

"Working."

"He might as well be overseas, too, for all you see of him," Monica said.

After the waiter had placed Eggs Benedict and a pot of coffee before her, Leslie said, "Living without a man must do extraordinary things to a married woman."

"Leslie, grow up," Monica retorted. "Living alone is simply horrible. Period. Some work hard but a lot play hard, like me—and the motive is essentially the same. We're marking time until our men get back." She added without malice, "You're among the lucky ones—"

That was true. It seemed unbelievable to Leslie that despite Christopher's ability, the Army didn't want him.

At two o'clock, Monica said, "I must run, darling. Van's driving up from New York this afternoon and the Nelsons are dropping in for cocktails. If you have nothing better to do, come back to the house with me."

Monica wasn't alone for a minute if she could help it, Leslie reflected when she accepted Monica's invitation.

The Tate house sat regally on the crest of a rolling hilltop. It was definitely a period piece, high-storied, brown shingled with innumerable bays and cupolas. Monica, inexplicably, enjoyed living in this dated museum.

She led the way now to her bedroom. "What do you think of Van?" she asked.

"He seemed quite nice."

"I'm rather fond of him. I do like self-made men." Monica's emerald eyes were sparkling. "They usually have a ruthless streak."

"Is Van ruthless?"

"I suspect so. Right now, he's trying to borrow some money from me—quite a lot of it—and my lawyers are making a fuss."

They returned downstairs to the large

[*Continued on page 88*]

"Look...even His Highness O.K.'s it!"

ALWAYS DISTINCTIVE — ALWAYS DEPENDABLE

Fieldcrest BLANKETS

So pretty... so soft to touch

The clear color and soft, dense nap of a Fieldcrest Blanket get a big O. K. from the whole family! The grown-ups are just as keen about the comfort and long wear of all blankets with the Fieldcrest label. To meet every need and every purse, there are many kinds of Fieldcrest Blankets —from all-cottons for a little extra cover to all-wools of the most luxurious sort. Stores haven't a lot of them to offer now, but patience in shopping for these blankets is well repaid.

MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY, INC., Manufacturing Division

Makers of Fieldcrest Sheets, Towels, Blankets, Bedspreads - 88 Worth Street, New York 13

Delightful Meals-Mere Minutes Away!

MIRRO-MATIC
PRESSURE PAN

Just name your favorite dish or dinner . . . the MIRRO-MATIC Pressure Pan will cook it astonishingly fast—and cook it so healthfully, too, retaining more and more of the precious vitamins and minerals, as well as the appetite-tempting flavors and colors!

Yes, and *both* cooking and canning were never more simple. With the MIRRO-MATIC Control, you pre-select the correct pressure—5, 10 or 15 lbs., whichever your recipe specifies. When pressure is reached, MIRRO-MATIC Control, illustrated at right, prevents pressure from exceeding pressure you set!

Generously designed, the MIRRO-MATIC Pressure Pan has a full 4-quart capacity, ample for cooking large chickens, meats, other bulky foods—and for pressure-canning three 1-pint jars. And it's positively great for small-quantity cooking, too . . . cooks sliced carrots in a flashing minute and a half! New-type gasket automatically seals and locks cover under operating pressure. Cover opens or closes with a simple slide of the handles. Huskily built to "last a lifetime"—designed for easy cleaning.

Your local house furnishing, hardware and department stores are now accepting orders for future delivery of the new MIRRO-MATIC Pressure Pan: Place your order now! **Only $12.95** (West $13.95).

Write for booklet No. 17 giving detailed information regarding the new MIRRO-MATIC Pressure Pan:

MIRRO
THE FINEST ALUMINUM

ALUMINUM GOODS MANUFACTURING COMPANY · MANITOWOC, WIS.
WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF ALUMINUM COOKING UTENSILS

[*Continued from page 87*]

screened porch and Leslie stretched out on a wicker chaise. A middle-aged maid wheeled in a tea table, which also held a shaker of martinis and a vacuum jug of ice. The Nelsons arrived shortly, a friendly white-haired couple who had just moved into Pine Ridge.

AT THREE o'clock, Van Schroeder arrived in his roadster. He came in, tall and attractive, wearing gray flannel slacks, a blue sports shirt and a yellow cashmere pullover. But when he took off his sunglasses, his eyes were narrowed to slits by pouches under them.

"You look as if the night didn't agree with you," Monica said lightly. "Want an icebag for your head?"

"I've already had it," Van said. He was carrying a lucite box of white gardenias, which he put in her hands. "You're more beautiful than ever, Monica."

"Thanks, darling . . . . Be an angel and take this iced tea over to Leslie."

Van sat down on the footstool beside Leslie. "You left too early last night," he complained. "I didn't have a chance to finish our talk."

"You're not really supposed to talk during a Raynor party," she said lightly. "You're suppose to gape and applaud."

"When I want to applaud Gertie Lancaster, I go to the theater," he said. "Then I save myself the agony of looking at Rufe Raynor."

Leslie sipped her drink. "Are any of your Coffee Houses still open?" she asked.

"The last one was closed a year ago. I've been trying to get into government work in connection with food, but they don't seem to want me. Apparently, they figure I've lost too much dough to be an authority on anything—"

"Are you really so interested in food?" she asked.

"You bet! Mass feeding, like mass auto or plane production, can be a damned profitable venture. I have some new ideas about it. And just as soon as I get the money, I'll put 'em into practice."

Leslie said diffidently, "Of course, I haven't the faintest idea of how a business is run, or how a profitable venture is mapped out. But I'll wager that in the postwar era, somebody's going to make a fortune out of the cafeteria!"

"The cafeteria!" Mr. Nelson interrupted. "Young lady, how do you figure that out?"

"From what my husband calls good horse sense." She leaned forward, her lovely face animated. "Women accustomed to big houses and plenty of servants have adjusted themselves to a simplified life because of the war. Well, lots of them will refuse to go back to a stuffy routine with heavy responsibilities. And there won't be servants—not as we've known them, anyway!"

"I agree with you that many people will continue eating in restaurants," Mrs. Nelson said graciously, "but people of our class certainly won't go to cafeterias!"

"Not in cafeterias as they are today—but if you were to furnish the place like an attractive home, with comfortable tables and chairs and nice napery, with a hot table, and perhaps colored boys to carry the trays for women who won't do it themselves—"

"It's an excellent idea," Van said enthusiastically. "Tell me, Leslie, have you ever been in business?"

"I've had a couple of small jobs. My work didn't amount to much, but I learned a good deal from my father."

Van said, "I'd like to incorporate some of your ideas in my new project. You won't mind?"

"Mind!" she said. "I'd be very flattered!"

Can you make smooth,

Gravy for Roast Meat

¼ c. fat (4 tablespoons)
3 tablespoons flour
2 cups cold stock or water
½ teaspoon salt
Generous dash pepper

Remove roast; pour off fat. Loosen browned particles in roaster. Return ¼ cup fat to roaster. Add flour; blend with fat over low heat to smooth paste. Cook slowly 5 min., stirring. Add stock or water and seasonings; stir till smooth and thickened.

BY SUSAN ADAMS

Remove roast; pour off fat from the roaster and save. Place roaster over low heat. **Using a wooden spoon, scrape to loosen all the browned particles** around sides and bottom of roaster. Return ¼ cup fat to roaster

At quarter of four, Leslie excused herself, "I must get back to the house. Chris is calling at four."

"Leslie," Van Schroeder said eagerly, "why don't you and Chris have dinner with us?"

She hesitated. "I don't know what Chris's plans are—"

"Then why don't you ring him," Monica suggested blithely.

They were both so insistent that Leslie finally put in a call for the Raynor office. A girl's voice answered. Leslie recognized it as belonging to Miss Jurgens, Christopher's secretary.

"Oh, Mrs. Buell—" Miss Jurgens' normally cool voice rose hysterically, "I've been trying to get you for an hour! But the operator said there was no answer—"

The chill started in the region of Leslie's heart and paralyzed her body. "Something's happened to Chris—" she whispered.

"Mr. Buell had some sandwiches sent in for his lunch," Miss Jurgens explained. "I'm afraid it's ptomaine . . . He was all doubled up with pain, so I called a doctor—"

"Doctor Stephenson?"

"Yes. He came right away. He took Mr. Buell to the hospital—"

Leslie closed her eyes. Monica, across the room, said urgently, "What is it, Leslie? What in the world's happened?"

Leslie couldn't answer. Monica took the telephone from her, listened calmly. "Very well," Monica said tersely. "Now what hospital was it? The Roosevelt? Thank you."

She hung up. "Van," she said, "Christopher's been taken ill. I don't think it's very bad, but Leslie has had a shock."

"I must call the hospital—" Leslie said faintly.

"I'll call," Monica answered. "Now, sit down and *relax!*"

Leslie sat down mechanically.

"Leslie," Monica said, "they say at the hospital that Chris is resting. Now, look. Van's going to drive you into town, so don't worry." Monica kissed her tenderly. "When you get there," she told Van, "call me."

NOW, take it easy," Van Schroeder said. He was driving swiftly and surely. "It's probably a slight case of indigestion," he continued.

"Chris wouldn't allow the doctor to take him to the hospital for anything trivial," Leslie said bleakly.

She sat rigidly beside him, mute and wooden, staring at the road ahead.

"Please don't worry," he said gently.

At the hospital, they found Dr. Stephenson in the private pavilion.

"Stephie!" Leslie cried, running to him. "How is he?"

"He'll be OK," Dr. Stephenson answered reassuringly. He had been a friend of Christopher's for many years.

"What's wrong with him, Stephie?"

A nurse marched efficiently down the corridor, stopped to speak to the doctor. When she sailed on, he turned again to Leslie.

"It isn't ptomaine—" he said, gently barring her way as she looked for Chris's room. "No, don't go in now, my dear. I've given him something to sleep."

"But you haven't told me—" she persisted.

"Leslie, just how long is it since Chris was treated for a duodenal ulcer? I was in Europe then, so I didn't see him."

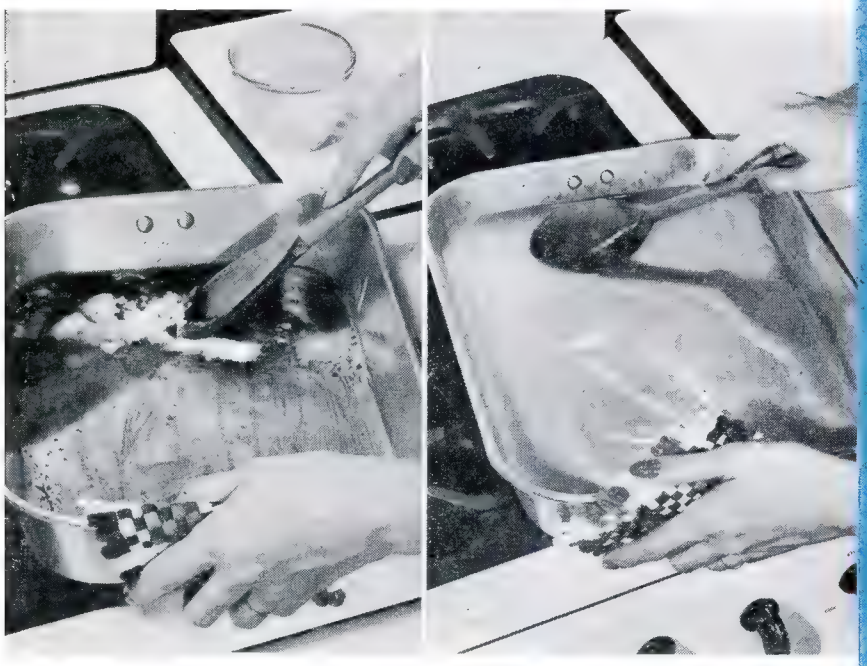
"It happened in his senior year at college. He'd just begun doing some work for Rufus Raynor."

"I'm afraid it's kicked up again," Dr. Stephenson said, adding reflectively, "Chris was always a strange boy. Almost too much drive and guts."

"He's been working awfully hard for years," Leslie said unhappily.

[*Continued on page 92*]

rich meat gravy?

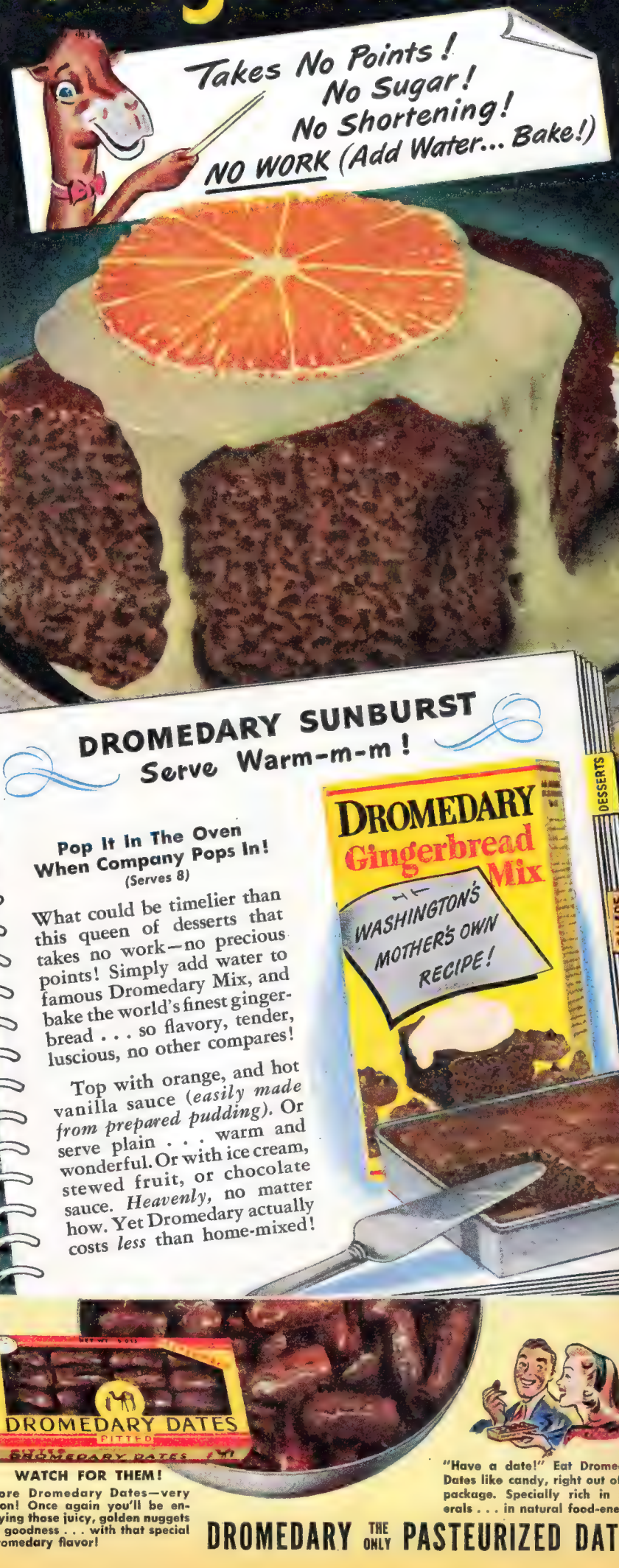


Slowly stir flour into the hot fat. Blend flour and fat over very low heat until it makes a smooth thin paste. Cook slowly, stirring constantly, for about 5 min. Do not let flour scorch, or gravy will not thicken

Add cold stock or water, salt and pepper. Stir mixture constantly until perfectly smooth and slightly thickened. Serve from heated dish. Stock makes richer, tastier gravy than water; may be made from end pieces of meat and bones

Quick and Wonderful— and doubly welcome now!

Dromedary Gingerbread


Takes No Points!
No Sugar!
No Shortening!
NO WORK (Add Water... Bake!)
DROMEDARY SUNBURST
Serve Warm-m-m!
Pop It In The Oven When Company Pops In!
(Serves 8)
What could be timelier than this queen of desserts that takes no work—no precious points! Simply add water to famous Dromedary Mix, and bake the world's finest gingerbread . . . so flavory, tender, luscious, no other compares!
Top with orange, and hot vanilla sauce (*easily made from prepared pudding*). Or serve plain . . . warm and wonderful. Or with ice cream, stewed fruit, or chocolate sauce. *Heavenly,* no matter how. Yet Dromedary actually costs *less* than home-mixed!
DROMEDARY Gingerbread Mix
WASHINGTON'S MOTHER'S OWN RECIPE!
DESSERTS
SALADS
SOUPS
DROMEDARY DATES
PITTED
WATCH FOR THEM!
More Dromedary Dates—very soon! Once again you'll be enjoying those juicy, golden nuggets of goodness . . . with that special Dromedary flavor!
"Have a date!" Eat Dromedary Dates like candy, right out of the package. Specially rich in minerals . . . in natural food-energy!
DROMEDARY THE ONLY PASTEURIZED DATES

This is Anne, aged six. She is in a rage. She has kicked her mother, called her names, thrown Dinah-Doll on the floor, and tried to kick the stuffing out of the best sofa. GEORGE D. STODDARD, Ph. D. and TONI TAYLOR, McCALL'S Child Training Experts, tell you what to do for a...

Temper

A cold kept Anne from school.

She is bored and tired.

She wants a new plaything . . .

. . and spies the big match box.

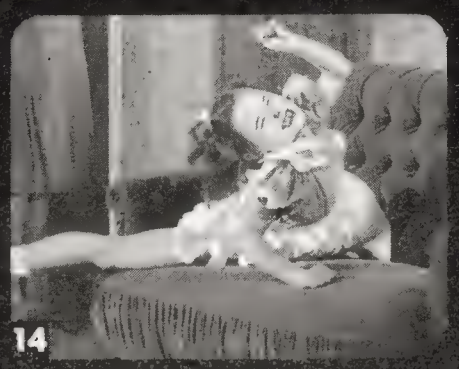
. . . makes such a lovely light?

"Anne," says Mum, "you *know* . . .

. . . matches aren't playthings.

Give them to me."

Give me back my matches!



I hate you—you're mean."

"Anne dear, matches are . . .

. . . dangerous. Take Dinah."

"I'm sorry Anne, I can't . . .

. . . listen till you're quiet."

"You're mean, wicked!

She's gone . . .

Was the mother right to walk out on Anne's screaming?

Yes, for neither Anne nor her mother can cope with the situation until both have calmed down. The child is hysterical and exhausted with rage; the mother is still frightened at the lighted matches and shocked by the violence of Anne's behavior. Both must have time to recuperate from the emotional storm.

Anne's surprise at finding herself alone shows that such treatment is sound; she recovers quickly when there's no audience to play to.

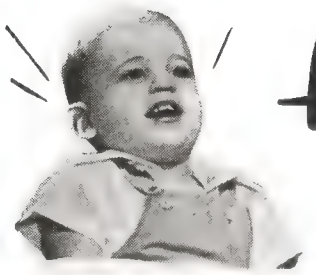
Mother's task is more difficult. To prevent such scenes in the future she must understand what brought this one on. Ordinarily, Anne is a happy-go-lucky little girl who plays well with other children and has no violent likes or dislikes. This tantrum was brought on by a below-par physical condition—

tantrum

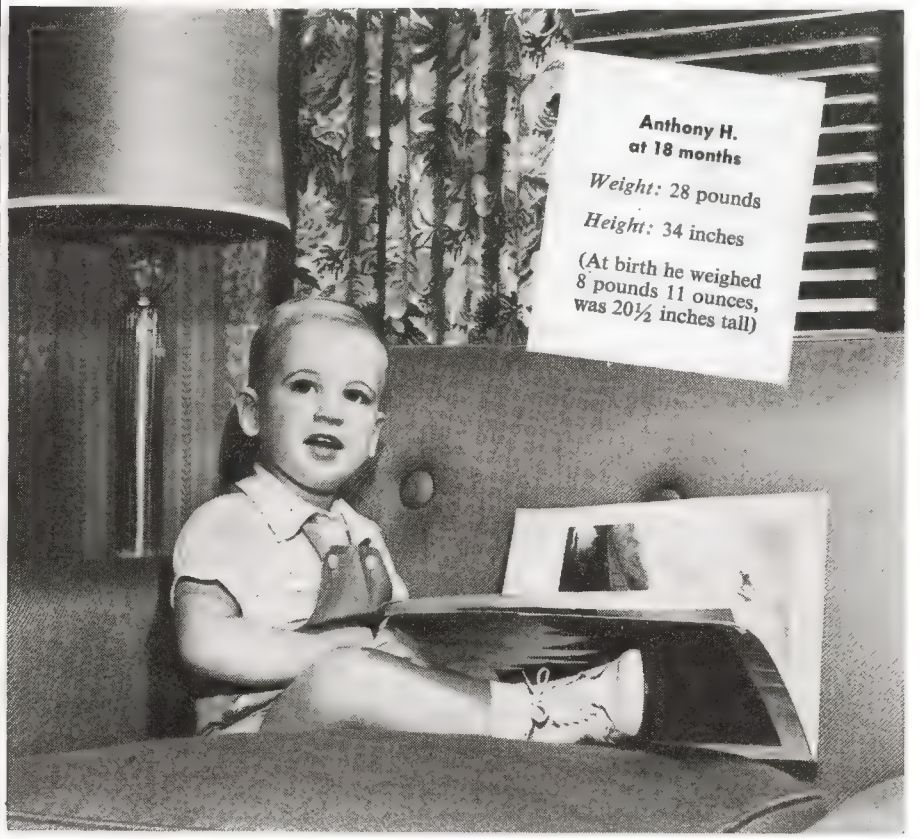
5
It's forbidden, she knows.
6
But what of it when it . . .
11
"I will not, I will not . . .
12
. . . you hateful mean thing
17
"I hate Dinah—I hate you . . .
18
. . . I'LL KILL YOU."
23
It's awfully quiet here . . .
24
. . no one is listening to me."

even a slight cold makes a child feverish and restless. Also Anne was bored; she missed her playmates, and it was natural that she should try to find a new and exciting plaything.

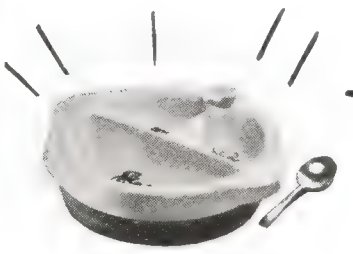
The lighted match frightened Anne's mother into demanding it so abruptly as to turn all the child's accumulated fatigue and boredom into a tantrum of resentment at her mother. If mother had controlled her fear, she might have diverted (*Turn to page 96*)



His father's a Doctor—



● **Anthony H.** has a doctor* for a father—so he's being brought up with scientific care! Look at his picture and see what a healthy, happy little boy he is.



His cereal is CLAPP'S!

Why so many doctors feed their babies Clapp's Baby Cereals

—because in addition to fine whole grains, these special cereals provide extra food elements such as dry skim milk, wheat germ, and brewers' yeast.

—because every spoonful of Clapp's Instant Cereal gives a baby—

3 times as much iron as unfortified home-cooked cereals.

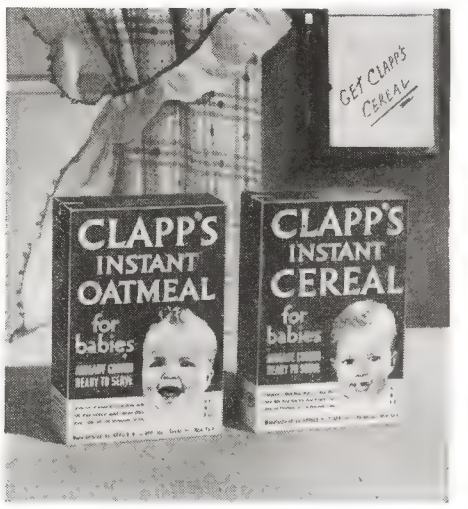
2½ times as much vitamin B_1 as unfortified home-cooked cereals.

—because every ounce of Clapp's Instant Cereal provides:

Vitamin B—100 U.S.P. units
Vitamin G—0.18 mg.
Iron—6 mg.
Calcium—96 mg.

—because the texture of Clapp's Baby Cereals is fine but definite.

—and because preparation is so simple.



No cooking needed. You just add milk or formula right in the serving dish. Try Clapp's Instant Cereal or Clapp's Instant Oatmeal today.

*Name on file at CLAPP'S BABY FOOD DIVISION, American Home Foods, Inc.

Ask your Doctor!

My husband is a scientist and he says food bakes faster in Pyrex ware and you save fuel because glass transmits radiant oven heat. (It must taste better, too, because he always eats his plate clean!)
Notes from PYREX WARE FANS!
Thank you-thank you for dreaming up the double-duty Pyrex casserole. I use it almost every day either as a covered casserole, an open baking dish, or a pie plate. It's a real find!
You ought to tell people in your ads how easy it is to wash Pyrex ware! Even sticky foods wash clean in a jiffy. Like magic!
NOTE TO YOU from PYREX WARE!
ONE OF THE NICEST THINGS about Pyrex ware is that you can use every dish so many ways. The Double-Duty Casserole above can be used with cover for stews, baked beans; as an open baker for chicken pie, scalloped vegetables; cover alone makes pie plate or shallow baker. The handiest utensil in your kitchen! Three sizes. Two quart size . . . . . only 75¢
JUST REMEMBER to look for the familiar orange Pyrex ware label and the circular trade-mark pressed in the bottom of every Pyrex dish.
PYREX BRAND OVEN WARE for better and faster baking
CORNING GLASS WORKS Corning, N.Y., U.S.A.
PRESSED IN GLASS
"PYREX" IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK OF CORNING GLASS WORKS, CORNING, N. Y.

[*Continued from page 89*]

"Yes, too hard. No relaxation, not enough sleep or time off for decent food. I'm afraid, Leslie, he's done a superior job of wrecking his body!"

Leslie listened to his words, and all the terrible sickening self-accusation was reflected in her pallid face. "Stephie, I feel so awful," she said. "Even though he never complained, I should have made him ease up."

"It isn't your fault, my dear. He couldn't stop himself if he wanted to. I'm afraid this breakdown was inevitable."

"Stephie, may I look in on him, just for a second?"

Dr. Stephenson opened the door and Leslie paused on the threshold, breathless. That was Chris, lying on the hospital bed, his eyes closed. It was Chris, but somehow, she couldn't believe it.

"He'll be awake in a couple of hours," Dr. Stephenson said. "Why don't you come back then?"

"Is he in pain?"

"He was. But pain is the simplest part of it; we can ease the pain. We'll have X rays taken and then we'll see—"

Leslie judged from his manner that he wasn't as calm as he wanted her to believe. He seemed definitely worried.

That night, Leslie stayed in town. Chris was under opiates, and drowsy most of the time. She sat at his bedside, outwardly composed and reassuring, but stirred emotionally with a sense of tenderness and prayer so powerful that she was convinced it would aid in his recovery . . . Occasionally, he looked up, his eyes empty.

"Chris," she whispered, "what a scare you gave me, my darling—"

Tuesday some of the pain seemed to go, and Leslie left the hospital greatly encouraged. But when she returned Wednesday morning, she found him sitting up in bed. He was holding the telephone and he was talking with much of his normal dynamic vigor.

Leslie stood over him, her lovely face set sternly. "How did you get that phone?" she demanded, after he hung up. "Doctor Stephenson ordered it to be taken out!"

"Sheer personality!" he said exuberantly.

She leaned down and kissed him. "How's the tummy?"

"Wonderful. Not an ache or pain!"

"You're a cheerful liar."

"Cross my heart—" He caught her hand and kissed the palm.

"Darling," she said, "don't ever do this to us again. Nothing's worth it. Not all the success in the world—"

He grinned ruefully, "I didn't exactly relish the idea of having a hand grenade go off in my stomach—even when it was merely a Swiss on rye."

"Then you mustn't let it happen again," she pleaded.

"I won't," he promised casually. "What time is it? I wonder if it's too early to call Rufus?"

Leslie said severely, "You're not supposed to be worrying about business now. I'll tell Stephie!"

"Stephie knows."

At noon, Leslie mentioned Christopher's activities to the doctor.

"The only other thing we can do," Stephenson said resignedly, "is to put him in a strait jacket . . ."

FRIDAY she went into town determined to have a serious talk with Chris. She telephoned Sean Moran from Grand Central. "I'm not going to let Chris work so hard any more—" she said determinedly.

Sean hooted. "Baby, you've been married to him five years. You should know him by now."

She *did* know him. But she wasn't discouraged. In her marriage she had loved Chris passionately, admired him, was proud of him. But she had never felt so fiercely maternal and protective as now, and she was convinced that she could influence him.

After talking to Sean, she bought a bunch of daffodils from a flower vendor and went on to the hospital.

Christopher was sitting up in a chair, dictating to his secretary, Miss Jurgens, who sat opposite him. She was a small girl, with sloping shoulders and broad hips. Her sallow face was dominated by enormous liquid dark eyes and controlled by a tight, wary mouth.

Chris looked up cheerfully. "What have you brought me, sweetie? Flowers? Now, that's what I call a right thoughtful wife!"

Leslie leaned down and kissed him. "Christopher Francis, what're you feeling so smug about?"

"That radio series is going to be all right, my love. Rufus *is* good—you can't take it away from him!"

HE FINISHED dictation and Miss Jurgens left. When Dr. Stephenson arrived shortly, he looked over Christopher's chart. "Well, how's the ad genius today?"

"Blooming," Chris retorted.

"I see that you didn't sleep much last night," Dr. Stephenson said mildly.

"Oh, I'll catch up on sleep at home," Chris answered cheerily. "Tomorrow night, I'll get my full quota."

"Will you, now?" Dr. Stephenson's sandy brows lifted in amusement. "What's your hurry, boy?"

"It's this way, Stephie. Leslie's scared to sleep alone."

Dr. Stephenson's perturbed glance returned to the chart. "Beautiful weather," he said vaguely, "and May is almost here. I've always enjoyed a vacation in May. Nice to watch the earth repeat its rhythm. Gives you considerable solace."

"*Quit it!*" Chris cried harshly. "If you have something to tell me, out with it! I can't stand fancy trimmings!"

Leslie turned to Stephenson in mute and significant appeal . . . Soften it, Stephie. He can't take a tough deal—not now . . .

But the doctor knew better than Leslie the extent of Chris's resilience. "Chris," he said bluntly, "you've been working and living under high tension too long. All that pressure from Rufus Raynor, all the irregular eating and drinking to keep going—your body can't take it any more."

Chris listened with his ears, but his mind didn't register. His mind refused to accept this blinding announcement. He glanced down at the papers on his lap. Then his glance turned to Leslie, and there was something infinitely boyish and pitiful in his look.

Dr. Stephenson walked over to the window. "You need a rest, Chris. You *must* have it!"

Something in his voice warned both Chris and Leslie that it was no fooling this time.

"Raynor'll raise hell. But I suppose I could manage another week—" Chris admitted grudgingly.

"At home? You don't honestly believe you could rest at home? With Raynor and his office on your neck."

"How about a trip?" Leslie suggested. "Though I don't suppose it'd be worthwhile for merely a week."

"It'll have to be longer than a week," the doctor said gently.

Fortunately, the nurse came in with Chris's lunch then and Dr. Stephenson excused himself. Before Chris could blow up, however, Sean Moran opened the door.

Chris turned to him eagerly, instantly forgetful of Stephenson's verdict. "Sean, did you hear that serial this morning? How did it sound?"

"Magnificent," Sean said wrily. "At last we're kings of the soap opera field!"

"Is Rufus pleased?"

[*Continued on page 94*]

MAYTAG'S MAKING WASHERS AGAIN!

The handsome New Maytag "Post-War" models give you these washing advantages:

1—Maytag's gyrafoam action—gentle, effective—saves clothes, saves time.

2—Maytag's damp drier—safe, speedy, and fingertip controlled.

3—Maytag's sediment zone—traps dirt from the water—clothes wash cleaner.

4—Maytag's one-piece square cast aluminum tub—big capacity, superior washing action, long life.

5—New quality, efficiency, ruggedness.

Plus many important new-day improvements

And we can assure you that your New "Post-War" Maytags will live up to the Maytag tradition in dependability and washing-ability.

But please don't expect to get one right away. Remember 6,000,000 women are waiting to buy new washers and our production is limited. Remember, too, that *a Maytag is worth waiting for!*

After all these strenuous years of war production, we're now getting back into our stride making the handsome new Post-War Maytags we promised you, the finest we've ever built.

However, be assured we are bending every effort to get these new Maytags into your dealer's hands as fast as possible.

Even so, you're probably going to have to wait. In the meantime, to make sure you get your new Maytag the very minute it is available, see your Maytag dealer at once.*

*If you don't know your Maytag dealer, write the Maytag Company, Newton, Iowa.

Journey's Beginning!

Just too darned good to believe! Home again in the old room with the pink-rosebud wallpaper and the bright patchwork quilt —and Mom spoiling a fellow all to pieces, with breakfast in bed.

Journey's end? Not on your life! Whether he's home for that precious thirty-day furlough—or home for keeps, with Victory behind him—this is *journey's beginning* for Jim and millions like him.

It's *journey's beginning* because his life, from here in, will have a lot to do with travel—travel by highway—much of it in buses like the big Greyhound that brought him all the way from the Army center and dropped him off less than a block from his own front porch last night.

In the language of transportation, this is the grandest *Stop-over* of all. It was made easier, quicker and more pleasant by that blue-and-white bus. And many of Jim's future trips —to secure congenial post-war employment, to renew friendship with his wartime buddies, to enjoy the Land he fought for—will be made in the finer, faster, more luxurious Greyhound coaches of tomorrow.

Here's to that Day—and to the American fighting men who have made it possible.

GREYHOUND

[*Continued from page 92*]

"Rufus is too busy sulking to talk. He's convinced your illness is aimed smack at him. Besides, he's had a fight with the head bookkeeper, and he's hired a blond cupcake for a receptionist who doesn't get a single name straight—"

"So I'm indispensable!" Chris grinned.

"Absolutely. Come home, boy, all is forgiven."

"Chris," Leslie said, "your lunch is getting cold."

Chris made a face. "Coddled egg, baked potato, milk—I'm not hungry."

"While you lap up that pap," Sean said, "I'm going to buy Leslie a hamburger. OK by you, Chris?"

"OK by me." But as they started to the door, he called, "Leslie! Find Stephie, will you? He didn't say when I could go home!"

Fifteen minutes later, Leslie came out of the doctor's office. Sean was waiting at the nurse's desk. She said mechanically, "Well, Chris is going home tomorrow."

Sean got in step with her and they walked down the long, still corridor. "OK, baby," Sean said, "give."

Her eyes stung. She said in quiet despair, "Stephie says that Chris must have a long rest. At least two months!"

"He'll be OK," Sean said reassuringly. "Chris can fight!"

"I know *that!* But can he rest? How can I persuade him to rest? A vacation to Chris is the equivalent of a life sentence in a concentration camp!"

"Don't be so sure," Sean said suddenly. "I have an idea that may work. Remember that old shack of mine up in Vermont, where we used to hunt and fish—"

IT WAS an exhausting job, just getting Chris home from the hospital. Originally, he'd been determined to stay in town over the weekend so he could have a conference with Rufus Raynor.

"Nothing doing!" Dr. Stephenson said curtly. "You're going directly to Pine Ridge."

Nevertheless, before he left the hospital, Chris did call Raynor.

Before he had an opportunity to explain his future, Rufus pounced on him. "You haven't finished the campaign!" he shrieked. "Zack Sauter's called me every day this week, and every day I've had to stall! You don't seem to care what's happening here—"

Leslie was outraged at this behavior. But Chris said carelessly, "It's just his way, you know. He loves scenes—"

Miss Jurgens came in with his mail. She gave him a resumé of business, took dictation, and left in her mousy unobtrusive way, saying politely, "Get a good rest, Mr. Buell. I'll do my best to carry on until you get back."

When she had gone, Leslie said reflectively, "There's something about Miss Jurgens that gives me the willies. She's just too meek and unobtrusive. It gives you the feeling that she really isn't like that at heart."

"She's a good secretary. She knows everything that goes on, and I can depend on her," Chris said. "I guess she's had a tough life. Her husband's overseas, and I understand his mother gets his entire allotment. So Jurgens lives on what she earns—"

Monday, Chris slept late, under the influence of sedatives. When he awakened, he wasn't at all refreshed. He was reconciled now to his trip to Vermont, though it had taken all of Sean's and Leslie's tact to do the trick. Now he was fretting over Raynor's reaction.

"I can't just walk out," he said. "There are papers in the office I need—"

"Very well," Leslie said, "I'll pick 'em up for you, and see Rufus at the same time."

She met Sean for lunch. He sat beside her in the restaurant, his impeccably tailored gray suit as rumpled as if he'd slept in it, his heavy face flushed. I was optimistic about Chris's vacation

"Once he gets up there, he'll enjoy i He can try out my new fishing rod. I've never used it myself."

"If it weren't for you, Sean, I doubt if Chris would consent to leave."

"The trouble with fighters, Leslie, is that they often knock themselves out in the process of licking the world." He laid his heavy freckled hand on hers. "He will make out all right, eventually . . ."

She was comforted and reassured by his blunt masculine attitude, and when they ascended to Rufus Raynor's office, she felt considerably calmer.

RUFUS himself had just returned from lunch. He was perched at his bleached oak desk, checking through glossy prints of his new radio production.

"Oh, Leslie—" With an effort, he pushed back his chair and marched toward her, spidery thin in his dark suit and gleaming white shirt. His smile was diffident, his manner pleasant and benevolent. "How are you, my dear? Do sit down. You seem a little peaked. Will you have a glass of sherry?"

"Yes, thanks," she said, knowing it would please him.

Sean Moran strolled over to the window, looking out at the terraces below. He figured he'd better stick around. A girl like Leslie couldn't cope with the complexities of Rufus Raynor.

"Rufus—" Leslie said, cautiously feeling her way. "It's been three years since Christopher's had a vacation. He's pretty run down now, and he needs a rest badly."

Mr. Raynor took off his glasses. His fish-gray eyes blinked irritably.

"Very well," he said magnanimously, "let him stay home until Friday. That should be ample!"

"But it isn't possible!" Leslie burst out rashly. "Chris has been frightfully ill! He's exhausted—"

Rufus put on his glasses, adjusted them carefully over his small nose. "*He's* exhausted! So are we all! Don't you think *I* get tired these horrible days? Don't you think *I* suffer from indigestion and sleepless nights? Don't you think *my* doctor has warned me to slow up?" He warmed to his subject, like an evangelist in the throes of a religious frenzy. "But there's a war on! And we must not shirk, my dear—"

Leslie closed her eyes. It was no use . . .

"Cut out the baloney—" Sean Moran interrupted angrily, wheeling around to face his boss. "Don't blame it on the war, Rufus! Come to think of it, you've had as many assistants in your lifetime as a sultan has wives! Able men, all of 'em, but they couldn't stand the gaff. And now Chris has developed an ulcer. But Chris is indispensable to you—"

"A man is indispensable," Rufus replied with icy, sadistic anger, "only when he's in complete possession of his health, and able to turn out the work he's paid for!"

"Chris'll come back to do it," Leslie interrupted earnestly, "if only you give him a break."

"But I need him *now*. How can I manage without him?"

"I'll take on some of Chris's duties," Sean said quickly, "and Jurgens, his secretary, knows all the routine stuff. I promise you that we'll manage until he returns."

When Sean finally escorted Leslie to the elevator, she said weakly, "Gosh, I don't know how I'd have managed without you—"

"It's all right now. Don't worry." He hesitated, "How are you fixed for money, Leslie?"

"We'll manage nicely," she said, thanking him.

During the past week, Leslie had

[*Continued on page 97*]

Here's the Big News about New

Static-Free F-M Radio

(F-M . . . "Frequency Modulation"— sensational new method of radio broadcasting)

1.

Not even thunderstorms...or other natural static will mar a Zenith F-M radio's life-like tone. No popping or crackling to annoy you, because all static or interference will be virtually abolished. And only a Zenith will have a new way to increase listening range.

2.

Smooth as satin tonal realism will be a feature of Zenith F-M radios. You'll hear music and voices against a backdrop of velvety silence. No electrical noises, no distorted sounds . . . just pure, uninterrupted listening pleasure. When you hear it you'll agree it has the "touch of genius."

3.

Genuine F-M . . . not imitation . . . Zenith collaborated with the originator in bringing F-M to its present peak of perfection. Through long experience in operating its own 50,000 watt F-M station, and through important new Radionic developments, Zenith will have F-M radios with the touch of genius.

4.

No overlapping or fading stations with genuine Zenith F-M. It will be as superior as a sharp photograph is to an out-of-focus snapshot. Each F-M station will tune in with razor-sharp precision and stay on the beam until you turn the dial.

5.

Records come alive! First, Zenith's new way to reproduce record music ends all needle-noise, scratch and rattle. Then, the music goes through the static-free F-M radio circuit. The result—all the hidden beauty never heard in records before, plus the tonal realism of F-M.

Naturally a leader in F-M because Zenith Concentrates on

RADIONICS EXCLUSIVELY

Following the discovery of F-M (Frequency Modulation), Zenith joined with the originators in its development. In fact, Zenith's 30 years of concentration on Radionics Exclusively has played a vital part in bringing genuine F-M to its present perfection.

This vast reservoir of experience in Radionics—*the science of radio waves* has led to amazing achievements in manufacturing F-M devices for the armed forces. And all Zenith's wartime discoveries will be incorporated in the coming new Zenith F-M Radios and Radio-Phonographs.

When you see and hear them, you'll know instantly that there's a "touch of genius" in everything Zenith does.

BUY VICTORY BONDS— BETTER THAN CASH

For the Best in Radio Keep Your Eye on Zenith

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A Harvest for Breakfast

YOU REAP MORE than a harvest of wonderful flavor when you serve Kellogg's Corn Flakes for breakfast. A harvest of important *food value,* too.

For, through the skill of the folks at Battle Creek, every crisp golden flake is restored with important whole-grain food elements declared essential to human nutrition, in accordance with the U. S. nutrition program.

Yes, Kellogg's Corn Flakes is a breakfast cereal you'll find not only wonderful to eat, but important, too, as a *food.* Serve this delicious cereal for breakfast, tomorrow. The whole family will love it.

• • •

For variety, and to suit the taste of everyone at your breakfast table, serve all the famous Kellogg cereals—Corn Flakes, Rice Krispies, Krumbles, Pep, All-Bran, Shredded Wheat, 40% Bran Flakes, and Raisin 40% Bran Flakes. All good to eat. All good for you.

"The Grains are Great Foods"—

W. K. Kellogg

Temper tantrum

[*Continued from page 90*]

Anne's attention and avoided the emotional storm.

Later, when Anne is quiet and comfortable, Mother can explain her own concern to the child, and can make Anne understand what caused her rage. It is important that mutual understanding between mother and child be restored.

Some Tantrums Are Habitual

Some children have frequently recurring temper tantrums which cannot be ascribed, as Anne's could, to external causes. Because the reason for these tantrums is not apparent, they are often especially frightening and upsetting. The very violence of his temper isolates the child from the people about him, and unless the cause is found and eliminated, his relationships inside and outside the family are endangered. If your child has habitual temper tantrums, they are a symptom of some basic frustration.

Some Causes of Habitual Tantrums

He may feel a lack of parental affection. You may have been so preoccupied that you have not taken time to *show* your child that you love him, enjoy being with him, that his happiness is important to you. A child cannot take affection for granted, he must have proof of it.

Make times when you share his interests and give him your whole attention.

You may be holding him up to a standard he cannot attain. Naturally you are ambitious for your child, but you may be pushing him too hard. The strain of living up to your expectations may cause him to find relief from tension in tantrums.

Let up on some of your requirements. Perhaps music lessons should be discontinued if they leave him too little time for relaxation. If he has too much homework, talk it over with his teachers.

See to it that he has sufficient time to "do nothing" if he likes and, more important, let him feel that you approve of this. Plan good times with him so that he does not associate you only with serious matters. He will make greater progress when he feels secure in your approval.

He may be jealous of a brother or sister. A common cause of temper tantrums lies in the jealousy of one child in a family for another. If your youngster, for instance, feels that the new baby gets your attention to his own exclusion, he may try to recapture your interest with a violent temper—often directed at the baby. Sharing the baby is the best answer.

Similarly, if a brother or sister is held up as an example to a child not as attractive or as able, that child may try to compete by getting the unfavorable attention tantrums win for him.

Whatever causes the tantrum, its cure is never punishment. Violence breeds violence, and physical punishment during or after such an outburst only increases the likelihood of its recurrence.

The cure lies rather in understanding and eliminating the cause. Your child needs to feel sure of your affection and to be so relaxed with you that he neither fears your disapproval nor has to struggle for normal attention from you.

If violent temper persists beyond your own best efforts to understand it, the help of a psychiatrist is indicated.

MY, HOW DO YOU GET YOUR WASH SO SNOWY-WHITE!
IT'S EASY, I USE CLOROX!
MILLIONS of women have adopted the Clorox-way to whiter, brighter washes...sanitary washes. They depend on Clorox, for Clorox bleaches extra-gently, it brings out the snowy-white beauty of white cottons and linens (brightens fast colors), reduces rubbing ... conserving fabrics. Clorox also disinfects efficiently, deodorizes, removes stains, scorch, mildew. Use Clorox for a lovelier, more sanitary wash, and for making kitchen and bathroom "danger zones" hygienically clean. Simply follow directions on the label.
AMERICA'S FAVORITE BLEACH AND HOUSEHOLD DISINFECTANT
CLOROX
FREE FROM CAUSTIC
Disinfects
DEODORIZES BLEACHES
REMOVES STAINS
When it's CLOROX-CLEAN... it's Hygienically Clean!

CLEANS THOROUGHLY

WRIGHT'S cleans efficiently and completely. It quickly removes spots, stains and tarnish from choice silver. Keeps silverware immaculate.

America's Largest Selling Silver Cleaner

What product greatly simplifies the making of really good tasty brown gravy? Answer

GRAVY MASTER

Just try it and see!

KVP Shelf paper

PARCHMENT · KALAMAZOO 99 · MICHIGAN

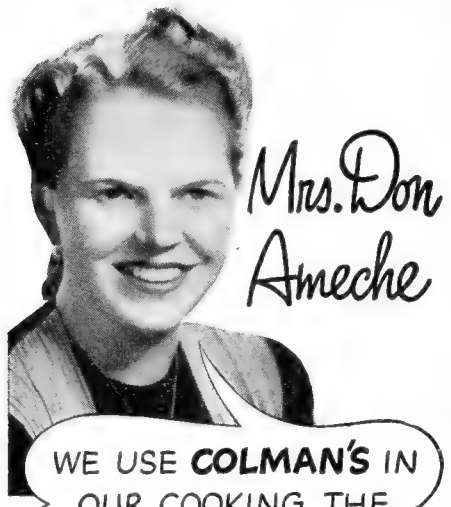
"Acid-Moisture" makes cheerful babies tearful!

Z.B.T. resists "acid-moisture"—it's the only baby powder made with Olive Oil

Any baby is cross when his skin is chafed and irritated by "acid-moisture." So protect him from rubbing and chafing—use Z.B.T. Baby Powder—made with olive oil. Z.B.T. (1) resists "acid-moisture" better. (2) Helps make clothes slide, not stick.

MAKE THIS TEST! Smooth Z.B.T. on your hand. Sprinkle water on it. Watch how Z.B.T. with olive oil resists moisture—keeps skin dry. Compare with other powders.

Z.B.T.
BABY POWDER
MADE WITH OLIVE OIL



Mrs. Ameche's delicious "Colman's Broil"

Blend 2 tbsps. Colman's (dry) Mustard with 1 tbsp. lemon juice till smooth. Then slowly stir in 2 tbsps. melted butter or margarine and mix till smooth. Broil hamburger on one side till half cooked, then turn and spread unbroiled side of meat with mustard sauce. Then complete broiling. (Minute steak, ham slice, lamb chops also superb cooked with this sauce.)

Free Recipe Booklet—

Atlantis Sales Corp.,
Sole Distributor, 3618 Mustard St., Rochester 9, N.Y. Please send me 12 new Colman's recipes.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

[*Continued from page 94*]

paid all the bills that had accumulated during the month. Now she wasn't so sure, though she did not want to mention it to Sean. Money had never been a problem. Chris was earning six thousand a year when they married, and during the next five years, he had reached ten thousand.

They had lived easily and graciously, and she'd put away some money, too. Enough to make a five-thousand dollar down payment on the Pine Ridge house. There was still a thirteen thousand dollar mortgage, which the village bank carried, and the furnishings—the modern woods, the grand piano, silver, linens—had taken a considerable sum. So they had saved practically nothing since . . .

ON THE morning they were to leave for Vermont, Chris was moody and irritable. Leslie was in the living room removing the gay turquoise ash trays from the tables and the white pots of ivy from the mantel when Chris came in dressed for the journey. He looked around the room blankly, as if something were wrong, but he couldn't quite figure out what it was.

Then he said, "Why have you stripped the room? We aren't going away for long—"

Fortunately Monica Tate and Van Schroeder arrived then to drive them to the station.

"Leslie," Van said, "is there anything I can do for you while you're away?"

She shook her head, saying he had been sweet and considerate enough already.

Chris and Leslie reached Wakefield at nine that evening. It was too late to cross the lake to camp, so they put up at the village hotel for the night.

At ten the following morning, Fred Brown, who ran the general store, arrived to take them by motorboat to Sean's camp.

It was an incredible morning, the sun shining like a golden beam through the cloudless pure blue sky. The tall pine and spruce made a high, jagged blue-black backdrop for the green-blue of the water. The spray enveloped them in a rainbow mist and saturated their faces with a fine, stinging drizzle.

At last, the motorboat reached a small pier, almost hidden in the underbrush skirting the shore. Chris helped Leslie to the damp slippery dock.

"I'll be over in the morning with the mail," Brown said, as he headed back to Wakefield.

They went single file up the narrow vine-tangled path to the cabin—small and primitive, fashioned of stained logs, with a narrow railed veranda bearding its front.

Chris opened the rusty lock and they stepped into the murky room, thick with dust, veined with cobwebs.

"The first thing we do is build a fire," Leslie said briskly. "Then I'll start cleaning . . ."

It was afternoon by the time Leslie was satisfied with the results. She was filthy, her dungarees stained with soapsuds and scouring powder, her skin smudged—but the cabin was immaculate.

Chris came in with fresh logs. They washed in basins and while he rested, Leslie fixed a supper of scrambled eggs and bacon and served it on a small table before the fireplace. There was a magnificent glow in the sky and they sat outdoors, afterward, watching the sun take its final bow for the day.

"Chris—" she turned to him, "don't you feel that you could be happy here?"

Chris bowed mockingly in the direction of the dark woods. "St. Helena, meet your new paying guest."

It wasn't funny.

The following days were busy for Leslie. Giving some variety to Christopher's restricted diet took much of

[*Continued on page 98*]

From America's farms

delicate natural flavor!

IT'S WINNING NEW FRIENDS DAILY because it tastes so good! Yes, women everywhere are switching to Allsweet, the margarine with the delicate *natural* flavor . . . from cultured pasteurized skim milk. Allsweet is a product of America's own farms, made from choice food oils blended by an exclusive process with all the cultured skim milk they can properly absorb. There's nothing artificial about the Allsweet flavor. You'll love its *natural* delicacy.

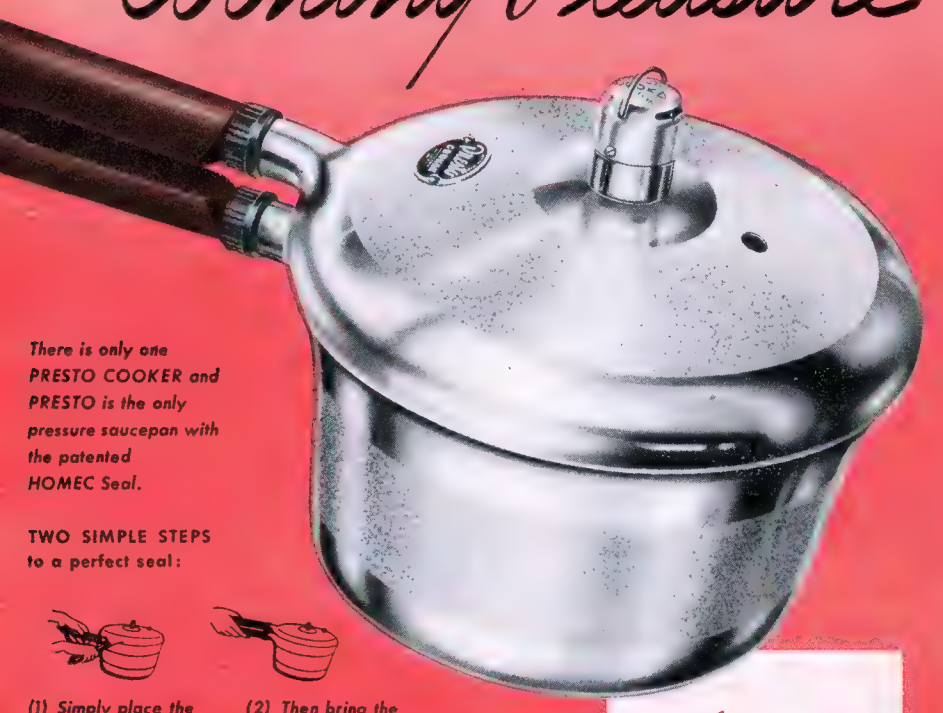
FOR GOOD NUTRITION Allsweet is fortified with Vitamin A. *Winter as well as summer* it's a *reliable* source of this nutritional essential. And it's rich in food energy. Allsweet is so popular, dealers sometimes are sold out. But always *ask* for Allsweet *first*.

EASIEST TO COLOR! Allsweet comes to you white. To tint it yellow, Swift provides with each pound an *exclusive easier-opening packet* of pure coloring.

Allsweet
The "Guest-Quality" Margarine

Your first duty to your country: BUY WAR BONDS

"Presto"
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
IS THE WORD FOR
Cooking Pleasure*



There is only one PRESTO COOKER and PRESTO is the only pressure saucepan with the patented HOMEC Seal.

TWO SIMPLE STEPS to a perfect seal:

(1) Simply place the cover on the cooker. (2) Then bring the handles together.

Amazing PRESTO Cooking Speed Cuts Cooking Time From Hours to Minutes . . .

For example:

Asparagus, Peas, Spinach, 1 to 2 minutes; Cauliflower, Carrots, String Beans, 2 to 3 minutes; Beef Pot Roast, (4-Pound) 35 minutes; Fried Chicken, 10 to 15 minutes; Tomato Soup, Onion Soup, 1 minute; Cereals, 3 minutes; Apple Betty, 15 minutes.

Every modern homemaker wants more nourishing, more appetizing foods, more quickly prepared for her family. You get all of this when you use a PRESTO COOKER . . . the most remarkable cooking utensil ever invented.

PRESTO Cooked vegetables retain more of their natural vitamin and mineral content, garden-fresh colors and food flavors. Meats, poultry and game are ready to serve, deliciously tender, in a surprisingly short time. Soups and desserts excite the most listless appetites, creating an irresistible desire for complete meals.

PRESTO COOKERS are beautiful in design; cast of special, easy-to-clean SIMALLOY . . . The exclusive HOMEC Seal and the clever indicator weight are two of many reasons why the PRESTO COOKER, "YOUR BEST KITCHEN HELPER," is so easy to use.

FREE Booklet! Write PRESTO, Dept. P104, Eau Claire, Wis.

To get your Presto COOKER Sooner, See Your Dealer NOW

PRESTO COOKERS are sold wherever quality housewares are available. Regular shipments of these wonder-working utensils are now being made. However, the tremendous demand for them exceeds the immediate supply. All requests are filled by dealers in the order in which they are received. So, see your dealer now, to get your PRESTO COOKER with the least possible delay.

Presto Cookers are made by the World's Largest Manufacturers of Pressure Cooking and Canning Utensils

NATIONAL Presto* COOKER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

NATIONAL PRESSURE COOKER COMPANY, Eau Claire, Wisconsin
(Canadian Factory: Wallaceburg, Ontario)

National PRESSURE COOKERS

The U. S. Dept. of Agriculture and leading food authorities say pressure cooking is the ONLY safe method for preserving non-acid foods. Use the scientifically designed, perfectly-constructed NATIONAL PRESSURE COOKER for home canning and for cooking, too. Free Booklet! Write National, Dept. N104, Eau Claire, Wis.

[*Continued from page 97*]

her morning hours. And then she had to see that he was kept occupied, so he would have little time for boredom or brooding. He fished, he spent a good deal of time paddling the canoe up the lake, he walked through the woods. By evening, his body would crumple with healthy, normal fatigue, but his mind wouldn't relax.

Each night, he sat sipping the milk he loathed, playing solitaire or drumming his fingers nervously against the arms of the old Morris chair.

"We've been here a whole week," he finally burst out. "Just how long are we doomed to this forsaken place?"

Leslie moved over and sat down on the arm of his chair. "Forever, darling! A month, maybe."

"I'd go completely nuts in a month!"

TO HER relief, the second week went easier. Despite his unwillingness to accept the good sun, Christopher's pallid skin reddened and then darkened to bronze; his body grew stronger and erect; his capacity for accepting the simple earthy routine deepened. He was sleeping better.

By the end of the week, however, Chris was making plans for going home. "The rest *did* do me good," he admitted grudgingly. "It gave me a chance to cook up some new ideas for Epicure, too." He added, "I suppose Brown had better close this place Saturday."

This was the moment! This was the time to tell him he couldn't leave now, that if he did he'd undo all the good—

"Not this weekend," she objected, "Sean's coming."

"OK. Then we'll go back Sunday night with him."

Sean arrived Saturday morning, with a bottle of Scotch, the newest book on seventeenth century literature, and a scorching account of the recent activities of Rufus Raynor Associates.

Leslie prepared an excellent omelette for lunch; afterward, they went fishing, and in the evening, they rowed over to Wakefield for the church supper and square dance. Then, filled with good chicken potpie and fragrant coffee, they returned to the cabin and sat on the veranda.

"The new radio show's picked up a decent Crossley rating," Sean said, "and Rufus is puffed higher than a featherbed."

Chris rubbed the back of Leslie's neck with his fingers. He seemed more relaxed tonight than he had been in years.

"Sean," he said, "I'm going back with you tomorrow night."

Sean swatted a mosquito with his palm. "You'd better stick around a while longer," he said casually. "Doctor's orders, you know."

"Stephie suggested that you take at least six weeks—" Leslie said, the words stumbling over themselves.

"Six weeks!" Chris exclaimed. "Did he tell you *six weeks?*"

"Yes—"

He got up, taut with fury. "Then why'd you string me along? Why didn't you come right out with it, instead of stringing me along—"

"It was for your good, Chris," Leslie said. "You were quite ill—"

With a cold, contemptuous shrug, Chris moved past them, stumbled against Sean's leg, muttered angrily and went into the cabin, slamming the door after him.

Leslie got up.

"Leave him alone," Sean counseled, his gruff voice very gentle. "Chris is up against something new, and it baffles him. For the first time in his life, he can't fight actively. He must be passive."

"I want so much to help him, Sean! I'd do anything—"

Sean's cigarette gleamed in the darkness. "It may sound like corn," he said, "but with you, he'll make it . . ."

They returned to Pine Ridge early in June. "Gosh, it's good to be home!" Leslie said excitedly, opening the door of their low white brick house.

"It'll be good to get back on the job," Chris said.

"You look wonderful, darling!"

He was improved. Leslie was sure of it. She only hoped that Dr. Stephenson would be pleased with his appearance. He had gained six pounds and his color was better, and he appeared calmer, too. Part of this tranquillity Leslie attributed to the fact that Chris had received a letter from Rufus Raynor, an unexpectedly pleasant note, completely reversing his previous bigoted attitude. "You may as well get a good rest, while you're at it," he'd written.

Yet toward the end of their stay, Leslie had sometimes felt that the cocoon of their secure life was raveling. Then, too, Sean had written her privately that it was time for Chris to hop back to the office. "The little Jurgens and the Great Rufus are getting too palsy-walsy—my squeamish stomach can't take it . . ."

The Saturday after they came home, they took the eleven o'clock train into New York.

Dr. Stephenson took X rays again. He was pleasant, but Leslie thought he seemed too casual. Afterward, Chris said, "Let's go on up to the office now—"

Sean was in the reception room and greeted them enthusiastically. "Say, you look OK, fella."

"I feel OK. Where's Rufe?"

"He went out to Zack Sauter's place on Long Island for the weekend."

"But I called yesterday and left a message that I'd be in today!"

Sean shrugged. "You know Rufus . . . How about having lunch together?"

"Fine. Look, where's Jurgens? I want to talk to her."

"Miss Jurgens no longer makes an appearance on Saturday," Sean said sarcastically.

"What do you mean?"

"Listen, my lads," Leslie interrupted lightly, "I'm hungry." They went downstairs and across the street to an old French restaurant.

VAN SCHROEDER drove up the gravel driveway of the Tate house. The sun was blistering, and he was glad to get out on the sunporch, where Monica was sitting on a chair, reading.

She looked up, smiling. She was wearing little-boy shorts of gray linen and a black halter. Her lacquered hair was piled high above her exquisite face; a red camellia muffed each small ear . . . Conscious of the spicy fragrance enveloping her, Van leaned down and kissed her on the mouth.

"I've finally convinced my lawyers," she said, "that your cafeteria idea *is* a sound business venture. You'll have the entire sum."

"You aren't kidding?" he said sharply.

"Kidding? Of course not!"

"Monica—thanks!" Relief instantly banished the tension that had walked like an ugly black shadow beside him for so long.

Monica poured a martini from the tall crystal pitcher. She was like a small girl who was enjoying herself enormously at her own party.

"Van, here's to you—"

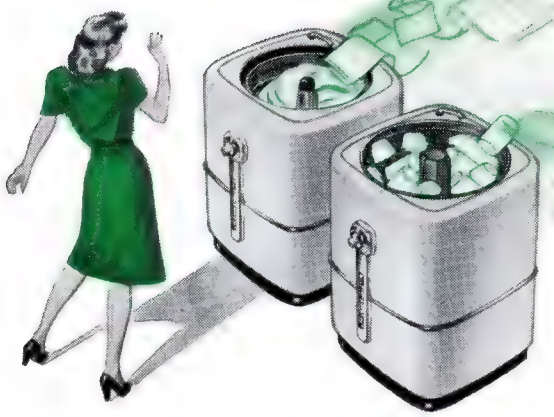
He grinned. He looked carefree now, and very young. She thought it was extraordinary the way his face had undergone a change in these few moments—as if his spirit had recharged itself.

"I can't begin to tell you—" he said slowly, "what this means to me."

"Actions," she said impudently, "speak louder—"

Van caught her in his arms, kissed her with sharp exacting possessiveness. Their relationship had explored every nuance of passion, burning recklessly with the fireworks of a wild rocket. But

[*Continued on page 100*]



You may think you're seeing double...

but this is just

one washer that washes clothes and dishes!

Two washers—One for duds—One for dishes—just by changing tubs!

One amazing THOR mechanism! One kitchen-size THOR cabinet!

And *you* save work and worry seven days a week!

Changes from Clothes Washer to Dishwasher in 1½ Minutes

Soon you can wash, rinse, damp-dry clothes automagically—then change tubs and switch your Thor from washing clothes to washing dishes.

Imagine! One washer to do the work of two. To take the backbreaking work out of washday then take over your daily dishwashing chores. At first glance you can't believe it! But it's simply . . . wonderfully . . . true with the Thor Automagic Washer.

HERE'S HOW IT WORKS. The Thor Automagic Washer *looks* just as it's pictured. White, shining, streamlined! *But*—it's equipped with two magical tubs (one for clothes and one for dishes) that can be used interchangeably in the Thor Cabinet. You make the switch from duds to dishes in 1½ minutes!

HERE'S HOW IT WASHES. Washing clothes or washing dishes the Thor Automagic is all you've dreamed—and more. Washes and rinses your clothes at the flick of a dial. Whirls them better than wringer dry—without wringing! Then change tubs and there's a dishwasher that washes all your dishes—even pots and pans—sparkling clean. And cleans itself!

EVERY DAY IS THOR'S DAY. You'll wash clothes Monday—wash dishes every day with the Thor Automagic Washer. It's kitchen-size, table height, quiet as a whisper. Just the washer you've wanted whether you start right out with the magic combination or buy your Thor first as a clothes washer and add the dishwasher unit later. Watch for your Thor dealer's announcements. He'll tell you when you can preview the Thor Automagic Washer and its seven day wonders.

HURLEY MACHINE DIVISION, Electric Household Utilities Corp., **Chicago 50, Ill.**

Thor-Canadian Company, Ltd., Toronto, Canada

WHICH DO YOU WANT FIRST?

THOR CLOTHES WASHER

You can buy the THOR Clothes Washer now—later add the Dishwasher feature at small extra cost.

THOR DISHWASHER

Want the THOR Dishwasher first? O.K., add the clothes washer unit later.

All the features of clothes washer and dishwasher in one machine. Less expensive than you dreamed.

THOR AUTOMAGIC WASHER COMBINATION

GET THE FULL STORY OF THE NEW THOR IN THIS QUICK-READING BOOK

HURLEY MACHINE DIVISION
ELECTRIC HOUSEHOLD UTILITIES CORPORATION
2117 South 54th Avenue, Chicago 50, Illinois

Please send me, without obligation, your free book, "How to Make Life Easier Seven Days a Week."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *Zone*_____ *State*_____

Nursery Nook:

Baby on the way . . . and no nursery in the house? Here's how to fix up "private quarters" for him right in your own bedroom. Hang crisp curtains and a ruffled valance across one end of the room. Put up framed shelves to hold baby belongings (they'll hold your own knick-knacks later on!) . . . Then, to give the whole room color excitement — use a Gold Seal Congoleum rug underfoot! It's pretty to look at — economical to buy — and the most sanitary floor imaginable. A swish of a damp cloth and it's sparkling clean — whether you've spilled the formula or dropped a wet didy! Long lasting, too. For Gold Seal Congoleum has a wear-layer of heat-toughened paint and baked enamel *equal in thickness to 8 coats of the best floor paint applied by hand.* But be sure to look for the Gold Seal. Then you *know* you're getting *real* **Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs** . . . the only enamel surface floor covering with the famous money-back guarantee!

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

[*Continued from page 98*]

he knew from experience that it would ultimately spend itself, leaving very little but emptiness and futility. It was fortunate that he and Monica understood this heady affair so well.

Holding her in his arms, he was aware of all this, the excitement and limitations of a love affair, and the knowledge lent poignancy to his feelings. He thought, A man should share this moment with the woman who shares his future. And Monica was not that woman. Not Monica, with her flagrant beauty, her smug brittle defenses, her amoral values.

It was the Leslies of the world . . . I'm nuts, he thought irritably. Why should I think of Leslie Buell?

Lighting a cigarette, he said, "I've everything lined up. The restaurant—it's a good spot, used to be a night club that closed after Pearl Harbor. I have the crew, the food and liquor. I should have the first Casserole open within a month or six weeks."

"Sounds fine," Monica said. "It had better be fine, too. Or my lawyers'll be saying 'I told you so.'"

"It'll be a success," he said confidently. He wanted abruptly to get out of here, and he felt like a heel for it.

"We're going over to the Spur and Saddle," she said. "Leslie and Chris Buell are joining us for lunch."

His heart missed a beat and started a melody in his veins. Leslie! Leslie was back. She was here and in a few moments he'd see her! His mind evoked an image of her, warm and simple and lovely.

"Van," Monica said simply, "I wish you'd give Leslie a job."

He put down his glass so quickly that the liquor slopped over on the bamboo table.

"What are you talking about?" he said, probing. "Leslie wouldn't consider a job."

"She may have to. If she has to play nursemaid to Chris much longer, she'll go nuts. If I were in her place, I'd have done something violent already!"

He made his words casual, hiding the surge of excitement in his heart. "You're a cruel woman, my pet."

"No. I'm merely a realist. I talked to Leslie this morning. Chris has been worse than a dozen kids and she's completely worn out, poor dear!"

He looked down at his cigarette. "But Chris should be going back to work soon."

"From the way Leslie talked, I suspect Stephenson advised against it. That's why I feel she's going to need help."

A strange tenderness took hold of him. It was absurd. He had been violent about women, passionate and irritable and impetuous, but never, never tender!

"I'm afraid Christopher would never allow it," he said. "He's too proud."

LESLIE and Christopher were already waiting at the bar when Monica and Van arrived. Leslie was sipping sherry, and it seemed to Van that her fingers shook a little, and that her smile was shaky, too.

He took the stool to her right.

"You're not exactly blooming," he said with blunt concern. "Did you get any rest yourself?"

Leslie smiled. "I didn't need a rest, Van. I'm fine. Take a look at Chris—doesn't he look marvelous?"

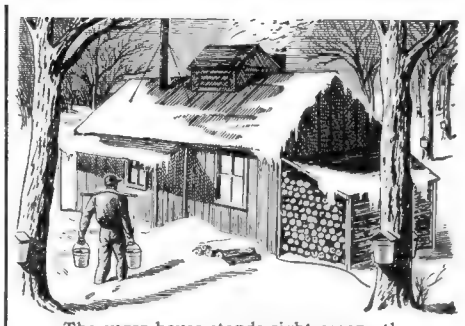
"Yes, Chris looks well," Van said. He didn't give a hoot how Chris looked. It was Leslie. How good to see her!

He said, "You know, I owe you a debt—"

"Do you?" Leslie said. "Why?"

"Remember the talk we had at cocktails the Sunday Chris was taken ill? About cafeterias, I mean. Well, I'm snitching some of your best ideas."

Leslie's face came alive with interest.



The sugar house stands right among the maple trees so the sugar can be made from freshly gathered sap.

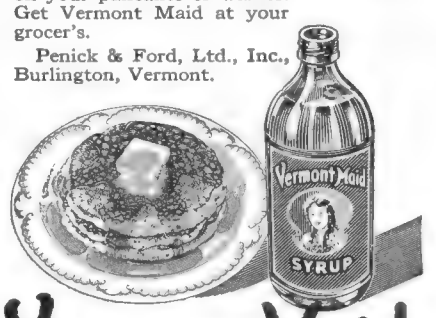
Taste this real maple sugar flavor

The flavor of real maple sugar is a heart-warming and unforgettable treat. And that's the flavor we give you in Vermont Maid Syrup!

First, we choose maple sugar with a full, rich flavor. Then, by skillfully blending it with a combination of cane sugar and other sugars, we enhance the maple flavor—make it richer . . . more delicious.

You get a uniform, real maple sugar flavor every time you pour our Vermont Maid Syrup on your pancakes or waffles.
Get Vermont Maid at your grocer's.

Penick & Ford, Ltd., Inc., Burlington, Vermont.



Vermont Maid Syrup

REMEMBER YOUR ANNIVERSARY
Give Her a Canary
"The Singing Gift that Lives"
Whether for the first or fiftieth wedding date, she'll be delighted with a golden-voiced canary. Easy to care for...radiant with cheer ...one of these little songsters will be cherished proof that you remember . . . love her as always. So, give a singing canary—the perfect anniversary gift!
THE LARGEST SELLING BIRD SEED IN U. S.
French's
Bird Seed

FALSE TEETH

KLUTCH holds them tighter

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snugger that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost **as well as with natural teeth.** Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate. 25c and 50c at druggists. . . . If your druggist hasn't it, **don't waste money on substitutes,** but send us 10c and we will mail you a generous trial box. © I. P. INC.

KLUTCH CO., Box 4563-J, ELMIRA, N. Y.

EASY WAY TO EXTRA CASH — *Take* **CHRISTMAS CARD** *Orders*

Show people our amazing value Personal Christmas Cards with name, **25 for $1.** Each order pays you liberal cash profit. Other Personal Christmas Cards. Also Box Assortments including Everyday Cards. No experience needed. **FREE Personal Samples.** Also ask for sample box of 21 Card $1 Assortment on approval. Write today!

25 FOR $1 with Name

Phillips Card Co., 359 Hunt St., Newton, Mass.

See what ScotTowels DO for 7¢ a week!

Save Hot Water! No greasy dishwater to change when you wipe the grease from plates and pans with ScotTowels.

Save Laundering! ScotTowels—used once, then thrown away—save work . . . and wear and tear on linen towels.

Save Health! Wiping milk bottles with ScotTowels helps keep refrigerator sweet—helps protect health.

Save Time! Flour fish and peel vegetables on ScotTowels . . . throw away towel and scraps in one motion.

Trade mark "ScotTowels" Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

● ScotTowels do a dozen daily chores for 1¢!

If your dealer runs out of ScotTowels, it's because large quantities of Scott paper products go to meet war needs. So won't you try again later?

MADE STRONG TO WORK HARD!

"Are you really? You mean, the self-service ideas?"

"Yes. I'm opening a cafeteria. Only it won't look like the average cafeteria. It's to be called the Casserole. And I hope it'll be the first of a whole chain."

"Why, it sounds wonderful! I hope you have all sorts of luck with it!"

She and Chris left early. Leslie was uneasy. Yesterday, at the doctor's office, she had been overly sensitive to Stephie's behavior, and so this morning, before Chris was up, she had telephoned him.

"How are the new X rays, Stephie?"

For a moment, Dr. Stephenson was silent. Then he said reluctantly, "If you and Chris plan to be home this afternoon around three, I'll drive over."

"Stephie—" she'd cried.

"I can't talk over the phone," he said brusquely and hung up.

Now, driving back from the Spur and Saddle, Leslie's mind was intent on Dr. Stephenson. When he arrived, a half hour later, he looked wan and harassed.

"Did you have lunch?" Leslie demanded.

"I'll get a bite on the way home," he answered.

"I'll fix you a chicken sandwich and some iced tea," she said. She brought the tray out on the terrace and they sat on the bamboo swing, where the sun made strange shadowy patterns through the fragile silver birch.

Leslie sighed. "New York seems so far away—"

Chris squashed his cigarette under his foot. "It won't look so far away tomorrow. Stephie, I'm going back to the office."

Dr. Stephenson was silent. He put down the empty glass on the Mexican tile table and nibbled on a sprig of fresh mint.

"Stephie," Leslie said finally, "were the X rays encouraging?"

Dr. Stephenson looked down at his blunt competent hands. "In the long run, I should say yes. Decidedly so, if you take the long view."

Chris sat up straight, his dark eyes narrowed.

"Chris," Stephenson said in the same slow, reflective tone, "you were the most independent and hard-working kid I've ever seen. You've always driven yourself too hard. Well, I hate to be repetitious but your body won't take it any more!"

Chris blinked, as if the blow had come too fast. "My body's taken it before," he said contemptuously. "That's what a body is for, anyway! I won't let it stand in my way—"

"Don't misunderstand me—" Dr. Stephenson said meticulously. "I don't mean that you must give up work entirely—"

"What the devil are you saying, then?" Chris shouted wildly.

"Stephie—" Leslie said, "you don't mean Chris must give up Raynor's!"

"If he doesn't, Raynor will give him up!" Dr. Stephenson knocked the ashes from his pipe and put it in his pocket. "I'm sorry, Chris. It isn't easy for a friend to tell you this."

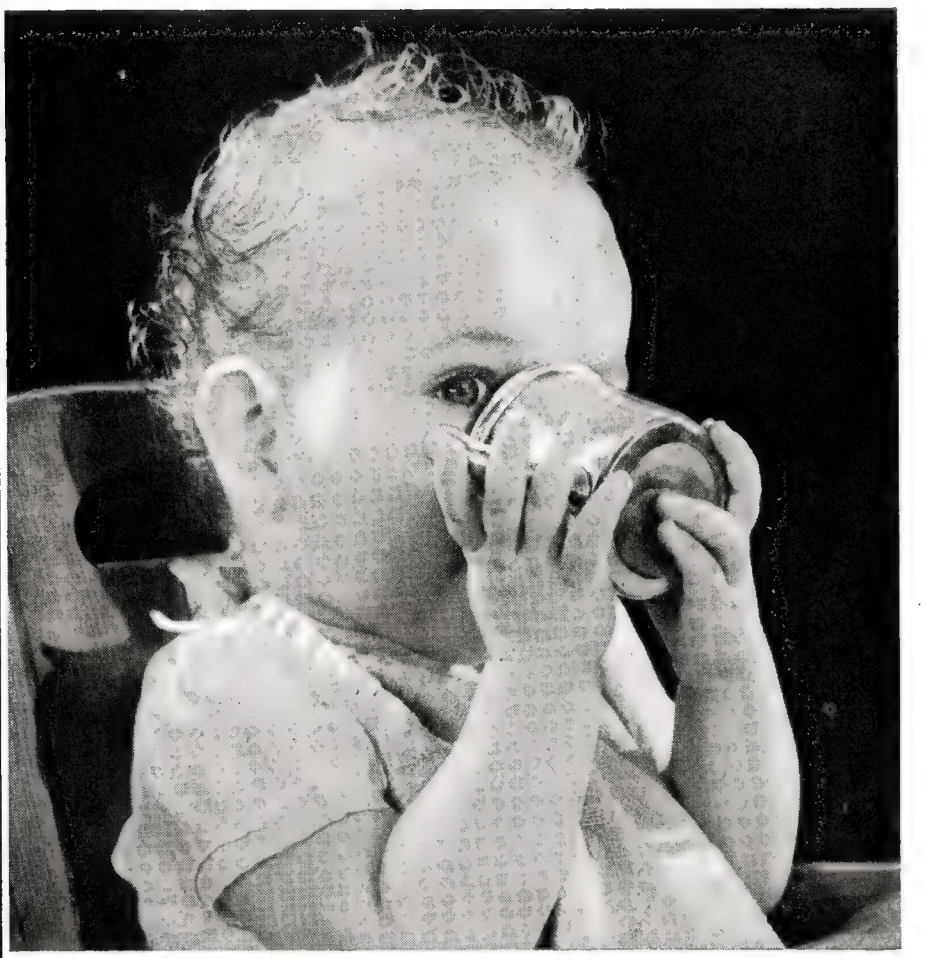
"I'm going back to work tomorrow," Chris answered with icy finality.

The doctor nodded sadly, as if he'd known all along that Chris would react this way. "But don't expect a miracle the next time. I won't be able to help you then—"

CHRIS awoke the next morning with a feeling of dread that descended on him like a cloud of ether trapped in a mask. His stomach felt fragmented with pain. He broke out in a sweat and tightened his mouth. Dammit, let it hurt! He was getting up anyway!

He took a shower and dressed. Leslie was still asleep, the shadow of hurt and exhaustion on her lovely face. He moved

[*Continued on page 103*]



No, No, No! — Don't take health chances by washing your child's cup just 2 inches from where Sewer Germs breed—right in your sink drain! Ordinary cleaning can't touch these loathsome creatures

but Drāno boils out Sewer Germs, leaves your sink drain safe, sanitary. Get Drāno today—use regularly. Drāno opens clogged drains—makes them germ-free!

Drāno makes septic tanks work better—cuts down odor.

Drāno Never over 25¢

OPENS CLOGGED DRAINS

CLEARS OUT SEWER GERMS

Trade-mark Registered U. S. Patent Office by The Drackett Co.

Last month we showed 77 new appliances— here are 4 more

Electric sinks

...with dishwasher: Dirty dishes and garbage are high on the list of chores any woman hates to deal with.

Each of these 4 sinks is equipped with an electric dishwasher. You load it, turn the switch; then it fills with the correct amount of water, washes dishes and cutlery, rinses, scalds to remove bacteria, drains and shuts off.

...with garbage disposer: Three of these sinks also have garbage disposers which grind up food waste, wash it down the drain with cold water from the tap, clean themselves — the scrubbing action of the shredded food scours out the unit and drain lines. There is no danger of getting your fingers caught, for each has a safety device which prevents the grinder from operating until the cover is closed.

Editorial note: Because of lack of time these sinks have not been tested by McCall's. We believe, however, that they will justify their makers' claims. Others, too, will be available.

ELIZABETH SWEENEY
KENNETH BRODY

1 **By Hotpoint**

An automatic dishwasher and a disposer of kitchen waste are both included in this sink. *The dishwasher* opens at the front, so its top, 24 inches wide and 25 inches deep, is always usable as a work surface. The machine, which has a capacity of 57 pieces of china and glass, plus table silver and cutlery, is completely automatic and washes, rinses and dries at the touch of a button. It operates without soap and uses instead a detergent which is automatically injected into the water. The dishes are dried by an electrically heated unit within the cabinet. *The garbage disposer* has a 4-inch opening in the bottom of the sink proper. The food waste is put in, the opening closed, and with a turn of a switch the waste is ground up and washed away through the drain

2 **By General Electric**

This electric sink also includes both a garbage disposer and a dishwasher. *The disposer,* located under the sink proper, grinds the waste into a fine pulp that is washed down the drain like water. *The dishwasher* is operated by 2 simple controls and will wash a complete service for 6 people at one time. Dishes are placed in the machine by raising the top cover which is counterbalanced to hold it upright for loading and unloading. The 2 large trays for dishes are of resilient brass wire and the basket for flat silver and cutlery is removable. A revolving spray gives the dishes a preliminary rinse and brings them up to heat gradually before the actual washing begins. The maker promises that it will wash pots and pans as easily as china and glass

3 **By Thor**

This sink has a novel feature: the dishwashing unit can be interchanged with a washing machine unit—the basket which holds the dishes can be lifted out and a second basket and agitator for clothes inserted, so that nothing used directly for dishes is used for clothes. Hot water for the dishwasher may be supplied either by a connection with hot water pipes or from a teakettle—4 to 6 quarts wash a full service for 6. A high velocity water jet makes scraping dishes unnecessary; also does a fine job on pots and pans. Air is forced over dishes for quick drying. The machine is loaded from the top and has a transparent cover. There is no garbage disposer

4 **By Westinghouse**

Sink, dishwasher and garbage disposer are all included in this postwar appliance. *The dishwasher,* which loads from the top, has been newly designed to make loading easier, and will have a capacity about one-third greater than this company's prewar model. *The disposer,* located under the basin and opening from it, grinds up food waste, including bones, in a matter of seconds and washes it away. A simple twist of the cover starts the grinder; the cover remains closed while the grinder is in operation. The working surface of this electric sink and of the others shown is of standard height and depth and so will fit with other standard appliances

[*Continued from page 101*]
into the dressing room quietly and chose a striped tie . . . And all the while he kept thinking that in a while, he'd see Rufus Raynor. That bland anonymous face, with dead gray eyes behind glasses, the benevolent little smile that hid such nasty unfeeling reality.

In the kitchen, he brewed coffee. As he was drinking it, Leslie came in quietly. She was wearing a pair of his white silk pajamas edged with blue the color of her eyes. Her hair was tousled and her mouth with its heavy lower lip was innocent of make-up. She looked very young and scrubbed and disturbed.

"Chris—" she cried, "please, don't go to work. *Please*, Chris—"

He'd never seen her cry before. But she was crying now, hysterical, desperate tears.

"Hush up, sweetie," he said. "Don't cry. Please . . . Look, I've made some coffee—"

HE COULDN'T get off the train quickly enough at Grand Central. He cut through the station and walked to Rockefeller Center.

On the thirtieth floor, he got out, whistling tunelessly to himself. He caught sight of Miss Jurgens coming out of the stockroom and shouted energetically, "Hi, Jurgens! I'm back!"

His voice sounded strange in the big airy corridor. Miss Jurgens stopped in her tracks. There was a perplexed expression on her sallow face, but Chris didn't notice it. He shook hands with her and saw that she looked different. Taller, somehow—well, just different!

"Say, Jurgens, you've grown mighty handsome in my absence!"

She smiled with her narrow rouged lips. "Thank you. How do you feel, Mr. Buell?"

"Couldn't be better! Has Raynor come in yet?"

"Yes, but he's busy at the moment. I'll tell him you're here."

"Not so formal, Jurgens," he grinned. "Remember, I'm just part of the family."

"Well, Mr. Raynor asked me to let him know when you got in—"

While Chris was talking enthusiastically to Sean in the smaller office, Miss Jurgens returned. "Mr. Raynor will see you now—" she said.

Chris went through the corridor to the front office. For a moment, he hesitated on the threshold. Then he straightened his thin shoulders and plunged in.

"Christopher, how are you?" Rufus Raynor got up from his chair and came toward him. "Sit down, Christopher," he said solicitously. "It's frightfully hot today. You shouldn't have come in. The trains are no longer air-conditioned, it's a strain—"

"Not at all," Chris snapped. "I'm no invalid!"

Rufus shrugged his shoulder eloquently. You are a sick man . . . the gesture implied.

"How is your stomach behaving?"

"Good as new!"

Raynor marched back to his desk. "A pity," he said gently, "that you didn't extend your vacation. This is the finest time of the year in Vermont."

What was this, anyway? Chris said bluntly, "I figured you wanted me back as soon as possible. Originally, you raised the roof because I took off more than a week!"

"Originally, I didn't realize how sick you were . . . And of course, I needed you then."

Before Christopher could answer, Miss Jurgens came in, carrying the proofs of an ad. Mr. Raynor smiled paternally at her. "Very good," he said glancing at the proofs. "Send them right out, please."

Miss Jurgens nodded and left the room, her small figure, in an expensive black faille suit, arrogantly erect.

When the door closed after her, Rufus said, "You picked an extremely capable girl when you hired Miss Jurgens. She's submitted some very excellent suggestions for the Epicure Foods account. Postwar angle. Many women holding jobs today for the first time in their lives," his voice was pontifical, "will be reluctant to give up their new-found freedom. This opens amazing future possibilities in postwar food production and promotion."

"You bet it does!" Chris said enthusiastically, forgetting his resentment against Rufus. "In the advertising campaigns, we should create a representative woman and her family. Show the problems she's up against, and how she solves them—"

"That's precisely Miss Jurgens' idea."

Chris frowned. "What do you mean—Miss Jurgens' idea?"

Mr. Raynor ignored his blunt question. He said instead, "Christopher, we had better talk about you."

"About me? I feel OK. I'm ready to start back to work."

Raynor picked up a cigarette box from his desk, opened it absently. "You know, Chris, what a tough game advertising is. You know the competition and the pressure. It's a career only for those men who can take it without cracking up!"

"You're not telling me something I don't know—"

"You must realize, my boy," Raynor said with gentle deliberation, "that I'm thinking only of your good . . . After all, you would only be doing yourself and Leslie a great harm if—"

Chris's heart was jumping. "If what—" he demanded.

"Chris, I do hope you understand I'm saying this for your good. I realize it will hurt—each man has his pride! But I feel that you had better give up, before you crack up for good! I couldn't sleep nights if I thought my business was ruining your health permanently. So, much as it hurts and embarrasses me, I am compelled to replace you—"

There was liquid fire in Christopher's stomach. The pain was so horribly intense that it blurred his mind. "You're crazy," he said. "You don't realize what you're saying . . . You simply cannot do this to me!"

"I'm afraid I must," Rufus said. "You see, I talked to your doctor this morning."

Chris turned. He stumbled over the threshold. He saw Sean standing outside in the corridor, and his numbed mind grasped the fact that Sean was waiting for him.

"Wait a minute!" Sean cried, as Chris walked by him. "Chris, *wait!*"

THEY rode down in the crowded elevator together. On the blazing street, Sean said, "Let's go in here," and guided Chris into a dark cool bar, pungent with the smell of beer. Chris got on a stool and ordered a Scotch.

"Rufus fired me," he said, looking straight ahead in the shadowy distorted mirror. "Is that a laugh! Doesn't the old fool realize he can't get along without me?"

"I'm afraid he can," Sean said soberly. "It's that little Jurgens!" He laughed without humor. "That's what comes of grooming a predatory little wench who wants to get ahead. She's smart, the little Borgia. She probably begged for a chance to show what she could do—and Rufus has been gunning for you for a long time!"

Sean was a good egg. Sean sympathized without slobbing over; Sean cursed Raynor—and Chris had another Scotch.

Finally, at two o'clock, Sean said, "Look, I must get back to the office."

"Go ahead," Chris said indifferently, "I'm staying here."

He took the five-o'-five home. He felt

[*Continued on page 104*]

Buy War Bonds . . . and Keep Them

Our Baking Soda is pure Bicarbonate of Soda. You can use it with full confidence in its purity and efficacy in the treatment of any condition for which that essential remedy has been prescribed; for hyperacid types of indigestion, to ease the pain of minor scalds and burns, or as a cleansing gargle.

★ ★ ★

ARM & HAMMER BAKING SODA

OR COW BRAND BAKING SODA

★ ★ ★

Here's another use for good old Baking Soda. It's an excellent tooth cleanser. Use it regularly and notice how soon it helps to brighten your teeth to their natural color, how delightful its after-taste. It's economical, too. For convenience, keep an extra package of our Baking Soda in the medicine cabinet.

CHURCH & DWIGHT CO., INC., 10 CEDAR ST., NEW YORK 5, N.Y.

"OH BOY!"

Real milk from a *cow!* Eggs with *shells* on 'em! And three or four helpings of Mom's *tuna a la king* on toast! Oh boy, *what a homecoming!*

Of course, with most of our big tuna boats in the Navy, we can't supply your dealer as often as we'd like or give him as much as he wants. But we're doing the best we can to keep him supplied with these quality brands of tuna.

VAN CAMP SEA FOOD CO., INC.
Terminal Island, California

FAMOUS VAN CAMP SEA FOODS

Buy EITHER Brand... the quality is the same

"I know what my BENDIX saves ...and me!"

HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF ENTHUSIASTIC OWNERS of the Bendix Automatic Home Laundry already know every word of this is true. Some washers may promise "easier" washdays—but the one-and-only Bendix does *all* the work! On top of that, clothes last longer—and you save on soap and hot water besides!

Every step of laundering your clothes—from soiled clothes to sweet, fresh wash, all ready for the line or dryer—is completely automatic! You don't even put your hands in water! Nor need you watch your Bendix do the work. Once you set the magic dial, you're free to leave the house if you care to. Your Bendix even cleans and empties itself, and shuts off—automatically—when the wash is done.

See the famous Bendix actually demonstrated at your own dealer's—today. Have him put your name on his "first to be served" list.

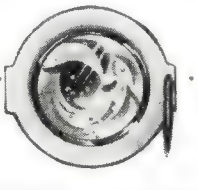
LOOK for the Bendix automatic Home Laundry Neon Signs. They identify your dealer.

LOOK for your Bendix Dealer's name in the classified section of your telephone book.

De luxe Model

What you do: put in clothes, set a dial, add soap.

What the BENDIX does: fills itself, tumbles clothes clean, thoroughly tumble rinses, dries clothes ready for the line or dryer, cleans and empties itself, and shuts off—all automatically! The Bendix takes only 4 square feet of floor space—fits perfectly in kitchen, bathroom, utility room or laundry.



EXCLUSIVE TUMBLE ACTION: tumbles clothes through suds 60 times a minute, yet so gently that even fine fabrics launder beautifully.

BENDIX automatic Home Laundry

Bendix Home Appliances, Inc., South Bend, Ind. Pioneers and Perfectors of the Automatic "Washer"

[*Continued from page 103*]

numb, as if nothing quite touched him, as if he'd broken completely with reality.

How could he face Leslie? What would she say when she discovered he was so indispensable that Rufus had replaced him with his own secretary?

He walked up the road, dappled with late sunlight. Leslie was waiting by the red mailbox. She was waving to him, and as she ran down to meet him, the convulsion in the pit of his stomach rose like a tidal wave.

THEY were in the kitchen. Leslie had turned the flame from under the peas. Fortunately, she hadn't put the chops in the broiler.

"He thinks he's putting something over on me!" Chris said through tight lips. "He's paying me back for any affront I may have given him in trying to do a decent job! Just wait until he finds out that Jurgens can't hold it—that she botches everything—"

Leslie kept her face expressionless. It wasn't easy to hide the relief in her heart. She said carefully, "There must be a weak strain in Raynor. I imagine that's the reason he is always collecting things—first editions, paintings, sculpture. He behaves the same way with people. He collects the ones who are useful to him, and later, discards them at a loss."

"But I'm *not* like his other people!" Chris cried. "He picked me up at college when I won that advertising scholarship. He trained me. Everything I've learned in business, I picked up from him!"

She must ease, in some way, the bewilderment and bitter anguish. She said comfortingly, "You'll find something else, darling—work that is easier on you."

"Another job?" he said, as if the prospect of such a future horrified him. "Are you crazy? Do you think such jobs grow on trees? Or that salaries like mine—"

"We can do on much less, darling!" she interrupted.

He brushed his dark hair off his forehead with an angry gesture. He paced back and forth across the waxed blue linoleum, his shoulders bent, his attitude dejected. "I mustn't retrogress. I've got to go forward, not slide back! And the only place I can do it is Raynor's—"

"You sound as if you're afraid you'll never get another job," she said. "After all, lots of people know you and your reputation. Something's bound to come along—"

"And meanwhile," he said savagely, "how are we to live? How're we to keep this expensive house going—"

"If necessary," she said quietly, "I'll get a job to tide us over."

She'd meant it primarily as reassurance. She had never anticipated the torrent of anger that swept over him.

"I'm still able to support you—" he cried. "I've done it for five years, and I'll do it again, and keep on doing it. Don't you ever suggest a thing like that again."

VAN SCHROEDER had given plenty of thought to the choice of the first Casserole. His eventual choice was an old brownstone, which had been a speakeasy during the Twenties, then a fashionable restaurant during the late Thirties. The basement was sectioned into a large kitchen, refrigerators and storage space. The second and third floors had been used as dining rooms.

Now, as Van led Leslie proudly from one room to another, he explained the improvements he was planning.

"I think this is just about the best spot in New York for the first Casserole," he said. "All the apartment houses around here are filled with business couples who have servant problems." His handsome

"leftovers?

I dress them up with FRENCH'S WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE"

Frankfurter Vegetable Casserole: Cook ½ cup minced onion until tender in 2 tablespoons shortening. Stir in 2 tablespoons flour—add 1½ cups canned tomatoes; 1 tablespoon French's Worcestershire. Bring to boil, lightly stir in 1½ cups cooked leftover vegetables, add salt to taste. Pour over 4 split franks arranged in 1 qt. casserole. Top with bread crumbs. Bake in 350° F. oven ½ hour. Serves 3-4.

TOP-NOTCH QUALITY AT half the price

MAESTROS OF THE SALAD BOWL

Put lump of ice in bowl. Add teaspoonful dry mustard, mixing with melting ice. Slowly pour in olive oil and continue to stir in one direction. After oil and mustard are blended completely, add lemon juice, salt and pepper to suit taste.

TONY'S of 52ND STREET

• The world's great on stage and screen are loyal to Tony Soma, whose French Dressing has made him world-famous.

Make a truly great French Dressing with genuine, pure Pompeian Olive Oil. Enjoy Pompeian Olive Oil's hauntingly different taste. Pompeian Olive Oil Corp., Baltimore 24, Md.

POMPEIAN
Great Name in Olive Oil

FOLEY FOOD MILL **RECIPES**

60 RECIPES made with the Foley Food Mill to tempt the appetite and add variety to family meals. Enjoy such dishes as Creole Bean Soup, Fish Spencer, Shepherd's Pie, Potato Doughnuts, Carrot Cookies, Oatmeal Apple Crisp, Pumpkin Bavarian Cream, Apple Sauce, Tomato Juice. **Send 10c with coupon for recipe booklet.**

FOLEY FOOD MILL $1.25 at DEPT., HDWE. stores. (Cannot ship Mill direct from factory.)

FOLEY MFG. CO., 1072 2nd St. N.E., Minneapolis 13, Minn.
I enclose 10c ☐ Coin for 60-recipe booklet, ☐ Stamps
"VARIETY in Food with the FOLEY FOOD MILL"
Name _____
(Write address plainly in margin)

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

face was keen and animated. "I'm going to give them excellent meals at fair prices—"

"What's the joker?" Leslie asked.

"You won't find one, because it doesn't exist." He took her by the arm and led her upstairs to the main dining room. It went through the entire house. Wisely, Van had left the long narrow French windows untouched, the shining parquetry floors uncarpeted, the intricately carved mahogany mantel with its facing of old Dutch blue and white tiles intact.

"It looks wonderful," Leslie said. It didn't seem possible that the casual suggestions she'd tendered over cocktails had been incorporated into a practical working plan!

"Will it be profitable?" she asked.

"The turnover should be terrific. In a self-service place, the customer's eating time is cut in half. Of course, the Casserole is just bait," he continued. "The customers who eat here once and like the food will be ripe for the Home Delivery Service. A complete meal delivered to the house, ready to serve and eat, for an additional twenty-five cent charge."

"I think you've hit the jackpot again," she said, dousing her cigarette. "But you should have some publicity."

"I'm seeing Rufus Raynor on Monday. I believe in plenty of advertising. That's how I built up the Coffee Houses."

"You know," Leslie said, "I admire you tremendously. You haven't allowed a failure to stand in the way of future success." And suddenly she flushed, aware that her words sounded disloyal to Chris.

THEY walked back to Van's small office. "Leslie," he said, "I asked you to come in this morning for a specific reason."

"I gathered as much," she said, smiling.

"That Saturday afternoon at Monica's, I was tremendously impressed with your suggestions. They were so sensible. I think you'd do extraordinarily well in business—in my business." He stood up, very tall and very much in earnest. This was a delicate and crucial moment. He must be careful not to frighten or offend her. But he was desperately anxious to have her in business here. It would be the first link between them.

"Let me finish, Leslie. I need someone at the Casserole—not necessarily a woman with restaurant experience—but one who has poise and dignity, who can take over when I'm away."

She listened without comment.

"Leslie, you're the girl for the job—and it's a job with a great future. Suppose you start at fifty a week. That's just for the beginning—" His voice was urgent. "What do you say?"

Say? She knew darned well she should snatch it. Fifty a week would be a godsend now when they were so strapped for cash.

Van sat on a corner of the desk. "Can you and Chris manage on fifty a week?" he asked.

She flushed. And instantly he was apologetic. "I didn't mean it that way, Leslie." He came over to her and took her hand in his. Their eyes met.

She turned away, inexplicably disturbed and shaken. "I'm not sure—"

"You'd be invaluable, Leslie."

She wasn't listening. For a moment she was back in her own home, remembering how difficult it was to leave. For four weeks, she had been companion, nursemaid, wife and mother to Chris.

Although Chris had telephoned people, made appointments, went in to see them, nothing panned out. Only the intense hatred for Rufus Raynor remained.

The change in Chris's character, together with the shadow of self-pity he so swiftly and angrily denied, kept Les-

[*Continued on page 106*]

War has made owners even more *enthusiastic* about the

NESCO
ELECTRIC ROASTER

WHEREVER women have had to keep house near Army or Navy camps or amid the congestion and inconvenience of war plant communities—the NESCO automatic electric roaster has proved itself.

Small, light and easily portable it nevertheless does the cooking of a range oven—does it supremely well.

The owner of a NESCO is admired for her delicious meals, perfectly cooked, and envied for the comfort and time saving made possible by her NESCO.

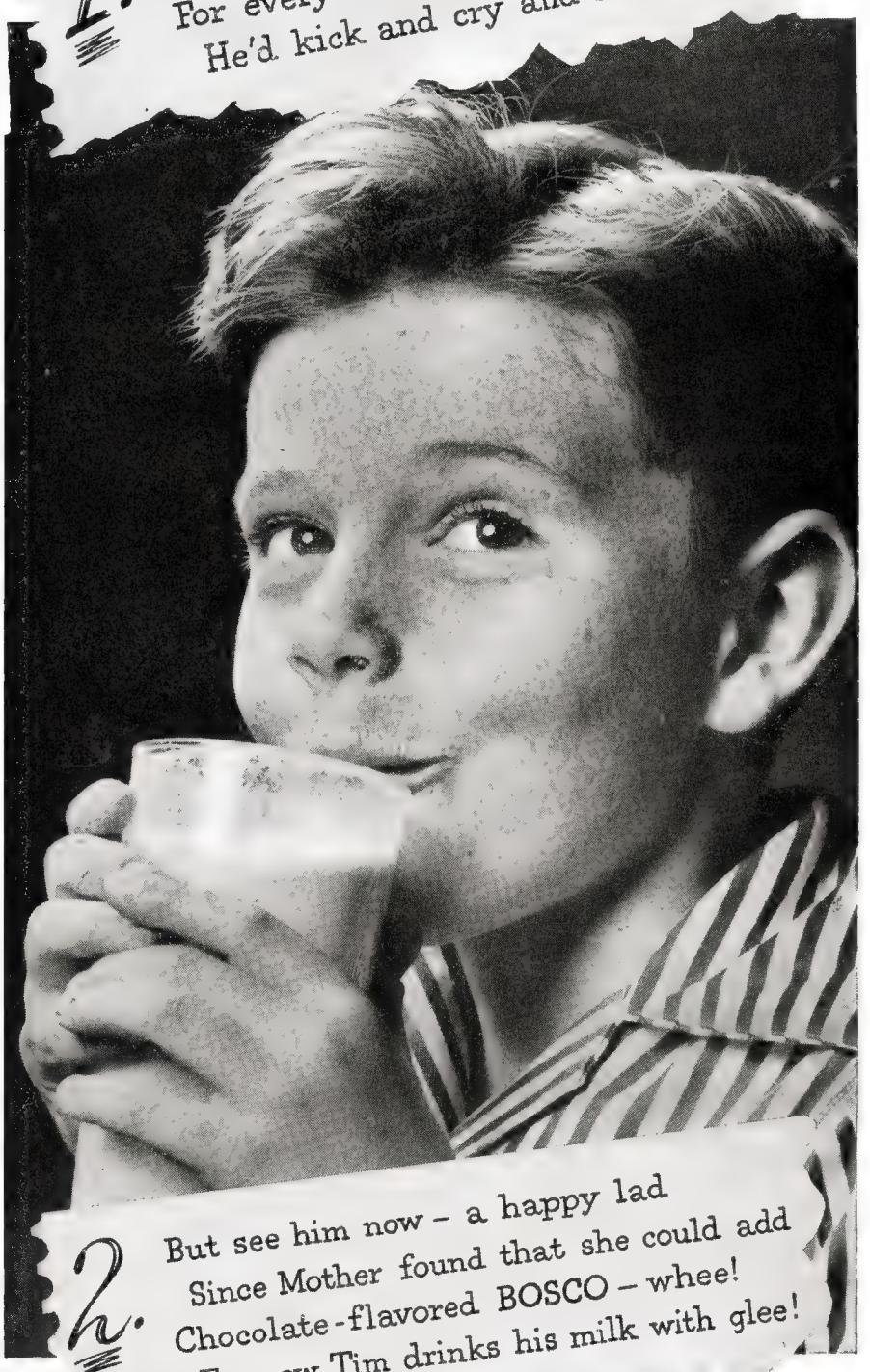
If you are one of the fortunate housewives who got an electric NESCO Roaster before we turned our factories over to war work you should use it every day for roasting, baking, steaming, stewing. Cook meals in cool comfort with no pot watching and little pot washing.

It will take a long time to supply the demand created by the remarkable wartime service and achievements of the convenient, economical, all-purpose electric NESCO. Ask your dealer to let you know when he gets a new NESCO.

Nesco products include also oil ranges and heaters, tinware, galvanized ware and porcelain-on-steel enameled ware for all household uses.

National Enameling and Stamping Company, 295 North 12th Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin—*world's largest manufacturers of housewares.*

1. You'd never guess to look at Tim
The trouble Mother had with him –
For every time milk came his way
He'd kick and cry and sulk all day!



2. But see him now – a happy lad
Since Mother found that she could add
Chocolate-flavored BOSCO – whee!
For now Tim drinks his milk with glee!

RICH IN IRON AND VITAMIN D, TOO!

3 Treat-making Bosco is more than a chocolate-flavored syrup. Just four teaspoons in the "daily quart" supply *both* the Iron and Vitamin D a normal child must get every day. Because Bosco is a syrup, it blends in *smooth* with milk. Quick and easy to mix. Economical, too. Get Bosco! Your youngsters will love it.

Every jar of Bosco being made today measures up to high pre-war quality. That is why the supply is temporarily limited. And why it pays to ask for Bosco again and again.

I'm planning today with this FLOOR of the Future!

Pabco Marbled Squares, With Inset Design No. 9288

★ PLAN For New, Exclusive Nature-Blend Colors—capturing Mother Nature's own true freshness and richness of hue! Exquisitely marbleized and individualized in Marbled Squares, Onyxtones and Inset Designs!

★ PLAN For New, Work-Saving Cleanliness! All Pabco Linoleum is given the unique *Soil-Sealed* treatment to preserve beauty and resist dirt, stains and scuffmarks. *Super-Waxed*, too—for easier cleaning!

★ PLAN For New Floor-Life! No other Linoleum will outwear PABCO! Resilient and comfortable underfoot, too!

YOURS! "New Room-Tips Using Pabco Floors Of The Future Today!" Mail two 3¢ stamps, Dept. 1845, nearest office below.

THE PARAFFINE COMPANIES, INC • New York 16 • Chicago 54 • San Francisco 19

Makers, also, of Pabco "Stainless Sheen" Surfaced Rugs and By-The-Yard Goods, Pabco Mastipave Heavy-Duty Flooring; Pabco Paints, Roofings and Building Materials.

[*Continued from page 105*]

lie on edge. She'd always had the responsibility of the house, but now, abruptly, the entire responsibility of their lives descended on her shoulders. Bills for food, electricity, gas, telephone, monthly payments on the mortgage—they had to be met, all of them! *Where* would she get the money?

She couldn't bother Chris! She herself had no jewels to hock. She had driven down to the vault of the village bank and taken out their five hundred dollar war bond. Then she had gone in to see Mr. Palmer, the president.

Mr. Palmer listened sympathetically and gave her well-meant advice. "Mrs. Buell, if the house has become a burden to carry, I'd advise you to put it on the market. You could sell it at a profit!"

Sell the house? There was a shocked expression on Leslie's face, as she sat in the stiff oak chair opposite Mr. Palmer's desk. Give up the house! Why, that would be as much a defeat for her as losing his job had been for Chris. . .

The following morning, Leslie had received a note from Van. And here she was in his office, listening to his enthusiastic plans for the future and his enticing offer of a job. . .

She said thoughtfully, "I'd love it, Van. But I don't know. I'm not sure I could manage it. You see, I couldn't leave early in the morning—"

"Then suppose we make it a part-time job," Van said swiftly. "You could come in at four in the afternoon, and leave after dinner, about nine. Leslie, try it on a strictly temporary basis. If it doesn't work out—" he shrugged eloquently.

She wanted to say yes, but held back. "Chris will be angry," she said. "You know how proud he is—"

Van played his strongest card. "Leslie, I'm convinced that your taking a job will do Chris a world of good!"

CHRIS had been at home all day waiting impatiently for Leslie's return from New York. When she'd announced at breakfast she had shopping to do in town, Chris had been rather irritable. He hated being left alone at the house.

After she'd gone, Chris had returned to the kitchen and dried the breakfast dishes. Then he walked down to the mailbox, in the blistering heat, and plodded back to the house. Ten-thirty. Lord, how time dragged. It didn't seem possible that there had been days when he'd prayed for an extra hour.

He didn't bother about lunch, except to drink a glass of cold milk. Then he went to the sleeping porch and stretched out on his bed. The Venetian blinds were drawn, but he was conscious of the stifling heat, burning his nerves like the tips of a hundred cigarettes.

He couldn't relax. He kept listening for footsteps. What was keeping Leslie?

When Leslie arrived at four he had worked himself into a nervous frenzy.

As she came through the door, he demanded wildly, "Where have you been?"

"In town," she said easily, "and I brought home a magnificent coconut cake."

"Why did it take you so long?" His thin face was pale and intense, a strange glitter in his dark eyes. "Why didn't you call me?"

"But, darling—" she said reasonably, "you knew I was going into town, and that I wouldn't be too long. Now, help me take this stuff into the kitchen—"

She was extremely conciliatory during dinner, and afterward, when they did the dishes together. But when he started petulantly again, "Shopping shouldn't have taken so long—" she decided, wryly, it was now or never!

"Actually," she said, "I was in town about a job."

He stood there, staring in disbelief.

PAINT RIGHT OVER WALLPAPER!

ONE GALLON $2.98* DOES AVERAGE ROOM

*Slightly higher in Rocky Mt. area

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR A FREE DEMONSTRATION

MAGIC POLISH RESTORES FURNITURE BEAUTY!

Scratches Disappear

Use this fine polish *regularly* to keep furniture looking new. Famous double-action produces sparkling lustre, makes ugly scratches vanish. Sold all over.

Old English Scratch Removing POLISH

Made by the Makers of Old English Wax

	YES	NO
Poor Digestion?	☐	☐
Headachy?	☐	☐
Sour or Upset?	☐	☐
Tired—Listless?	☐	☐

The liver should pour out about two pints of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 25¢

"HAPPY THE DAY" YOU DISCOVER CHIX

HAPPY babies are comfortable babies — and comfort comes from CHIX Down-Weve Gauze diapers! Different, because they combine the advantages of surgical gauze with bird's-eye weave — making a diaper that's light, soft, and very absorbent.

THE special weave makes diaper laundry as easy as pie—"soil" rinses out quickly and thoroughly. CHIX dry in a jiffy . . . soft as a feather and clean-smelling.

DAY and night, CHIX give baby complete protection. The weave holds moisture — keeping baby's other clothes drier and cutting down laundry. Economical — one size fits the growing baby. For special occasions try CHUX, the completely disposable diaper, or DISPOSIES, disposable inserts used with waterproof holders. All made by Chicopee, makers of CHIX.

Chix
DOWN-WEVE GAUZE
DIAPERS

CHICOPEE PRODUCT

Close-up of bird's-eye weave that makes CHIX Down-Weve Gauze Diapers so different—soft, light, absorbent. Made of the same fine cotton that is used for surgical gauze.

Chicopee Sales Corp., 40 Worth St., N.Y. 13, N.Y.

His thin face had darkened, and a dozen contradictory impulses flashed across it.

"Darling," she added hastily, "it's only temporary, and part time. As soon as you're settled in a job—"

"We can still manage," Chris said icily, "without having the little woman run out on the marketplace."

Her face stung, as if he'd slapped it. "You're wrong, Chris. We cannot get along. We're broke and in debt. I've had to cash our only bond—"

"Don't you think," he said witheringly, "it would be a good idea to let me in on such things?"

"I didn't want to worry you. Oh, Chris, I realize how ghastly it's been for you. I *do* understand and sympathize. But it's not been easy for me, either! Besides, running the house—"

"You've got me housebroken," he interrupted bitterly. "I even do the dishes—"

This was even worse than she'd anticipated. "Chris, look, you aren't doing it for me, any more than I am for you. It's for *us!*" she said appealingly.

Her senses ached with the hopeless effort, but she tried another angle. "I'm not a career woman. You know that . . . But suppose you were in the Army and I had to take a job?"

His flat mouth was set sullenly, his dark deep-set eyes alien and remote. This wasn't the old Christopher, whose wit and passion and perception had made her life a perfect dream. This was a stubborn, willful maladjusted stranger.

"I'm not overseas," he said. "I'm right here. And I'll do the supporting of this ménage."

"Very well. As soon as you're set, I'll give up the job."

"What job?"

"With Van Schroeder—in his new business!"

He stared blankly. Suddenly his face flushed with such violent emotions that she stepped back, frightened. He turned and strode out of the kitchen.

This was their first serious quarrel. It seemed strange that in five years they'd never before disagreed over anything vital . . .

She went out to the sleeping porch where Chris had flung himself on the narrow bed, buried his face in the pillow.

She knelt down beside him. "Chris—" she whispered. "Darling, don't be cross—"

There was no movement on the bed. She listened. His breathing was rhythmic. He looked as if he were asleep, but she knew he was not. He was trying to shut her out of his life.

LABOR DAY weekend was hot. Grueling in town, where the sun and pavements met to create individual fiery furnaces. Just as bad in the country, where the green landscape was static as a Rousseau painting.

Saturday, Leslie persuaded Christopher to come into New York until Tuesday. He'd accepted the suggestion indifferently, as if it didn't matter one way or the other. In the past fortnight, they had been aloof with each other, an attitude which didn't make Leslie's days any easier.

After they checked into their hotel, Leslie suggested lunch with Dr. Stephenson. She hadn't seen the doctor since the Sunday Chris had been so rude with him. Dr. Stephenson was too busy to leave the office when Leslie phoned. Chris had left the room, and since Leslie wanted the doctor's approval on her job, she asked, "Do you think I'll be hurting Chris?"

"On the contrary," Stephenson replied, "it may do him good!"

Lunch with Chris alone was not too pleasant for Leslie. Afterward she suggested, "Chris won't you come to the Casserole for dinner tonight? It's sort

[*Continued on page 108*]

Same wash, same you... But
⅓ faster ironing with a

G-E "Dial the Fabric" Iron

Compared to most irons now in use, this General Electric *fully automatic* model can save up to *one third of your ironing time!*

And the G-E features that make ironing so much *faster*, make it easier, too. You'll do a lot *better* job with a lot *less effort!*

Faster—Exclusive Calrod unit gives *quicker ironing heat.* Big 27 square-inch sole plate does more work with each ironing stroke.

Better— G-E "Dial-The-Fabric" temperature control *selects* and *keeps* the right heat for every fabric. Double button nooks for ironing around and *under* buttons.

Easier—lightweight, well-balanced design for easy, accurate handling. Built-in thumb rest on comfortable handle relieves muscle strain.

We still can't make enough irons to meet the demand. If your G-E dealer doesn't have one, be patient. It's worth a short wait to be sure of a *G-E* Iron! General Electric Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

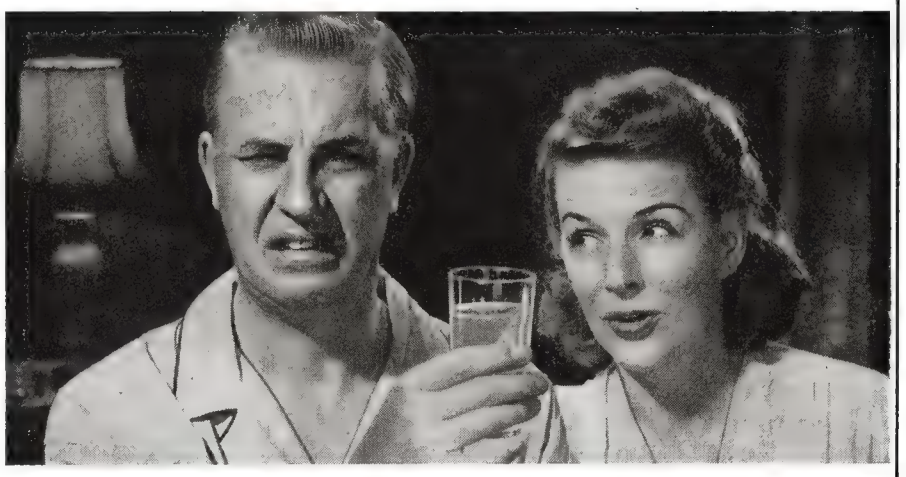
FOR GOOD LISTENING: Don't miss Art Linkletter, in "The G-E House Party," every afternoon, Monday through Friday, 4 p. m., E.W.T., CBS. "The G-E All-Girl Orchestra," Sunday, 10 p. m., E.W.T., NBC. "The World Today," News, Monday through Friday, 6:45 p. m., E.W.T., CBS.

FOR FINAL VICTORY— BUY AND HOLD MORE WAR BONDS

General Electric Irons

GENERAL ELECTRIC

How to handle a stubborn Husband



RIDICULE HIM! . . . Let him know what you think of a man who deliberately punishes himself with a harsh, bad-tasting laxative. Laugh at the faces he makes when he tries to down a dose of the stuff. If that doesn't discourage him, let him find out for himself what it *does* to him! He'll probably admit then that

Some laxatives are too strong!

"BABY" HIM! . . . If, on the other hand, he insists on taking some insipid, namby-pamby laxative, just because it's supposed to be *very mild* — indulge him! If it works . . . fine! But, if it only stirs him up inside, without giving him the proper relief, he won't need you to tell him that

Some laxatives are too mild!

GIVE THE GUY A BREAK! . . . He'll think you're the "smartest little wife on earth," if you'll keep a box of Ex-Lax handy for the times when he needs a laxative. How he'll go for that good chocolate taste! He'll like the way Ex-Lax acts, too — gentle, but mighty effective. Not too strong, not too mild

EX-LAX is the Happy Medium!

IF YOU NEED A LAXATIVE WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD!

Don't dose yourself with harsh, upsetting purgatives. Take Ex-Lax — the Chocolated Laxative! It's thoroughly effective, but it's kind and gentle, too!

10c and 25c at drug stores

As a precaution use only as directed

EX-LAX

THE "HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE

[*Continued from page 107*]

of a special event—for all the food editors in town. It should be fun."

"No thanks."

"I wish you'd come." She hesitated, and then finished in a burst of frankness, "Perhaps if you saw the place, you wouldn't be so intolerant!"

"Schroeder and his teashop bore me."

She put her hand on his arm. "Chris, this isn't like you. I never dreamed you'd behave so badly—"

"Quit the pep talk," he said, "and get back to Schroeder's kitchen."

She glared at him. "You certainly aren't the same man I married," she said and walked away . . .

VAN spent most of the afternoon in his office, going over statements. He was feeling pretty swell. It wasn't due entirely to a thriving business, either.

He looked down at the watch strapped to his wrist. Leslie should be here any minute now.

Leslie. Even the sound of her name on his lips did extraordinary things to him. He felt like a boy again, a boy desperately in love with the girl of his dreams.

There was a knock on the door and Leslie came in. She was wearing a suit of green tweed, with a tailored officer's topcoat, and a tiny brown beret perched over her forehead. Van's sharp eyes noted the lack of luster in her smooth skin, the tiny line between her fair brows, the nervous way in which she clutched at a package. He was instantly alert.

"I stopped by that antique shop on Third Avenue," she said, "to pick up some luster pitchers. They'll be perfect for the Welsh dresser. Aren't they beauties?"

"You're the beauty," he said lightly.

She ignored his remarks. She moved restlessly to the window, and then back to his desk.

"Have you seen the flowers?" she asked. Great clusters of tawny mums and purple asters in the copper pitchers. Charming small bouquets at each table.

"Yes. They're perfect."

"Is Pierre behaving himself?"

"A half hour ago," he grinned, "Pierre was chasing the pastry cook with a meat cleaver. But at the moment, international peace reigns."

"Pierre's like an impresario before the curtain goes up," she said absently.

The room was suddenly very quiet.

"Leslie," he said at last, "is everything OK?"

She looked down at the paper wrappings scattered on his desk. "Fine, thank you," she said mechanically.

He could always tell when she'd been having trouble with Chris, and he suffered with her. "Don't hide it from me," he said, coming over to her. "All I want is to help you, Leslie. You must know that."

"You're awfully kind, Van."

"Kind? That's an innocuous word. I'm *not* kind! I just can't bear to stand by and see you take a beating—day after day. . ."

"I don't, really. This has just been a difficult time for Chris."

"How long must it go on? How long must you take it?" he demanded. "You've proved beyond a doubt what a grand girl you are. You've stood for so much. But it's one-sided!"

Slowly she gathered her bag, gloves, and papers. She was just tired. Or maybe she was just tired and hopelessly discouraged. She had gathered all her hopes, her enthusiasm, her energies toward helping Chris. But apparently he didn't want her help. Maybe it's all over, she thought miserably, and I'm so dumb I just don't know it. . . .

All at once, it seemed too much for her. Tears clogged her eyes, spilled over her cheeks.

Van caught her in his arms. "Don't

Grownups may be polite and say nothing but trust a child to speak out and tell the truth. That little boy is right too! There's no excuse for offensive, stained toilet bowls. Especially when it is so easy to keep them sparkling white and clean with Sani-Flush.

No messy scrubbing is necessary with Sani-Flush. Use it twice a week at least to remove discolorations and the ever forming film where toilet germs lurk. Unlike ordinary cleansers, Sani-Flush is chemical in its action. It disinfects, cleans hard to reach surfaces, even cleans the hidden trap. Safe for septic tanks and in all toilet connections. (See directions on can.) Sold everywhere. Two convenient sizes. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton 2, Ohio.

Sani-Flush

REMOVES A CAUSE OF TOILET ODORS

CORNS

Prevents Corns, Sore Toes From Tight Shoes

WHEN you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads on your aching corns or sore toes—you'll marvel how tormenting shoe friction stops and painful pressure is instantly lifted. So soothing, cushioning, these thin, soft, protective pads prevent corns, tender spots, blisters, instep ridges, chafed heels. Take the pinch and "bite" out of new or tight shoes.

Included with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are separate wonder-working *Medications* for speedily removing corns. No other method does all these things for you. Cost but a trifle. At all Drug, Shoe, Department Stores, Toiletry Counters. Get a box today!

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Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder quickly relieves hot, tired, tender, perspiring feet. Eases tight shoes. Soothing. *Send it to boys in Service.* 35¢

Dr Scholl's FOOT POWDER

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You praise its clean-easy, *health-guarding* quality—the feeling of buoyant cheer that makes kitchen-chores disappear.

Yes, the quality you see and feel is very real . . . for, your Vollrath utensils have *3 Porcelain Enameled Coatings* on a base of steel.

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So, plan right and don't despair—you'll soon get your Vollrath Ware . . .

The VOLLRATH Co.

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cry, Leslie. Please. I can't bear to see you cry. . ."

"I'm so awfully tired," she whispered. "I've tried so hard—and it's such a miserable failure. . ."

He put his cheek against hers, and there was a great and wonderful tenderness in his heart.

She drew away from him, abruptly shy and self-conscious.

"Leslie," he said, "if there's anything I can do—"

She put her hand on his, impulsively. "Not a thing, Van. Thanks a lot. But it's my private battle."

She walked to the door, her hands full, the trenchcoat over her right shoulder, the beret at such a gay angle.

This can't go on, Van thought. There's just so much a man can take, too.

THIS was no moment for moodiness, for brooding over private affairs. Leslie straightened her shoulders. She looked around the spacious dining hall. The tables were set with a variety of handsome peasant runners, lace mats and Irish linens, with china and glassware to match each cover. The tall old-fashioned windows were open to the late blooming garden and there was everywhere an air of festive anticipation.

The idea for the press dinner had been Leslie's. "The food editors will be the first to appreciate the value of the Casserole," she said. Van had agreed with her.

Standing in the dining room, Leslie thought back to these past weeks with Van. It seemed to her that she had heartaches at home and serenity only in her work. Van was a grand boss.

There were sounds on the steps. The first guests had arrived. She went down to greet them.

For the next half hour, she was busy, smiling and talking, making the rounds with Van, who had just the right touch for his guests. But suddenly she grew rigid—for Rufus Raynor had come in, accompanied by Miss Jurgens, who was expensively dressed in a black suit and a brace of silver foxes. Sean Moran was with them and he came directly to her.

"Baby," he said, "this is an elegant idea! I'm afraid Van Schroeder's going to make another million. What does Chris think of the setup?"

"Chris has made no comment. He isn't feeling really well, you know." She wondered why she was lying to Sean. "That's mere window trimming, Sean. The truth is that Chris is frightfully sarcastic about my job. Instead of being a help, I seem to be losing him. . ."

Sean looked around; nobody appeared to be eavesdropping. "It's tough for Chris, you know. His pride has always been a compensation of some kind."

Rufus Raynor and Miss Jurgens passed by them, and Sean said, "Rufe is letting Jurgens handle the Epicure Food account."

"She's certainly gone up in the world," Leslie said, "and in so brief a time."

"She can't be too happy, though. Her husband was badly wounded on D-Day. He's in an English hospital."

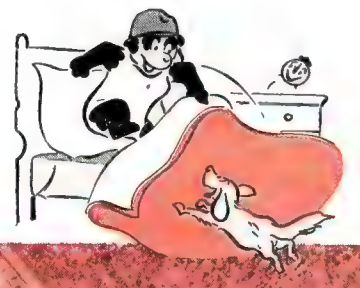
The guests were lining up at the steam tables with their trays and Leslie asked Sean to join them. There were savory casseroles of beef and kidney, there were stews and pot-au-feu, and bouillabaisse. And crisp French bread and celery, radishes, jams. And cheese and fruit, red apples, pears, tree ripened oranges for dessert.

Standing at the steam table, Leslie saw Rufus Raynor pick up a tray for himself and Miss Jurgens. He turned to her, benevolently, "Leslie—should I congratulate you on becoming a career woman?"

"When you call me that—*smile!*" Leslie retorted. "It's such an ugly word."

"You're wrong," Miss Jurgens interrupted flatly. "Career woman has a

[*Continued on page 110*]



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Gets plenty of sleep—
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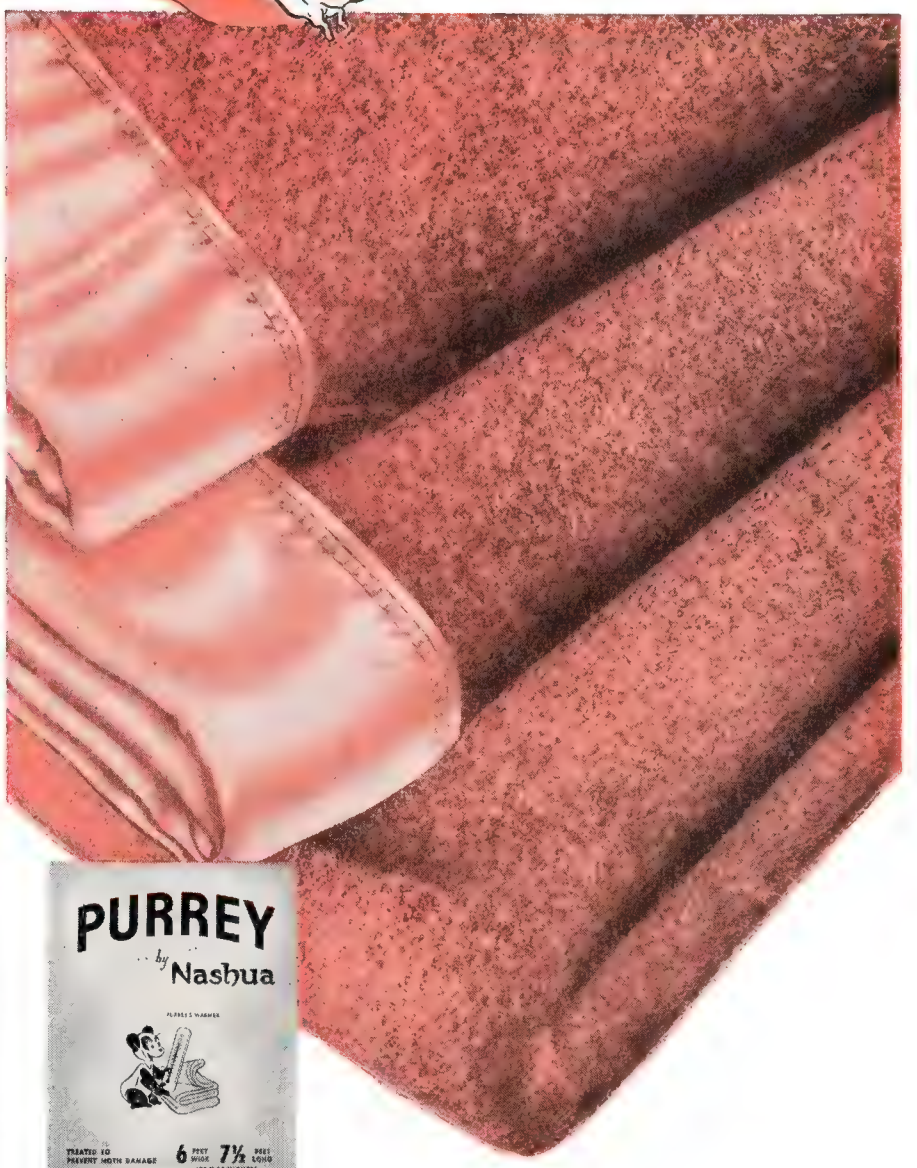

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These amazing blankets . . . 88% Rayon, only 12% wool . . . rest easily on tired bodies. Their patented construction makes a blanket with more and better nap traps (tiny air spaces that hold in warmth) . . . a blanket that's lighter yet warmer by scientific test than many costing up to almost twice as much.

Purrey's beautiful pastel shades lend a new freshness to the bedroom. Purrey blankets are easy to clean and each has Nashua's 5-year guarantee against moth damage.

Buy More War Bonds to bring true your post-war home-planning for both Purreys and Indian Maiden *Combed* Percale Sheets.

Awarded to the Men and Women of all Divisions

*80x90 *double bed oversize* $7.45. *Regular* 72x84 *size* $5.95.

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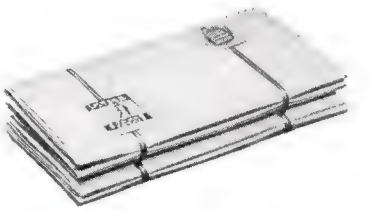

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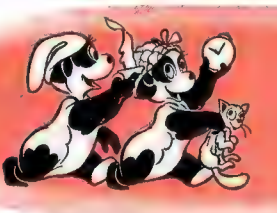

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INDIAN HEAD CLOTH • WELWYN VIRGIN WOOL BLANKETS • DWIGHT ANCHOR SHEETS

Purrey Blankets, invented at the Nashua Mfg. Co., Nashua, N. H., are protected by U. S. Pat. No. 2,208,533

No rubber bands are needed . . . there's no stretching, no washing . . . they're always on hand in just the size you want.

How to make bowl covers with Cut-Rite

NOW you can make your own flavor-saving bowl covers with extra-heavy Cut-Rite. It's easy! You just twist and tuck under. (*Don't try to use a thin, crisp paper—it won't work.*) Cut-Rite is so extra-heavy and pliable you can depend on it not to tear.

Covers made with Cut-Rite are transparent—you can see what's in the bowl! They may be lifted off and put back on a jelly glass—or can be used once on leftovers and thrown away. Cut-Rite Covers don't stretch, and, best of all they don't have to be washed out and scalded.

Try it tomorrow! See how easy it is to keep food flavor protected the Cut-Rite way . . . how "dressed up" your icebox looks!

•

Get extra icebox space. By wrapping small things small you can almost double icebox space and save icebox dishes. Half a lemon or ¼ lb. of butter, a few leftover beets for tomorrow's salad . . . wrapped in Cut-Rite fit neatly into corners.

Fewer pans and bowls to wash. Try mixing messy foods on extra-heavy, *waxed-through* Cut-Rite . . . hamburger and onion, shortening and flour. Grate cheese on Cut-Rite, roll pie crust on it. Melt chocolate in Cut-Rite in the top of your double boiler. (*Not a pan, bowl or dish to scrub.*)

Get Cut-Rite with its famous sawtooth cutting edge in the big 125-foot roll

Tear off enough Cut-Rite to extend beyond rim of bowl at least an inch on all sides. Center Cut-Rite on bowl and hold firmly in place with left hand.

Still holding paper firmly in place, pleat a corner, twist and tuck under-and-up to the rim of the bowl.

Continue to twist and tuck under-and-up, working on the bias, and turning bowl away from you as you go...until you have completed a snug-fitting roll.

CUT-RITE

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

TEARS-RITE • SAVES-RITE • LOOKS-RITE

[*Continued from page 109*]

very special significance. I'm proud of it, myself."

"How is Chris?" Rufus asked. "Has his health improved?"

"He's simply wonderful!" Leslie said. "But he's been so busy I doubt if he can get here this afternoon."

It was pitifully obvious—and Miss Jurgens triumphantly saw right through it. . .

The dinner was going beautifully, the food was superb, the conversation gay and animated. Monica Tate had come in late and she was sitting with Van now, very pleased that her investment had brought this about. Suddenly she caught Leslie's attention and gesticulated toward the door.

Chris had just come in. At the last minute, feeling he had treated Leslie shoddily, he decided to come to the Casserole after all.

He looked around, bewildered. But before he could get away, Leslie jumped up and ran over to him.

"Why, darling," she said gaily, "I'm so glad you could make it!" And in an undertone, she added, "Rufe Raynor is here. You'll just have to carry it off."

After the initial shock, he did. He sat at a long table, between two attractive women, and listened politely. He waved to Sean and then concentrated on watching Leslie, who was talking to Van. There was something faintly possessive in Van's attitude that sent his anger blazing high.

Deliberately, he turned his head away—and met Miss Jurgen's glance. He felt trapped, but he carried it off. He even managed a level smile.

And just then an older woman—a contact from the Raynor days—called over, "Hi, Chris! What're you doing with yourself these days?"

Before he could answer, Miss Jurgens saw her chance. "Oh, Mr. Buell's living on the fat of the land," she said laughingly. "His wife's gone to work!"

There was a burst of amusement—not unkind, but it hurt nevertheless. Lord, didn't they realize how much it hurt? It seemed to him that a storm of faces raced at him, like thunderheads. Rufus Raynor's face was in the lead—that phony paternalistic face leered at him, arousing such violence in Chris that he wanted to get up and smash at it.

Chris pushed back his chair. He forced his way through the crowd until he found Sean. There was such anguish on his face that Sean said swiftly, "Now, take it easy, boy."

"I'm all right. I just want to ask you something."

"Shoot."

"Find me a job, Sean—any kind of a job!"

A WEEK later, Chris started work at the Andower Weeks Company. Andower Weeks was the central office for a number of food subsidiaries, a flour mill in Minnesota, a citrus juice factory in Florida, a cannery in Alaska. In the New York office, there were two hundred office boys, shipping clerks, junior executives, who worked from nine to five and carried no responsibilities home with them.

Chris would be one of them. His salary—twenty-four hundred a year.

On the first morning Chris was to report at Andover Weeks, Leslie took the 8:24 to town with him, for company and moral support. But he concentrated on the morning paper until they reached Grand Central. Leslie was hurt, but she hid it under a bright smile.

"Good luck, darling," she said and held her face up to be kissed. Chris looked into her eyes. For a second, she thought he would say something, that the bond between them would re-establish itself . . . But he touched her cheek absently, turned away and disappeared in the early morning crowds.

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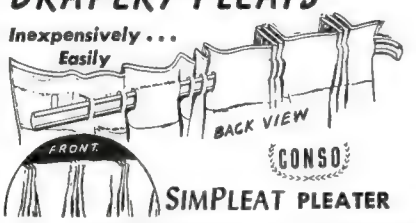
Cleans windows crystal-clear in seconds!

Here's the new, improved way to use your old friend, Bon Ami Cake. First, rub a damp cloth over the Cake and apply a *thin* coating to the glass. Then, wipe it off *before it dries*. Dirt disappears...windows *sparkle*...for Bon Ami *polishes* as it cleans! Leaves no oily, dust-catching film. Try Bon Ami Cake this new, easy way *today!*

DISCOVERED!
How to make Professional DRAPERY PLEATS



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Use this short cut to a professional finish. Sew SimPleat to the back of old or new draperies and curtains. Crease material with your fingers, that's all. Easy to apply to any fabric. Durable, invisible, retains stiffness after washing.

At all Drapery and Dept. stores in 2", 2½", 3" widths at 10¢, 15¢, 19¢ a yard, or by mail.

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JINGLE QUIZ No 10

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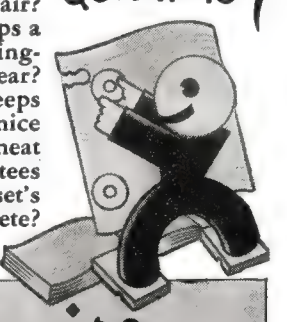
What stops a loose-leaf, ring-hole tear?
What keeps the pages nice and neat
And guarantees the set's complete?



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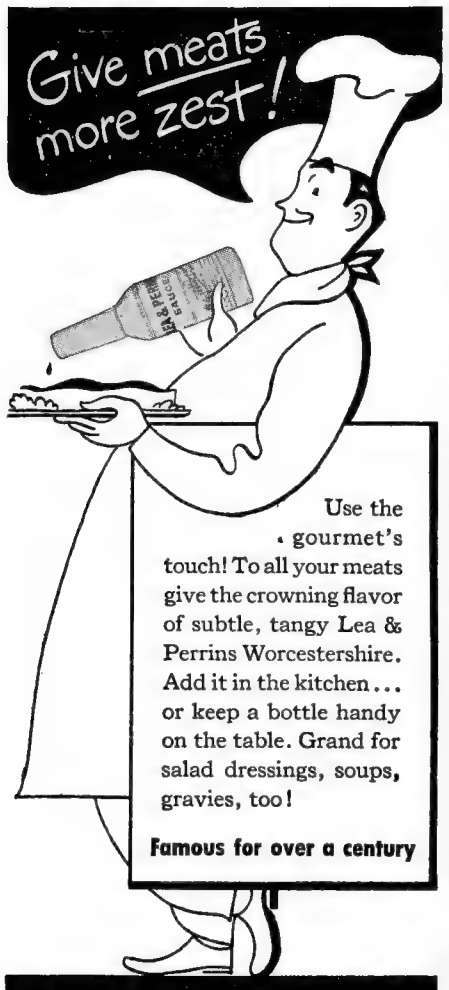

Use the gourmet's touch! To all your meats give the crowning flavor of subtle, tangy Lea & Perrins Worcestershire. Add it in the kitchen... or keep a bottle handy on the table. Grand for salad dressings, soups, gravies, too!

Famous for over a century

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THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

During the following weeks, Leslie had time for neither rest nor contemplation. Van had given her a substantial raise and she was working hard. The rapidly growing Casserole took up much of her time and energy. She took Chris's cool neutrality to heart, but hid it skillfully from him.

Finally at breakfast one morning, he said, "Meet me for lunch today. I want to talk to you."

The brilliant fall sunlight pouring into the small breakfast room seemed to loose its luster.

"Can't we talk on the train?" she asked, refilling his cup.

"I'll meet you at Louis' at one," he said stubbornly.

She was uneasy, though she couldn't imagine what he wanted or why he was so mysterious.

SHE arrived at the meeting place on time, to find that Chris had already fortified himself with a drink. He led her to a booth and ordered for them.

Then he said, "I've had this on my mind for a long time—four weeks, to be exact."

She smiled nervously. "Well, tell me."

"I want to know something. You promised to give up your job as soon as I found one. I've been working for four weeks. You still haven't resigned. Why?"

She was conscious of people around them. "Don't shout, Chris. Everybody's listening."

Her answer infuriated him. "Let 'em listen. Maybe they'll discover something about marriage, more than I seem to know. You made a promise—"

"I know I did, Chris—"

"But you haven't kept it," he accused her. "You're usually honest. I want you to be honest now. What is the reason?"

She saw his face in profile, the powerful nose with its sensitive nostrils, the sensuous mouth, the stubborn proud jaw. He was gripping the cocktail glass in his fingers and she was afraid it would crumble.

"What is the reason?" he repeated.

"Oh, you *know* the reason!"

He stared at her grimly. "Not the real reason, the one that you keep secret in your heart. I may be guessing—"

Don't answer, she warned herself. It'll only make things worse. It wasn't possible that this cold violent man was her Chris, the man she loved so loyally and devotedly.

"I'll quit working, Chris, just as soon as we know your job with Andover Weeks is permanent—"

"In other words, you feel I won't hold the job for long. You've lost faith—"

"That's not true! You're twisting my words. It's just that we've had such a tough time, you can't blame me for wanting to make sure—"

"Then it's no?"

"Only until we're sure of your job."

He looked down at his empty glass. His face was cold and implacable, his voice mechanical. "Ever since you started in with Van Schroeder, you've been different, Leslie."

"I'm not the one who's been different. You are," she said angrily. "You made a terrific issue of it, even though I went to work only to help you—"

"You went to work because it suited Van Schroeder's plans. He's quite a lad, Schroeder. A guy with guts. Nothing gets him down. Quite a contrast to your own husband."

"Oh, Chris, stop this! You're torturing yourself and me so needlessly! You've grown so suspicious—"

"I'm not the only one," he flung out. "There's been gossip about you. I've heard it!"

"Since when have you stooped to listen to gossip?"

"Since I've seen you change right under my eyes! You aren't the same. You

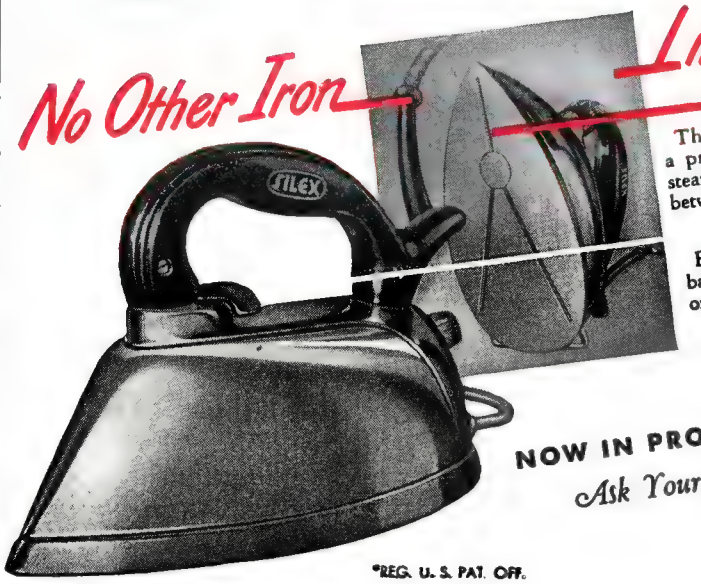
[*Continued on page 112*]

NOW! TREASURED RAYONS IRONED WRINKLE FREE *without sticking or scorching!*

STEAM to iron dainty rayons and synthetic fabrics the *modern* way! Enough heat to smooth out every wrinkle... a sheath of steam to protect against sticking, scorching or melting, to coax delicate threads back to original plumpness. Steam for a hundred difficult pressing jobs, when you want it!

DRY to iron cottons, linens, flatwork. Can be used *without* water, but when used with water, just flip the switch to change back and forth from steam to dry ironing, instantly. The automatic temperature control keeps heat even, keeps fabrics safe.

No Other Iron Like It!



Three-way grooves put a protective sheath of steam from heel to tip between iron and fabric.

Flip this switch—change back and forth to steam or dry ironing, instantly.

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SOON SHE CAN COOK BABY'S FOOD IN...

So clean and bright... so durable

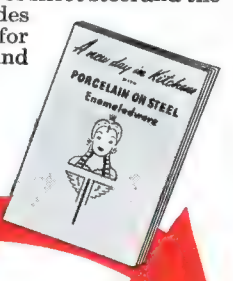
Finer enameledware is coming . . . the New Improved Porcelain on Steel Enameledware! It lasts and lasts! It leads all others in cooking efficiency! Its gleaming surface swishes clean like china . . . is so resistant to stains that it keeps right on looking like new.

What satisfaction to have such cleanliness for baby's utensils! What a thrill to have a matched set of cooking ware that is truly ornamental, and adds to your kitchen's efficiency and beauty.

This finer enameledware is identified by the Red Seal of Quality shown below.

FREE BOOK Tells Amazing Facts

How enameledware progressed from jewelry to "the jewel among kitchenware" of today is shown in a beautiful, natural color booklet just published as a service to housewives. It tells the place of enduring enameledware through the ages . . . of discoveries giving New Improved Enameledware the strength of sheet steel and the cleanliness of china . . . guides selection of proper utensils for your kitchen, baby's care, and the sickroom.



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[*Continued from page 111*]

compare me with Schroeder, who's making money again, and you find me wanting."

"Shut up!"

He finished his drink. "Thanks. I'll do that. I'll keep my mouth shut about everything."

NOVEMBER was a dismal month. The worst Leslie had ever suffered. She had a nasty cold which refused to clear up. But it was not the weather, despite sleet and icy and biting winds, that was to blame. Her profound depression, the sense of failure and defeat, were spiritual as well as physical.

There was no doubt that she had lost Chris. They lived in the same house, but they were strangers. And she knew of no way to win him back.

She knew that giving up her job was no longer the answer. The answer lay in some hidden niche in Chris's mind.

Meanwhile, she kept busy, which was a blessing. And Van was so kind and understanding. He must suspect that there was something wrong between her and Chris. Yet he showed no curiosity, only infinite kindness and sympathy. She looked forward to the hours at the Casserole as a kind of reprieve from misery.

Early in December, Van rented a loft which was to house the delivery service; business was phenomenal; Van had already been approached by a syndicate which offered to buy him out. But he refused to sell.

It was during the second week in December that Van received summons from Washington. "They want me to testify at the Food Conference," he explained to Leslie proudly. "I'll have to take the afternoon plane. There's only one thing—I was due at Raynor's this afternoon. Will you go up there for me—and OK those radio commercials?"

"I couldn't, Van. I couldn't go near Raynor's. Let them wait until you return."

"I don't know when I'll be back. And the copy should go out tomorrow."

She looked so distressed that he weakened. "OK, I'll ring Raynor and postpone it."

"No, I'll go," she said.

He stood beside her, his arms at his side. His eyes were intent on her face, his voice suddenly tender and grave. "I hate to go away, Leslie. I have a feeling—well, that you need me."

She was silent.

"Maybe it's wishful thinking," he said quietly. "All I seem to ask of life these days is that you'll need me. Does that sound funny, coming from me?"

She closed her eyes. "No. It's wonderful. And I appreciate it—I can't tell you how much. You're so kind—"

AFTER he'd gone, she went over to Raynor's, feeling nervously sick. "I have an appointment with Mr. Raynor," she told the receptionist. While the girl rang Raynor's office, Leslie went in to see Sean Moran.

"What're you doing in the lion's den, baby?" Sean asked.

Leslie made a face. "Business for Van Schroeder . . . Sean, have you seen Chris lately?"

"Chris has been avoiding me like the plague," Sean said, his face lined with distress. "And you know me. Cut me a couple of times and I finally take the hint!"

"Sean, he's miserable!"

"Leslie, the whole trouble is that he's miserably unsuited to this job of his. There are certain men who can lose themselves in mediocre work—sink into a rut and stay there. But Chris can't do it. He's a positive, dynamic guy. To him it must be a little like dying—"

"The trouble is I can't help him."

"Nobody can help him," Sean answered. "He's got to find his own way now—"

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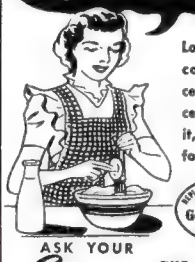

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Bottle Colic guard your baby against it

EXCLUSIVE Pyrex Patented Air Vent prevents nipple collapse, guards against your baby swallowing air. GUARANTEED chill-and-heat-resistant.

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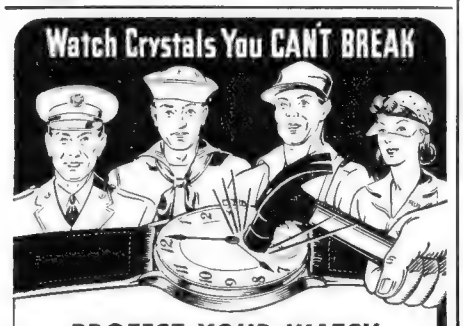

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They were interrupted by a tall, efficient woman who told Leslie that Miss Jurgens would check with her on the Schroeder copy and would she come right this way.

Leslie recognized the door with Miss Jurgen's name on it, and her heart was an icicle. For this was Christopher's old office — the office where he'd worked from morning until night for seven long years.

Miss Jurgens sat behind the handsome modern walnut desk, looking like a picture of the bright young woman executive. This Miss Jurgens was a new version of the small, unobtrusive, sallow secretary. Her lanky black hair had received the benefit of a good permanent, was swept high on her head and topped with a small hat made of pink roses and a dab of black veiling.

"How do you do, Mrs. Buell," Miss Jurgens said, getting up. "Tell me, do you like the office this way?" Her thin hand waved nonchalantly to the deep green walls, the beige hand-blocked linen drapes, the yellow leather sofa. "It's more interesting, don't you think?"

Leslie's face was set in a polite mask. But inwardly, she was raging. The usurper! The unspeakable phony! She'd had the office done over to banish all signs of Christopher's personality . . .

"Very nice," she said coldly. "Now, about the copy for the Casserole campaign—"

"I have it here," Miss Jurgens said, "Rufus has seen it. He's delighted with it and wants me to go ahead—"

The evolution of a career woman, Leslie thought. A girl with simple beginnings, a rapacious mind, a capacity for hard work—and much, much ruthless ambition! The funny thing was that now, having reached the top, she would doubtlessly prove excellent in her position! She wondered abruptly if Chris was afraid that she, Leslie, might turn into this sort of woman . . .

LATE that evening, she received a telegram from Van. He'd be gone at least four days, possibly a week.

The Casserole was in her hands.

Van returned from Washington the following Friday. It was a blustery gray day. As he entered the Casserole, he was instantly aware of the radiant warmth and hospitality. At the beginning of December, the Casserole had started serving lunch, and now, though it was almost three, the dining room was still crowded.

Suddenly, he caught sight of Leslie. She was sitting alone at a small corner table. His heart was racing like a high-powered motor as he slipped into the chair opposite her.

"Van!" she cried, "I wasn't expecting you!"

He hoped almost desperately that there was pleasure in her surprise. He wanted it so badly.

"I'm only staying overnight," he said. "I have some information to collect which I must present in Washington tomorrow afternoon." He was keyed up. He would tell her everything that had happened in Washington.

"Let me get you some lunch," she said.

While he ate, she related the news of the Casserole. "Pierre has been positively angelic," she said. "Everything's going nicely."

"I knew it would."

"Will you tell me what's happened in Washington? That is, if it isn't a secret?"

"It's no secret at all." He buttered a piece of French bread. "You see before you, Leslie, a small but important cog in a new setup. A minor member of the United Nations Food Commission." He sat there, in his excellently tailored clothes, his handsome face alert and enthusiastic. "The problem of feeding

[*Continued on page 114*]

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Here's Why Wise Moms Prefer This Great Natural Whole Grain for the Whole Family!

Everyone at your house needs the great whole-grain benefits so naturally rich in delicious hot Quaker Oats—especially the youngsters.

Nature favored Quaker Oats to help the active, normal growth of children all through the growth years. True oatmeal is now known to be richer than any other natural cereal in three key elements, all vital to growth!

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. . . to own a lovely Quaker Lace Cloth—authentically beautiful, yet so practical."
Spots just sponge off and, when necessary, it goes right into the tub or washing machine. In a variety of textures to suit every table setting. Made in America by Americans, by the makers of Quaker Net Curtains and Quaker Hosiery.
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Scott's new Soft-Weve is really ideal! It combines the two essentials we women must have—cleansing tissue softness with the firmness of toilet tissue. I recommend it!
Cleansing tissue soft...toilet tissue firm

[*Continued from page 113*]

devastated Europe is a terrific one. There are soup kitchens, food commissaries to be set up for civilian feeding. And people must be taught what to eat when they can finally feed themselves—simple well-balanced diets to combat TB and rickets and all diseases caused by malnutrition—"

"Van, you talked to Chris about this, once. You've always been keen on it, haven't you?"

"Yeh, I really made quite a study of it. And now some of my ideas seem to make enough sense so the government'll try them out—"

"That's wonderful! But will it take up much of your time?"

"All of it, Leslie."

"All of it!" she repeated.

"Yes. I'm being sent to England on the fifteenth of January."

It had the effect he'd calculated. She sat erect, the surprise apparent on her face.

"It sounds grand, Van," she said soberly. "It's a great sacrifice on your part, and I'm sure you'll never regret it . . . But what's going to happen to the business?"

"You're going to run the Casserole."

"Van, are you out of your mind?" she cried. "Do you want to go bankrupt again?"

"Definitely not! But recently, you've taken charge of the Casserole—and most competently. Why shouldn't you continue?"

Her eyes were shadowed with fear. "It's one thing to keep a place going for a few days while you're out of town, Van. It's quite another to assume complete responsibility! I can manage as your shadow, but I'd be an awful flop as the head man!"

"You're just letting your imagination run away with you. What do you think business ability is, anyway—nothing but common sense, a talent for getting along with people, and experience. You've got enough of all three to manage nicely!"

"I couldn't do it, Van. I'd just go to pieces!"

"We'll talk about it later," he said.

They went into his office to check over bills and receipts.

"Van," Leslie said suddenly, "what about having an old-fashioned Christmas at the Casserole? A big tree with candy canes and popcorn balls. Tables put together, so it's almost like a huge family party. Suckling pigs—"

"I don't believe New Yorkers would take to such a cozy idea," he objected.

"Most New Yorkers come from small towns, and a lot of them are lonely at Christmas."

"Leslie, you're a sentimentalist!"

"Of course, I am!" she smiled ruefully. "I always bawl at parades or newsreels of starving children—and I adore big family gatherings—"

"OK. Do what you think is best," he agreed.

IT WAS eleven o'clock before she reached home that night. Chris was reading in bed. The light shone over his shoulder, casting half his face in shadow, and there was a gloomy, dispirited air about him.

"Chris—" she said impulsively, wanting to give him the news.

"Yes?" He looked up, his gaze level and utterly impersonal.

She was silent. What's the use, she thought . . .

"Chris," she changed her thoughts swiftly, "about our Christmas dinner—do you mind if we have it at the Casserole?"

"I certainly do mind."

"But I'm planning something special—"

"I'd rather eat in a beanery," he said coldly.

"Chris, don't be mean—"

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THE SAVOGRAN COMPANY, BOSTON 10, MASS.

He snapped off the light and turned over in his bed.

Van left again the following morning. In the face of her responsibilities, Leslie had no time for personal worry.

The weather continued to be bleak and cold. Chris came down with the flu, but refused to stay home from the office. Monica gave a big cocktail party, but Leslie was too tired to attend. The Casserole Christmas dinner absorbed her attention.

She had ordered suckling pigs from the wholesale butcher. She'd ordered oysters for the bisque and chestnuts for the soufflé, and tiny peas and sweet potatoes.

She wrote Van a report of the day's events each night before taking the train to Pine Ridge. It was extraordinary how much her morale was aided by those letters.

THE morning of the twenty-fourth, she got to the Casserole early. She was excited in anticipation of the holiday. On her desk, she found a message to call Hennessy, the wholesale butcher.

"Mrs. Buell, I have bad news f'r you—" Hennessy said in his gruff funereal voice. "I can't get you those suckling pigs."

"But you promised," she reminded him. "And we're flooded with reservations!"

"I'm real sorry. But it's an emergency—" He went on to explain that the shipment he'd expected was caught somehow in the three-day embargo on railroad deliveries, which had been proclaimed by the government because of the terrible storms. "I'll try to dig up somethin' f'r you," he said, "but I can't promise what it'll be—"

Leslie's first reaction was one of outrage—they couldn't do this to her! And then sanity returned. Well, in order to procure some food, she must act very quickly.

The fish markets promised her oysters—enough to get by. Prime beef and chicken were out, but perhaps she could get some turkeys! She telephoned other wholesalers, but they didn't know her. They were saving what they had for their own customers.

She hung up and sat woodenly at her desk. What should she do now? What *could* she do? She was sick with worry.

I'll call Van, she thought frantically. He'll just have to drop everything and come home!

She put in a long-distance call to Washington, and then canceled it. I can depend on you, Van had told her.

Instead, she dialed Andover Weeks and asked to speak with Christopher. When she heard his voice, she felt a surge of reassuring hope.

"Chris, can you get over to the Casserole right away? I'm in an awful mess!"

There was a pause. Then he said, "Are you ill, Leslie?" So polite and impersonal . . .

"No, I'm not ill. I'm quite all right. It's the business, Chris. I have a mob of people coming for dinner and no food to give them!"

"That's too bad," he said.

"Chris, don't be like that! I need you—please, come over! *Please!*"

"I'll come over during my lunch hour," he promised.

He arrived at twelve-thirty. The Casserole was already jammed and Leslie took him back to her office.

"Take your coat off, Chris," she said. "It's hot in here."

He pulled off his checked muffler and his gray tweed overcoat. He looked worse instead of better, she thought worriedly, with that grayish pallor to his skin . . .

"Sit down, Chris," she said.

He looked thoughtfully around this office, which she shared with Van

[*Continued on page 116*]

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FULL-MIX BEATERS give EVEN, SCIENTIFIC MIXING

Beaters never vary their speed as batter thickens-up or thins-out, whether set slow or fast. Full power automatically maintained on every speed. Full-mix beaters provide greater aeration for finer results.

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9 feet for 6¢

Royledge

SHELVING

[*Continued from page 115*]

Schroeder and which obviously bore the marks of Van's personality.

"I'll stand," he said politely. "Just what do you want, Leslie?"

"Chris, I cannot get enough meat and vegetables to serve tonight and tomorrow. What shall I do?"

His eyes were blank to her appealing glance. "How should I know?" he answered coolly. "I'm not a butcher."

"Don't be funny, Chris! I'm in trouble. This place is my responsibility. I run it. And after all the publicity I've given out on this Christmas dinner—you don't want to see me flop?"

"Where's your boss?"

"Van's in Washington. He's with the United Nations Relief Commission. He's left the Casserole in my care—that's why I can't let him down—"

"That's too bad." He moved restlessly. "Well, if you'll excuse me now, I must get back."

SHE stared at him with growing exasperation. Was he blind? Didn't he realize that she was in trouble and deserved his help?

And then he said contemptuously, "If you were home where you belong, you wouldn't be in this mess."

"Chris," she cried in despair, "is that all you can say to me?"

"No, I can add a few things. They've been on my mind a long time!" He stood against the white plaster wall, his dark eyes bleak and distant. The words poured out in an agonized stream. "You're always griping that I spoiled our marriage. Well, let me tell you something—it went on the rocks the day you took this job with Schroeder! You haven't given a damn about me since!"

This blazing anger lashed at her with a hundred whips.

"That's not true, Chris," she cried. "I've worried about you constantly. I realize it hasn't been easy for you—that's why I've begged you to stay here for dinner each night!"

"Thanks. I'd rather go without food."

"Don't be so darned theatrical!" she flared. "You're putting me in a nasty light, and it isn't fair. I didn't take this job out of a selfish motive. I took it to help *us*—"

"Here we go again," he said mockingly. "The misunderstood, self-sacrificing little wife!" His eyes were alive now, black as anthracite. He strode toward her, his hand caught her arm in a savage, brutal grip. "Are you really so dumb that you believe Schroeder picked you for your ability?" he shouted. "Don't you realize there are dozens of experienced women who'd work for less and be damned glad of the opportunity?"

"Chris, be quiet!" she begged.

"You've been trying to blind me, and it hasn't worked," he continued violently. "I'm wise to everything—"

"Chris, you're mad to talk like this! You've changed so much since you lost your job. You're cruel and suspicious. I honestly think you're ill and should see a psychiatrist!"

He stepped back. "It's just about time for you to spring that one. I suppose your friends have been priming you. The poor gallant wife who must support her neurotic husband. Did Schroeder suggest the psychiatrist?"

She was frightened now, and furious at the same time by misunderstanding. "You know he didn't suggest it. It's my own idea. You need advice from an outside source. You need constructive thinking. Because you're running away from life, Chris Buell!"

"Running away! That's a hot one!"

"Yes, you're running away. Your mind isn't its old self. You're poisoned with hatred for Rufe Raynor and it's saturated your body and your mind!"

His hands clenched and unclenched.

No one's home-made kind tastes as good as

EVERBEST *Preserves*

Say "good morning" over piping-hot toast and

ORANGE MARMALADE

(MADE OF FRESH FRUIT)

It's a happier day that begins with this delicious marmalade, generously laden with bits of juicy fresh oranges. For a more tart flavor we also prepare an orange-grapefruit variety. Either kind is wonderful!

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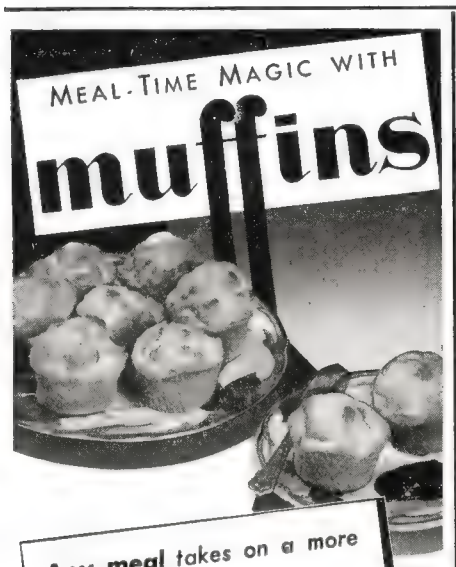

Any meal takes on a more exciting air when there's a trayful of delicate, delicious hot muffins to go with it. And with Duff's always on hand, you can serve muffins at a moment's notice. Enjoy them plain, or in any of the tempting variations suggested on the box.

JUST ADD **water** —that's all!

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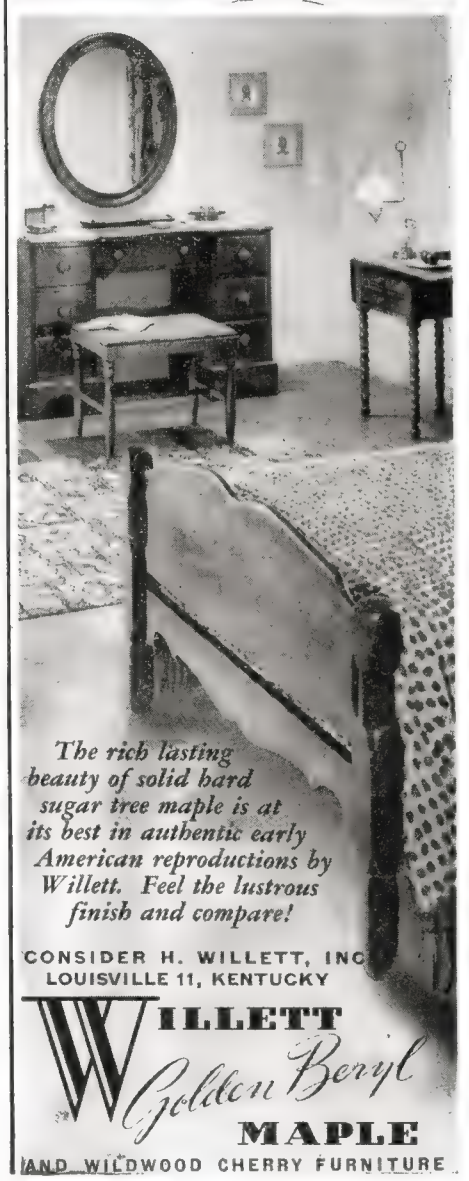

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Fix it up

Old chairs can be made as good as new —and here's how to do it

This old chair, strong but ungainly, with spindly legs and high back, can be remodeled—and you can do it yourself

Cut down the back to 32 in., screw cross pieces across back, strengthen joints with angle irons, cut an inch from legs

Paint legs gun-metal black or other color, pad back and seat with cotton, case with muslin, upholster with colorful fabric

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NO SUGAR NEEDED in this BRER RABBIT Gingerbread

QUICK! EASY! MAKE IT TODAY!

½ cup melted shortening—1¼ cups **Brer Rabbit GREEN LABEL Molasses**—1 egg (beaten)—2½ cups sifted flour—1½ teaspoons baking soda—½ teaspoon salt—1 teaspoon cinnamon—1 teaspoon ginger—½ teaspoon cloves—¾ cup hot water.

Combine shortening and molasses; add egg. Blend well. Mix and sift dry ingredients; add to first mixture alternately with the hot water. Bake in well-greased 9" x 9" x 2" pan in moderate oven (350° F.) 45 minutes. Yields 16 delicious portions!

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TWO TYPES:

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He picked up his topcoat and his muffler. "OK," he said tautly. "If it's mental, I might as well make it an actuality. Then, maybe, you'll be satisfied!"

The rest of the day was a nightmare out of a horror film. It was only with the greatest effort that Leslie was able to shove her personal heartache from her mind.

She telephoned Monica Tate, as she so often did in an emergency. And Monica had a practical suggestion. "Call the Spur and Saddle, Leslie. They must have some Virginia hams on hand. They're closing for the winter, you know."

Monica was right. The Spur and Saddle did have hams, and was glad to help her. She and Pierre scouted the town. They found some ducks, enough shrimp for a gumbo, and some fresh vegetables.

The Casserole didn't open until six for dinner. Five minutes before the hour, Leslie stepped into the dining room. She herself felt like a wreck, but the room was beautiful! There was a fire crackling in the huge fireplace; the mantle was festive with pewter and pine cones. The tree was magnificent, the star on its peak glittering like a jewel.

The first guests were just arriving when the telephone in her office rang sharply.

Van was calling from Washington. "Merry Christmas, Leslie."

"Merry Christmas!"

"Everything under control?"

"Everything's wonderful, Van. I wish you were here tonight."

"I was afraid that food embargo might upset things."

"Not at all! Don't you worry about anything!"

"Leslie, in the upper right hand drawer of my desk, you'll find an envelope. It's your Christmas present."

After she'd hung up, she found it. A war bond. He was so considerate, she thought gratefully.

Someone had turned on the radio, and a choir was singing Christmas carols. Suddenly Leslie's eyes filled. She returned to the telephone, and asked the operator to get her house in Pine Ridge. The phone kept ringing. . . .

"They do not answer," the operator reported.

CHRISTMAS morning. It was still cold. Walking up the ramp to the cheerful warmth of Grand Central, Leslie shivered. She took a cab to Dr. Stephenson's office.

Even on Christmas morning, Dr. Stephenson's office was crowded. Nevertheless, the nurse led Leslie directly into his private office.

"Stephie," she cried, "I've done the most idiotic thing—" And she blurted out the story of yesterday's quarrel, weeping convulsively as she told him. "I was nervous and upset, Stephie. That's the only excuse I can give you for the things I said to Chris!"

"Sometimes the things we blurt out in anger are very near the heart of truth," Dr. Stephenson said gently. "Do you feel that the things you said to Chris were true?"

She turned her head away. "I'm afraid so, Stephie. There has been such a change in his personality. He's cranky and irritable—and suspicious. I honestly feel he needs the help of a psychiatrist!"

"I wouldn't have suggested precisely this procedure," Dr. Stephenson said cautiously. "But since it has happened, it may turn out for the best."

She lit a cigarette distractedly. Her black Persian coat was thrown back from her shoulders, revealing her black wool frock tied with a white scarf.

"Stephie, the thing that's worse than Chris's ulcer is his bitter unending hatred of Rufus Raynor!"

[*Continued on page 118*]

Why be a RUBBIT?

She goes crazy *rubbing* smutchy pans with messy dish rags.

Be a BRILLO whiz!

A *Brillo Whiz* scours sticky pans easily, quickly—with Brillo!

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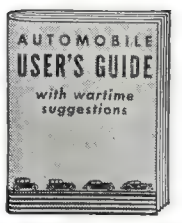

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3 CAKES FOR 27¢

CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

ADORNS YOUR SKIN WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE

[*Continued from page 117*]

"Leslie," Dr. Stephenson said bluntly, "Raynor *is* Chris's ulcer." He added, "I haven't time now to go into explicit explanations. But there's an article on psychosomatics that I'd like you to read. You see, Christopher's ulcer made its first manifestation when he started working for Raynor. I suppose inwardly he was frightfully anxious to measure up, and scared stiff he wouldn't! All of his years with Raynor have been a terrible challenge. I'm surprised that he didn't crack up before."

That made sense, Leslie thought. "But why—" she asked, "hasn't the ulcer healed since he left Raynor?"

"I think the reason is that now he's scared stiff he'll never live up to another really responsible job. As long as the ulcer troubles him, he cannot be expected to assume such an obligation—" He regarded her thoughtfully, "You know, Leslie, there are in this country a great many men like Christopher who start work at an early age, who settle down to a lifetime in one berth. They're afraid of new jobs. Their conscience torments them and they find refuge in physical manifestations . . ."

"But Chris has never been afraid," she exclaimed.

"Chris has been scared stiff, my dear, ever since his father walked out and left him, a fifteen-year-old kid, to support his mother."

"But this job at Andover Weeks isn't the answer!"

"I know it isn't. But give him time, Leslie. Be patient and tolerant and give him time."

"He won't take it, Stephie." Suddenly she was crying again. "He won't take it . . . Because he's left me!"

VAN SCHROEDER was worried. Originally, he'd been confident that everything in his business would work out to his future advantage. But now, he wasn't quite so sure. Within a fortnight, he would be flown overseas in a bomber to add his small, belated, but not unimportant bit to the war effort. He'd been anxious to do it, he'd been looking forward to it . . . But now realization of his hopes brought qualms. It meant leaving Leslie—and the business.

Basically, he had tremendous confidence in Leslie. And yet he couldn't leave a growing business in her willing but inexperienced hands. She could take over in the Casserole—she'd proved that at Christmas.

But the Home Delivery Service of hot cooked meals was the nucleus of a big business. And when he was released from his post with the Relief Commission, he expected to take up the reins of an expanded organization.

Yes, he must arrange for some tie-up with an established food firm before he left. And he must talk to Leslie, too—

When she came upstairs, Van asked, "Leslie, what sort of man is Zach Sauter?"

"I don't know him well, but Chris has always liked and respected him. He's built the reputation of Epicure Foods on absolute integrity."

"Well, he'll be here for dinner tonight. I want to talk to him."

As Leslie entered the dining room that evening, she saw Van greeting Zach Sauter. There was a young woman with Sauter, a girl in a black dinner suit with an elaborate mink stole over her shoulders. Leslie realized in astonishment that it was Miss Jurgens.

Zach Sauter greeted Leslie cordially. He was a small compact man, ruddy-faced, gray-haired; his keen features gave an indication of the dynamic intelligence which had brought him to the head of Epicure Foods.

"How is Christopher?" he asked.

"He's fine," Leslie answered mechanically.

Zach Sauter got a great kick out of serving himself and Miss Jurgens. When the lamb stew, the salad bowls, the Lady Baltimore cake were placed on the table, he sampled everything eagerly.

"Schroeder," he said, "this is first-rate cooking!"

Leslie and Van were to have dinner with Sauter and Miss Jurgens, but Leslie's appetite had dribbled away. She listened abstractedly to Sauter's praise of the Casserole. She listened to Miss Jurgens' animated discussion of the spring campaign for Epicure Food's jellied consommé and Vichysoisse.

Watching her, Leslie felt that despite this flashy show, Miss Jurgens was suffering from a strange tension. There was a feverish light to her dark eyes, a flush to her sallow skin. Her voice was a bit too loud, and people at other tables looked up at the sound of her shrill laughter.

When they'd finished coffee, Zach Sauter said, "Schroeder, I'd like to see the kitchens." Leslie was left with Miss Jurgens.

There was a strange silence at the table. A bus boy cleared away the empty dishes. Leslie said politely, "More coffee?"

"Yes, please. And some more of that marvelous cake," Miss Jurgens said. "I'm really fortunate, I suppose. I never need worry about dieting."

Leslie brought the coffee and dessert. She said, making conversation, "Sean Moran told me that your husband was wounded on D-Day. I hope he's recovering nicely."

Miss Jurgens' brilliant eyes dimmed with suspicion. "I wouldn't know, really," she answered coolly.

Leslie's face registered her astonishment.

"We're separated," Miss Jurgens said, making a simple factual statement of it. "As soon as possible, I'm getting a divorce." And then, suddenly, as if the words sounded callous even to herself, she burst out, "It's not as brutal as it sounds. We're strangers now. The war's done it. My life's gone one way and his another."

This isn't my problem, Leslie thought. There's no comment necessary.

Yet, she found herself saying, "But isn't there such a thing as loyalty? How can you do this while he's lying wounded in a hospital?"

Her words seemed to release the floodgates of Miss Jurgens' conscience and her dark fears. "He's lost a leg," she said hoarsely. "I just couldn't take it—"

"Hush—" Leslie whispered, aware of the curious glances around them.

"Anyway," Miss Jurgens said with harsh fervor, "I'm going places, and on my own. Nobody's going to stop me!"

When Zach Sauter reappeared, she was powdering her nose, utterly composed again and sure of herself.

THE train ride to Pine Ridge that night seemed interminable. Leslie was the only one who got off at the small, dark station. The snow was harsh as gravel underfoot. There was no moon in the heavily overcast black sky. She found her roadster parked at the corner and climbed in wearily. The ride home was a nightmare. The house, in the shadow of the pine-crested hills, looked alien and deserted.

Suddenly, she hated the house! It no longer meant a thing to her and Chris. The roots she had loved had reached out to strangle her!

Chris . . . He had walked out on her, on the house, on their marriage. He was staying in a small hotel near Washington Square. She had found that much out from Sean Moran. Sean had begged Chris to meet Leslie, to talk things over. Chris said there was nothing to discuss. Their old way of life had ended.

This past week had given her a

[*Continued on page 124*]

McCALL'S

Style and Beauty

Fall Fashion Show, see pages 121, 122, 123, 124

Doctors Prove 2 out of 3 Women can have Lovelier Skin* in 14 Days!

14-Day Palmolive Plan tested by 36 Doctors on 1285 women with these Amazing Results!

* Less Oily-Clearer!

"My skin became less oily," Betty Oppenlander of Washington, D.C., says. Excessive oiliness often leaves skin blotchy-looking—robs it of that clear, lovely look. The 14-Day Palmolive Plan brought actual definite gains to 89% of 367 women who had oily skin. See if it won't help *your* skin become less oily—clearer.

* Fewer tiny Blemishes!

Tiny blemishes—incipient blackheads, often caused by improper cleansing, respond in most cases to the 14-Day Palmolive Plan. "My skin improved a lot," says Marian Roper of Bronx, New York. The doctors found finer looking, clearer skins in over half the cases tested. See what the Palmolive Plan can do for you!

* Less Coarse-looking-Smoother!

"Skin less coarse-looking in 14 days!" says Elizabeth Haskell of San Francisco. The 36 doctors reported almost two-thirds of all the women tested had smoother—actually finer looking skin. Reason enough for every woman who longs for a younger looking complexion to start the Palmolive Plan today!

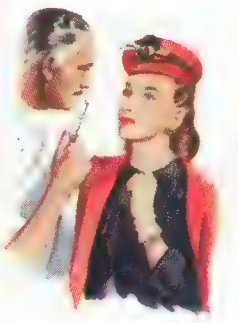
* Fresher, Brighter Color!

"Skin brighter, actually less sallow!" says Ida Crocker of Fostoria, Ohio, after testing the 14-Day Palmolive Plan. The 36 examining doctors report this same important improvement for 2 skins out of 3 among the 1285 women. See if this proved Palmolive Plan won't bring *you* fresher skin—and in only 14 days!

NOW!..Palmolive comes in a New, Big Bath Size, too!

Try it—for tub or shower. It's solid. Thrifty. Long lasting. And how men love it!

YOU, TOO, may look for these skin improvements in only 14 Days!



If you want a complexion the envy of every woman—the admiration of every man—start the 14-Day Palmolive Plan today! Remember, 36 doctors—leading skin specialists—tested this Plan on 1285 women of all ages—from fifteen to fifty—and with all types of skin. Dry! Oily! Normal! Young! Older! And 2 out of 3 got results in just 14 days! No matter what skin care they had used before!

Here's the Palmolive Plan:

Wash your face 3 times a day with Palmolive Soap. Then—each time—for a *full* 60 seconds—massage onto your skin Palmolive's lovely soft lather, just as you would a cream. Then rinse. This cleansing massage brings your skin the full beautifying effect of Palmolive's lather. Do start this wonderful proved Palmolive Plan . . . today!

DON'T WASTE SOAP! Soap uses vital war materials!

Doctors Prove Palmolive's Beauty Results!

A model plans her day

Most models you see in fashion shows or on style pages have the same everyday worries as the rest of us, plus their exacting jobs. Do you wonder how they can look so smooth and serene? Margaret Horan says a model learns early in her career that the agency call board is a stern taskmaster. She must plan her day to be successful. And from planning business appointments, she learns to plan home tasks, too

BY HILDEGARDE FILLMORE

Margaret Horan in a favorite suit; feather hat by Mago Hayes

Clothes planning is a must, if you want to look smart and well-groomed. Why not copy the model's hatbox with its extra hat, shoes, bag, jewelry, gloves, to make a basic dress right for a real occasion?

Margaret Horan faces family meal-planning but doesn't let it get her down. Keeping a meal on a happy plane for five-year-old Heather and baby Dawn takes frown lines out of Mother's face

Letting youngsters do simple household tasks saves Mother extra steps, keeps children happy. Your day will click more smoothly if children have pride in the house and its furnishings

After a busy day you can look pretty for a party if you've followed through on a workable plan. Part of Margaret's success lies in the fact that her children have learned to do things for themselves

You don't have to dress up to go marketing, but you should keep one faithful tailored suit for these errands. Like most models, Margaret practically lives in suits, wears basic black for dress-up

Fall fashion show

Jo Copeland

Jo Copeland's restaurant suit with jeweled collar is her favorite. She has handled its opulence of fabric and color in an uncluttered, simple way. Correct for all but the most formal entertaining

Nettie Rosenstein

Nettie Rosenstein says this suit is typical of her design principles: molded lines glorify the feminine figure, making a costume that is never obvious or overadorned. A wool suit to wear happily from morning to night

Maurice Rentner

Maurice Rentner took his cue for this dress from a pearl necklace, calling the color "beach pearl." Its charm lies in the easy flow of the design: deep armholes, loose sleeves and soft tunic draping

by five New York designers

Anthony Blotta

Anthony Blotta's inspiration for the costume below came from an ancient Persian court dress. The cut of the jacket is austerely plain, but the lavish embroidery makes it a perfect foil for the molded purple wool beneath. Good, too, for wearing with a long evening skirt

Pauline Trigere

Pauline Trigere chooses this for a "first" fall coat because its brilliant color makes an exciting combination with blues and greens. The back is cut with a fluid flare. Its untrimmed silhouette makes a perfect backdrop for accessories

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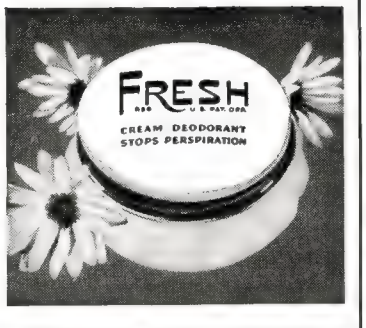
the cream deodorant that stops perspiration worries completely. It's gentle, stays creamy and smooth. Doesn't dry out... usable right to the bottom of the jar. 50¢...25¢...10¢



MOST FASCINATING AND INTRIGUING...TUNE IN "DAVID HARDING, COUNTERSPY," WED. NIGHTS, 10 E.W.T., AMERICAN (BLUE) NETWORK

[*Continued from page 118*]

glimpse into the life of lonely women. You could manage the days, you could fill them with all kinds of activity, especially if you were in business. But the nights were unendurable!

Lying awake, night after night, she'd recalled their life together, the solace of companionship, which had given her such security and strength.

WHEN she arrived at the Casserole the following morning, wan and depleted, Van Schroeder said, "Raynor has called you twice. Wants you to ring him the minute you get in."

Her first impulse was to ignore the message. She felt pretty bitter toward him, herself. There was no doubt in her mind that his dismissal of Christopher was a factor instrumental in the breakup of her marriage.

At noon, Raynor's secretary telephoned again. "Mr. Raynor would like you to have cocktails with him at his apartment this afternoon, Mrs. Buell," she said, as if it were a royal command.

Leslie stiffened. "I'm sorry," she said, "but I couldn't possibly make it."

There was a moment's silence. And then Rufus Raynor's voice came over the wire. "Leslie," he said, "I should like to see you. It is most important."

She hesitated for a fraction of a second. Important? Why? Did he have a message from Chris? No, that wasn't possible!

"I can't take the time to drive up to Gracie Square," she said.

"Very well. Then I'll meet you downtown at four. Will that suit you?"

There was an inflection in his dry voice that impressed her with its urgency.

"All right," she promised reluctantly.

As she entered the cocktail room they had agreed upon, she found him already there, waiting for her.

"Leslie," he said abruptly, "I have been keeping an eye on Chris, you know. And frankly, I'm worried."

Her heart leaped sickeningly. "What do you mean, Rufus? What's happened?"

Behind the thick glasses, his eyes were inscrutable. "Well, he's throwing himself away on a mediocre job. Chris it not a second-rate clerk. He has executive ability, a remarkable talent for organization—"

"You're not telling me anything new—" she said icily.

He took off his glasses, wiped them meticulously. "The truth is, Leslie, that I feel responsible for him. That's why I'm so concerned!"

She searched his bland pink face for some missing clue. She was puzzled because she was so skeptical of his sincerity.

He sensed her feelings and sought to overcome them. "Leslie, I think Chris should come back to work for me. That's where he belongs, no matter how he feels or what has happened."

"Why this sudden change of heart?" she asked bluntly.

Her question seemed to make him nervous.

"The simple truth is that I miss Chris," he conceded. "Now, Leslie, will you talk to him? Convince him that for his own good he must return to the Rufus Raynor Associates—"

She looked down at the sherry glass, still full. The implications of his offer swept over her.

She stood up.

"I refuse to do such a dirty job for you," she said icily. "You'll have to talk to Chris yourself."

THE Casserole was closed Sundays, so Leslie had the day to herself. Today was rather special. Van was driving out for dinner. She wanted it to be a pleasant day for him. He was leaving tomorrow for England.

While she was cleaning the living room, Monica Tate dropped in, wearing ski clothes.

"I was just going to ring you," Leslie said. "Van's coming for dinner tonight. I thought you'd like to join us. It's his last evening."

"I don't think I'd better," Monica said easily. "I got a cable from Hugh. He's coming home on a thirty-day leave."

"That's grand," Leslie said. And wondered inwardly how Monica could possibly welcome her husband home with a clear conscience.

"I'm really very excited about it," Monica said. She lit a cigarette and moved around the spacious room, her ski boots digging into the beige rug. "Don't look so disapproving, Leslie. You have very antiquated ideas on love, really. You're too intense, you take it too seriously. You should be more like me, dear. When this war's over, I'll make Hugh a good wife."

"I suspect you will."

"Infidelity doesn't wreck marriages these days, Leslie. At least, not between civilized people—"

When Monica left, Leslie felt more depressed than ever. Monica, Miss Jurgens, other women, managed their lives intelligently. But she, in her emotional impulsive way, had botched hers . . .

She wondered suddenly if Van were the key to her future.

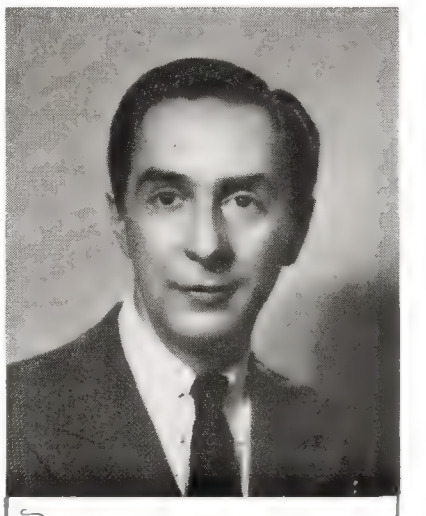
HE ARRIVED late in the afternoon, in the twilight that dyed the snow with faint purple shadows. He strode up the narrow path between the snowbanks and knocked at the door. When she met him face to face, she thought how different she felt now about him. Originally she'd dismissed him as one of Monica's beaux. But now she appreciated his substance and ability.

"How about a snowman?" he asked, coming into the living room. "The snow's perfect for it."

She begged off, and they sat in the living room, before the fire.

"I met Zack Sauter again this morning," Van said. "I'm trying to work out a deal whereby Epicure Foods takes

[*Continued on page 126*]



Norman Norell

Norman Norell, famed New York designer whose work may be described as dramatic, yet restrained, creates this striking flame-colored evening gown which leads off our Fall Fashion Show this month. Its one bare shoulder and capelike sleeve are favorite Norell lines, while the tubular silhouette is one of two he features for this season. Smart women, he believes, will strive either for the straight-up-and-down look or wear his equally delightful tight basque bodice with skirt fulled as much as fabric restrictions will allow. Note the tight midriff—another high note of his collection.

Merle Oberon

in Walter Wanger's
Technicolor Production
"NIGHT IN PARADISE"
A Universal Picture

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But even more astonishing! *This* red not only harmonized with all other colors, but made each and every one of them appear richer and much, much lovelier because of its presence.

So . . . now Chen Yu brings you a red that your nails and lips can wear with ANY costume . . . with any dress and accessory combination, and be exactly, beautifully right. Chen Yu Chinese Red! Nail Lacquer! Lipsticks! Get them at your favorite store or send coupon for generous sample sizes of both.

Send the coupon from this announcement and you will receive two chip-repellent Chen Yu lacquer shades and a bottle of Chen Yu Lacquerol Base—months of new beauty. Get trial size matching lipsticks too. Mark coupon. Send it today.

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(This Offer Good in U.S.A. Only)

[*Continued from page 124*]

over the Home Delivery Service and expands it, for a percentage of the profits. Looks as if it'll work out."

"That's wonderful, Van. You can leave with a clear mind—"

"You'll handle the Casserole," he added. "Sauter won't interfere with that. That's your future—"

Her future . . . As a woman without a husband, she must think ahead to her future—

Suddenly, the full impact of what had happened to her and Chris hit her with the force of an uppercut. They were separated. Their futures branched off the main road, each marking a new and separate trail. That signified the end. Probably Chris would want a divorce . . .

She grew very pale. Suddenly, tears filled her eyes.

"Leslie—" Van caught her hand in his. "What's wrong, darling? Why are you crying?"

"Chris . . . I've been so miserable—"

"Still, you must be practical, Leslie. You and Chris have finished your life together. You must forget the past and look ahead."

"It's such a bleak future—"

"It needn't be, Leslie. Darling, the war won't last much longer. I'll be back. I love you very much and I want to marry you the moment you're free."

It was the answer. It was the answer to everything, the worry and hurt and anguish.

She turned soberly to face Van. She owed him a great deal, including the dignity of an honest, straightforward reply.

"I admire you tremendously, Van. I've enjoyed working with you. It's been stimulating and revealing, and I'm sure I've grown because of it. If I had never known Chris, I could have been very happy with you."

He was silent, waiting . . .

"I had five perfect years with Chris. I can't take less, Van. Perhaps I'm an idiot. But it has to be Chris, or nobody."

Van looked down at his hands. The room was quiet, except for the crackling fire. The snowbanks on the window sills seemed to hem them into a private white world.

"I guess I knew beforehand what you'd answer," Van said. He leaned down and kissed her gently on the cheek. "I never thought," he whispered ruefully, "that I'd put a woman's happiness before my own."

And yet he felt in an obscure way that Leslie's happiness would be his, too . . .

He didn't stay for dinner, after all. But before he left, he said casually, "Zach Sauter told me he saw Chris going into Raynor's office Saturday afternoon."

VAN had gone to England. The Casserole was in Leslie's hands, the delivery service had been taken over by Epicure Foods. All was well in the business world, with everyone saying, "Clever business woman Mrs. Buell. She's going places."

And inside of her, she was only marking time. She might live out the rest of her life in emptiness, marking time . . .

She made plans. She would put the house on the market; it meant nothing to her now. She'd call Palmer and ask him if he had a client.

And all the while she concentrated her energies on the Casserole, she was bitterly aware of one thing: She would never be truly content, because those energies rightfully belonged to Chris and her home.

She worked and she suffered through sleepless nights; Pierre, the chef, said crossly that no lady should have so much responsibility—

And then, a week after Van's departure, when she was in the kitchen conferring with Pierre, a bus boy came down to announce that a gentleman wished to see her.

It was Chris.

She stared at him, unbelieving. Her vision blurred. She put out her hand to touch him.

"Chris," she whispered. "Oh, darling—"

His arms were around her, and his mouth was on her mouth and she felt complete again. In that moment, she thought fleetingly that all women have their pattern for living; a few were like Miss Jurgens, who thought only of herself; a few were like Monica Tate, whose emotions did not penetrate beyond the surface; but most were like Leslie—with one man for one woman. Chris for Leslie, and Leslie for Chris . . .

"Leslie," Chris said, "I've got some things to tell you."

HOLDING his hand, as if to reassure herself he was really here, as if she intended never to let him go, Leslie led Chris to Van's office. He closed the door and stood before her.

"Let me take a good look at you," he said, holding her by the shoulders.

She laughed, but her eyes were too bright. "Let me take a good look at *you!* Oh, darling, you're so thin and worn!"

"But I feel better." There was exultation in his voice. "Leslie, for the first time in months, I feel as if I can lick the world!"

"Then, of course, you can darling!"

He put his mouth to her gold-streaked curls. "Little Suzy Sunshine!" And then his voice broke. "My God, it's good to hold you again, to be with you. I've missed you, Leslie. You'll never know how much."

"I missed you, too, Chris."

"Why didn't you slap me down? Why didn't you tell me off?"

"I tried to," she said in a whisper, "but it didn't work. You walked out on me."

He chuckled. "If I remember rightly, you said I needed a psychiatrist. That wasn't quite right. You know what I needed?"

"What, darling?"

"A showdown with Rufe Raynor." His lean face was alive, it had strength and vitality. "Leslie, Rufus begged me to take back my old job!"

"I know."

"How do you know?" he demanded excitedly.

"Rufus telephoned me to meet him. He was afraid you'd refuse to see him. He wanted me to pave the way."

"And you refused, Leslie. Why did you refuse?"

She pushed her hair off her forehead. Perhaps she had made a mistake. Perhaps Chris would be angry with her.

"Because I didn't approve of it—" her voice was muffled.

"And why not, darling?"

She turned away. "Because I'm suspicious of Rufus. I felt there was some trick to it. I told him he'd have to speak directly to you."

Chris threw back his head in laughter. Leslie's heart rose high. This was the old Chris, the Chris she had known and admired and loved!

"Sweetie, you're certainly a smart gal. There was a trick to it. And I kidded him along until I discovered it. Boy, is he getting a kick in the behind! Remember my secretary, Miss Jurgens? The bright little snake in the grass who persuaded him she could hold my job? Well, like a damn fool, he let her handle the Epicure Foods account. Then he got a hunch that he'd given her too much power and that she was persuading Zach Sauter to leave the Raynor agency for a larger one. So I was to come back to the fold and counteract her influence with Sauter—"

"Are you going to, Chris?"

[*Continued on page 128*]

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[*Continued from page 124*]

"What do you think?" His dark eyes were shining with amusement. "I only wish you could've been there when I said, 'Nuts to you, Rufe. I wouldn't work for you again if you gave me a partnership in your business!' And then, Leslie, do you know what I did?"

She knew one thing. That this gesture on Raynor's part had cut Christopher's bonds. He was free, free of that dark compulsion.

"I figured that if I were still good enough for Rufe Raynor, I still had plenty on the ball! I thumbed my nose at that damn ulcer! It's got to heal—it's going to heal! And I made an appointment to see Zack Sauter!"

"When was this, Chris?"

"This very morning. He's a heck of a nice guy. I've had some ideas about postwar foods, myself. I figure the next step forward in frozen foods will be frozen meals sold in units—a carefully balanced meal, all planned for you. A dozen units to start, each a perfect meal in itself. Sauter's crazy about the idea!"

"He should be. It sounds wonderful."

"Leslie, you see before you a gent with a new job. Assistant to Mr. Zach Sauter. And that guy won't give me ulcers!"

Suddenly, she couldn't take it. She sat down and stared at him. "I can't believe it, Chris," she whispered.

"Leslie," he knelt beside her. "I've been such a heel. But could you forgive me? Could we start again?"

In the midst of her happiness, she remembered Van. "You'll be angry, Chris, when I tell you I can't leave the Casserole now—"

There was perplexity in his face. "Of course, you can't. You've got to carry on here until Van Schroeder gets back. It's the only decent thing to do." He grinned. "And the next time you need help, I won't let you down!"

WHEN they got off at Pine Ridge and rode home in the old roadster that night, the white brick house in the shadow of Pine Mountain slept in darkness. But Leslie could have sworn there was a light in the window!

"Welcome home, Mr. Buell," she said.

Lying in his arms, in the heavenly privacy of their own room, she closed her eyes and thought of all the women like herself, who had left their homes and ventured out in the outside world during this cruel emergency. The profit is ours, she mused. We'll have gained a deeper understanding of our men.

"Chris—" she said.

"Yes, darling."

"Chris, when things have righted themselves, I'd like to have a baby."

His eyes were shadowed with concern. "But, Leslie, you know what it means! Stephie warned you. Months in bed, the danger of hemorrhages—"

She sat up, overwhelmed by a sudden discovery. Everything in their married life had been too easy before. Their marriage had only proved its worth when it started breaking up.

"It'll be worth it," she said with simple conviction. "Because you get nothing of value without paying for it."

Surrender the heart

[*Beginning on page 26*]

"Um, but I'm scared. She'll give me a long alabaster look and I'll feel all arms and legs and no place to put them. I'm a flop at social contacts."

"Ah, but once you play for her!"

"Play for her?" she cried, in consternation. "Oh, no Alex, you mustn't ask me to do that."

"Why not? You'd better not get stage fright before an audience of two if you're going to take New York and London by storm."

Her dark brows knit in perplexity. "Alex, I wonder sometimes. About my concert. I think it was fright more than Mother's death that ruined it."

Alex shook his head. "Don't be silly. You've got what it takes."

"Darling Alex, I do so need your faith in me." Laurie's hand touched his softly on the wheel and he clasped it tightly.

"Look—there's Sherm's house," Alex said. "Isn't it a pity to waste such a fine example of eighteenth-century architecture on that old rake? He's never home to enjoy it."

Alex slowed the car so that Laurie might look at the old Branders house.

"What a door!" Laurie breathed, staring at the paneled entrance illuminated by the light from the street lamp.

"I hoped you'd notice it. The inside's an awful letdown because Clay took most of the furniture and Sherm the house after their mother died. Judith wanted to be on the hill, and I guess Sherm liked being nearer his women."

He swung into the curved driveway of Clay Branders' property.

"Alex, I do believe you're a prig." Laurie cocked her head and regarded him critically. "I've never met the Senator's brother, but I'm prepared to like him just to spite you."

Alex pulled the car beside the side entrance and slammed on his brakes.

"A prig, am I?" he growled. "Come here, woman." He seized her in his arms and kissed her. Laurie gasped, pulling away from him, torn between confusion and laughter. As she slid from his grasp, her eyes met those of a tall, regal woman coming out of the doorway. The woman turned away at once and started down the terrace.

"Oh, Alex, she saw us!"

"Hi, Judy!" Alex was out of the car with a bound in pursuit of Judith. "Come back here. I shouldn't have kissed my girl in your yard, but she called me a prig, which is more than a man can bear." He slipped his arm through Judith's and led her back to the driveway.

The girl was getting out of the car. "Judith, this is Laurie Moffat. Laurie, here's Judith. Isn't she something?"

"She's—she's beautiful." Laurie gazed at Judith with an admiration she made no effort to conceal. Inwardly confused by the directness of Alex' remark, and even more by Laurie's reply, Judith's face took on its mask of immobility.

Laurie opened her mouth as though to continue, then stopped and turned to Alex with a gesture of appeal. He took her hand as Judith spoke, "Shall we sit on the terrace? It's cooler."

"Fine. There'll be a moon later." Alex swung Laurie's hand as they walked.

WITHIN the first few minutes of their conversation, Judith recognized that the threat she had envisioned was now an actuality. Obviously, without either the wish or the attempt to be, Laurie was spectacular.

"What a magic hilltop!" As Laurie paced the length of the brick-paved terrace, Judith noted the girl's swinging stride, and quick, jerky gestures. The

[*Continued on page 130*]

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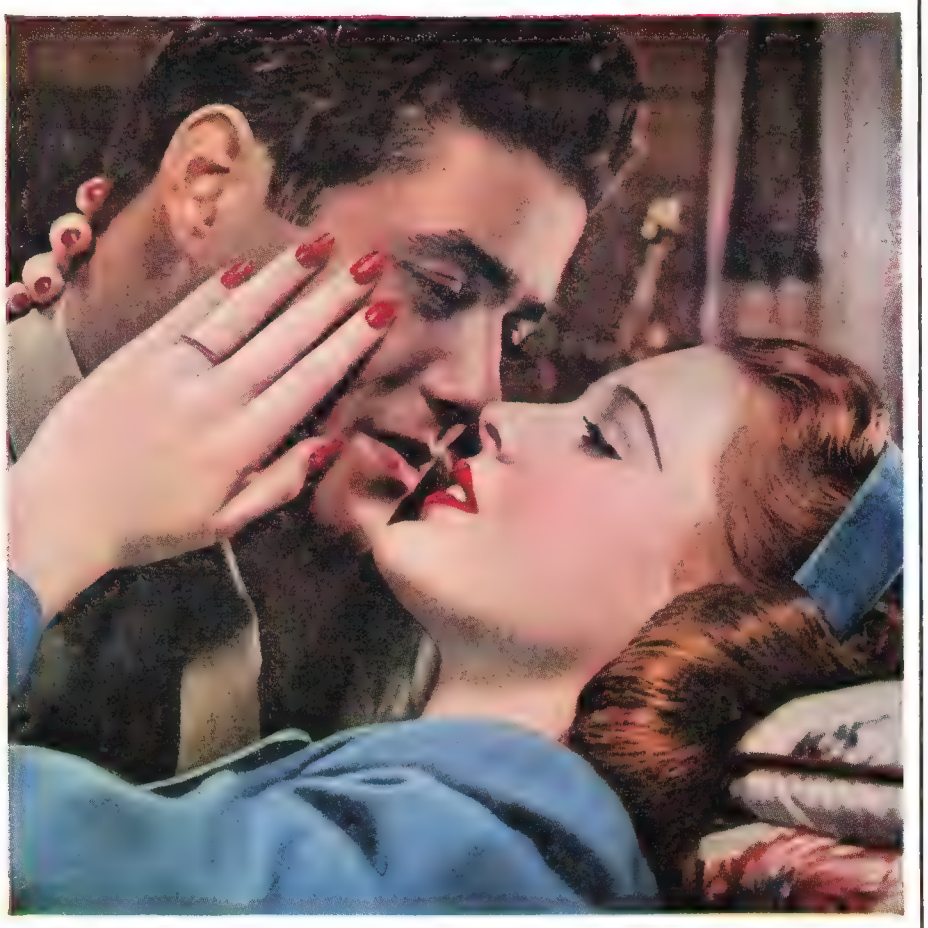

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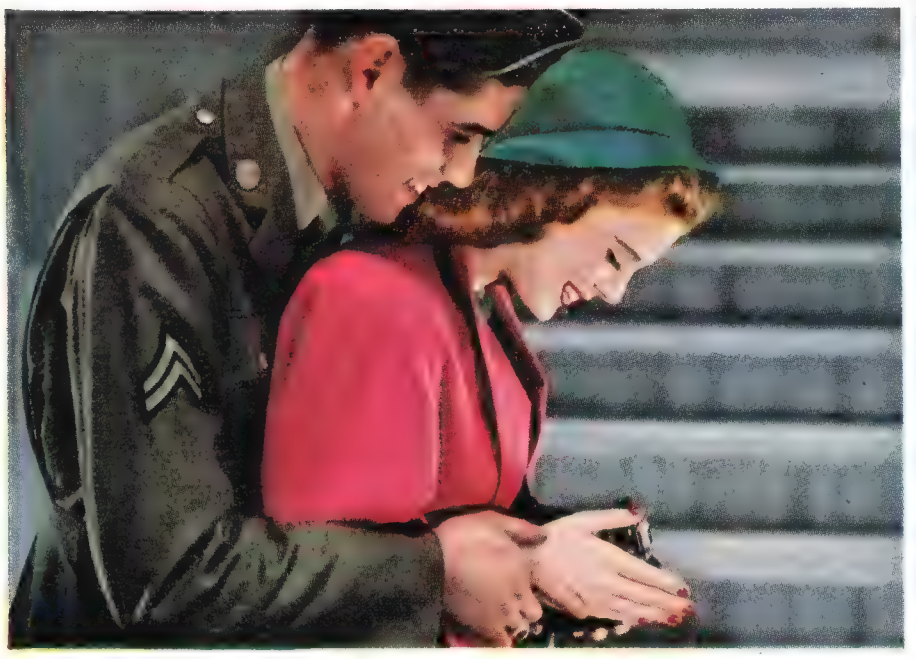

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[*Continued from page 128*]

square-necked white cotton blouse and dark brown dirndl were oddly charming on her slim figure.

Alex crossed the terrace to sit beside Judith on the settee, and for the second time that day his face was beseeching. "Smoke, Laurie?"

"Thanks." Laurie accepted the cigarette and sat down near them. She smoked awkwardly. "I'm stupid at this, but I started only a few months ago, and that was just because Tante Helene said I should do something with my hands besides wave them in the air."

"You've got better things still to do with them," Alex said. "Judith, you've got to make her play for you."

Laurie drew back in her chair.

"Oh, no, Alex, please. If it wouldn't be asking too much, perhaps you'd play for us, Mrs. Branders? Alex speaks so often about your touch."

Judith laughed, not unkindly, but a little embarrassed at Laurie's inability to control her personal reactions. "Aren't you using me as an escape?"

Laurie's voice trembled. "Oh, no. I don't want to play because I'm nervous, but I do want to hear—"

"Come on, Laurie. You've got to lick that stage fright."

"Please do," Judith said. "The music room is right in here." She passed them, conscious that Alex was kissing the top of Laurie's bowed head.

Laurie stopped in the doorway and stared about the exquisite room, her mobile face full of wonder and delight. "How lovely!" she said softly. "I never saw anything like this in my life."

"Thank you." Judith removed several pieces of music from the piano bench. "There's an adjustable stool in the closet if you prefer it."

"No, the bench will be fine." Laurie spoke mechanically, her gaze traveling over the delicate furniture. Alex gave her a playful little push toward the piano.

"Now do play for us," Judith said, beckoning to Alex to help her swing the couch around to face the piano. "Here, move the tea table out of the way and push the sofa back a bit," she directed.

Poor child, she's frightened, Judith thought, listening with pity to the tentative notes and seeing Laurie lean forward, her lower lip caught between her teeth, little beads of perspiration forming on her forehead.

But as Laurie plowed laboriously on, playing as woodenly as though she were practicing an exercise, Judith's pity changed to consternation and amazement. Though Laurie was plainly a student, not a dilettante, there was neither force nor clarity in her execution, and it was nearly without shading.

WHEN Laurie finished playing, she turned her face from them, her shoulders moving convulsively. Though her sympathy went out at once to the unhappy girl, Judith was unspeakably embarrassed. But even as she wished herself able to cope with the situation, she felt remote.

She rose. "You were good to play for us, my dear. Now decide what you'd like to play next while I get some port for us."

As Alex crossed to her, Laurie turned toward Judith a blind, unfocused gaze. "Play next?" she repeated incredulously, as though she had been wounded and were being asked to rise and fight again.

"Surely." Distressed, Judith left them alone. Alex had his hand on Laurie's shoulder and was gently murmuring reassurances.

When Judith returned, they had left the room. I don't want her here, Judith thought, not in this one room where I've always been able to push away the invasion of struggle and sorrow.

Their voices, low and intense, could be heard from the terrace.

"Alex, open the door," she called. "I have a tray."

Alex leaped to take it from her. "There's light enough from inside for me to see to pour," he said hastily, shielding Laurie.

Laurie sat on the edge of the roller chaise longue, her face in shadow.

"I envy you your capacity to memorize." Judith recognized that the inadequacy of her tribute could be read as a gross insult, but she was powerless to flatter. "I find it impossible to do myself," she added lamely.

Laurie smothered a sob and said brokenly, "It sometimes seems all I can do."

"Pooh. I just scared you, raving about Judy." Alex seated himself beside her, his free arm encircling her possessively.

Their conversation continued aimlessly, the burden of it falling upon Alex.

It was not, Judith argued to herself, that she wanted the typical finishing-school graduate for Alex; she would have been bitterly disappointed to have him choose such a girl. No, in the back of her mind, ever since Alex and Barbara had played together so amicably as children, she had pictured him with Barbara.

Instead, Laurie represented a problem. She was too full of raptures and depressions. Even now she made no effort to adapt herself, even externally, to conventional rules. She doesn't care, that's it. She's too busy wrestling with larger issues of her own. Was I that way? Judith wondered.

SHE was conscious of a long silence, when even Alex seemed to find nothing to say. Then Laurie asked hesitatingly, "Would it be too much to ask you to play for us?"

"Do, Judy." Alex jumped up with alacrity. "And let Laurie play for you again another time when she isn't trying so damned hard to please. Come on, let's go back inside."

With the inward delight that her command of the instrument gave her, Judith's spirit soared as her fingers struck the first notes. There was no waste motion; from shoulder to fingertips she was completely relaxed.

Hardly conscious of their urging, she played on. Color came into her pale cheeks, highlighting the excellent bone structure of her face. It was as if the music infused her with new vitality.

When at last she stopped playing, Alex turned to Laurie. "There. What do you think of her? She's no dilettante, is she?"

"Indeed not." Laurie approached the piano, her face glowing with admiration. "Stechlinski should hear you—you have it—that clinging touch he talks about so much. Your tone just sings."

"Perhaps only when I play my favorites." Judith, ordinarily distrustful of praise, was touched by Laurie's complete lack of jealousy and her evident sincerity.

"You two should try that Brahms sonata for four hands," Alex said. Judith didn't answer; Laurie moved back into the shadows.

"For a singing teacher, Madame Robideau has one of the poorest pianos I've ever heard in a long time." Alex was evidently not to be daunted by silence. "I wish Laurie would work on this one occasionally." There was both injury and impudence in the glance he gave her. Judith wanted to refuse, unwilling to have the special privacy of her sanctuary invaded. For a moment there was silence.

Then she yielded. "I'm at Red Cross Tuesday afternoons and at the Children's home every Wednesday night. Why don't you plan to use my piano then, Miss Moffat? You'd have the house entirely to yourself."

Laurie hesitated. "It seems an imposition—"

[*Continued on page 133*]

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[*Continued from page 130*]

"Nonsense," Judith said quickly. "I'll expect you."

"But the Senator—"

"He's rarely home."

"Thank you. The tone is so mellow. Perhaps even I can make it sing," Laurie said humbly. "You've been good to us, Judith." She put out her hand. "I can't help calling you that. Alex has talked of you so much I think of you that way."

"Of course." Judith said, though inwardly she recoiled from the quick intimacy. Alex beamed on them both.

After they had gone, she sat down limply on the piano bench. The time she had dreaded had arrived. Even though Alex would continue to live in Whitbury, his marriage to Laurie would be a more wrenching experience than his leaving for college or even the war.

But the nagging wonder persisted. The girl seemed familiar, not in her external characteristics, but in her essence. Was she, Judith, ever really like her? No, for at her age it would not have been an Alex whom she would have loved. Deeply as she cared for Alex, he lacked for her what she responded to in Clay.

IT HAD been an oppressively hot day, even on the crest of Branders Hill. Judith, dressing to go with Clay to Sherman's for dinner, almost regretted not having accepted Meg Adams' invitation to Vermont. But when Clay was home, his presence acted like a tonic, completely lifting her out of herself.

She slipped into a hunter's green shantung frock, fastening Clay's ruby at the low V neckline which emphasized the soft curve of her high bosom. Touching her temples and wrists with her scent, she heard Clay's voice, from the foot of the stairs, "Ready, Judith?"

"Be right down," she answered, catching up her knitting bag.

She descended the stairs stiffly, conscious of Clay below her. So often during the first year of their marriage he had stood like this in their little rented house, opening his arms to embrace her when she reached the bottom.

She looked down at him now. His approval of her showed in his eyes. But I wasn't enough, even from the first, she thought, the old agony returning.

"Even in this torrid weather you achieve Sherm's description of you, Judith," Clay said. "How can you be a Snow Queen when the rest of us are melting?"

She smiled faintly, not replying. The telephone rang and Clay called to Hannah, "I'll take it in the library."

"It was Booker," he said a moment later, referring to Sherman's devoted Negro servant. "Sherm will be detained for an hour. Probably that Skibinski girl. Let's have a drink here."

He returned shortly, bearing cocktails. Watching him settle himself in his wing chair, Judith considered again the difference between Clay and his brother. Even relaxed, there was an alertness about Clay, an obvious dislike for inaction.

Sherman, on the other hand, could remain absolutely inert for hours on end. He had a panther-like grace of movement and a charm lacking in the other Branders. Mentally, Judith classified him as a hunter, for his success was unfailing at any sport that involved stalking his prey, whether it was game or women.

"Do you know," she said contemplatively, "Sherman must drink more than any man we know, yet I have never seen him drunk."

"Superb physique," Clay chuckled. "He's been a rounder since the time he was expelled from Andover."

"Or perhaps he's drunk all the time," Judith said.

"On the contrary, he's careful to stay sober through the business day," Clay said quickly and seriously. Then he laughed. "Of course, Sherm's behavior is usually so far from any normal person's that you couldn't be sure of his sobriety, unless you knew him well."

Clay set his drink down. "But it will be no laughing matter if he gets involved with this Skibinski girl."

"Skibinski? Any relation to the girl genius Alex talks about?"

"What girl genius? Alex isn't mixed up with her, too, is he?" Clay asked anxiously. "She must be five or six years older than he."

"Oh." Judith shrugged. "Probably it is not the same girl then. This one was a Polish girl in several of his classes at night school. He's interested in her because she's working for a law degree, too. It seems she's unusually bright."

"Must be the same girl if she studied law," Clay said heavily. "This girl worked at the plant until recently. For that matter, she's there now, for the summer. Something of a firebrand, I gather. Anyway, the union spotted her and hired her as an organizer. She started right in trying to organize the factory."

He scowled. "If Sherm had brought it to me, I'd have seen that the matter was handled differently. Instead, he had a talk with her in the office one day, got interested in her, and went down to her house in the Little Poland section."

"I can guess the rest of the story," Judith said.

"No, for once Sherm didn't run true to form. You women never realize a man doesn't always react only to a woman's physical charms. Sherm says she has a mind that functions as logically as a man's. Well, Sherm—you know how genuinely democratic he is—got on with the family at once. Sherm finally took her to some tavern and offered to finance her through law school, if she'd give up the union job."

"The man who played God," Judith said, reflecting that only a Branders would act so highhandedly.

CLAY regarded his empty glass soberly. "Sherm says she deserves a break, and that he is quite willing to defray the costs out of his own pocket."

"I assume she'll emerge as counsel for the union eventually," Judith said.

Clay sent her a glance warm with appreciation. "That was precisely my reaction. But Sherm doesn't think so because he says this is just a persecution complex on her part which decent treatment will cure."

Clay rose to pour another drink for Judith, then with a slight smile, continued, "The girl said frankly she'd take him up if there was no personal relationship involved. Sherm assured her the whole arrangement would be strictly business. Then she told him she wanted to work in the plant during the summer to help defray the cost of her clothing and that sort of thing. She's there now, and ever since I've been home I've been hearing stories about Sherm taking her for drinks after work."

"Why worry?" Judith asked. "After all, if she didn't want any personal contacts with him—"

"Yes, I know she said that. But she's

[*Continued on page 134*]

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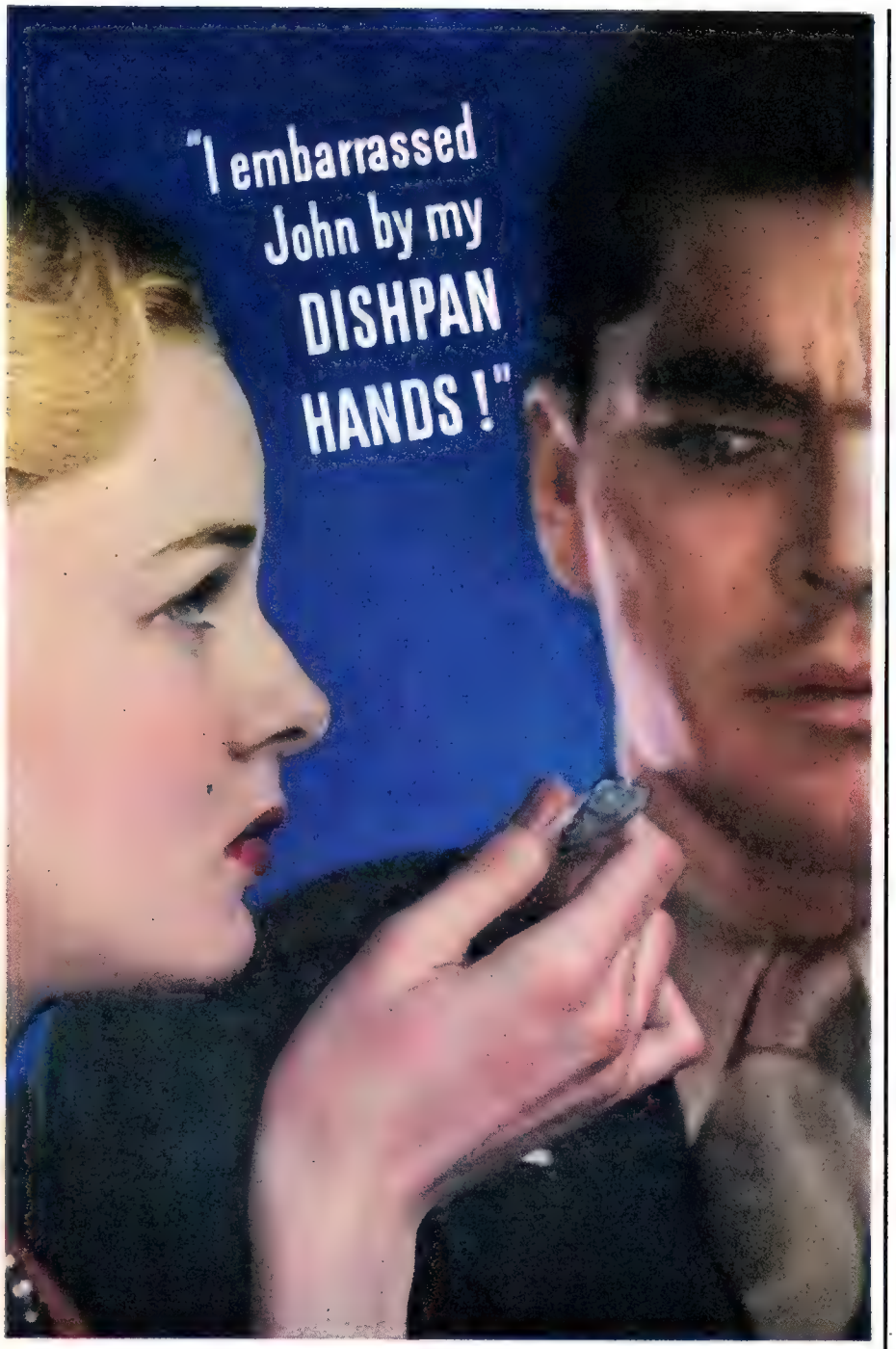

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Thrifty—washes up to twice as many dishes!

[*Continued from page 133*]

smart, and dangerous. Jeff says there's always the chance she's trying to pull off something for the unions. And with the elections coming up this fall—"

"That sounds like typical Jeffrey Winter fantasy." Judith stood up, one slim hand smoothing back her gleaming hair. "He lives in constant dread of scandal. Sherman hasn't kept you from being re-elected before."

"He's never been involved with a lady labor union representative before," Clay said grimly. "But let's go—and hope he's on time for a change."

IT HAD been one of Booker's excellent dinners, and Sherman had shared his last bottle of Moselle with them. Now from the terrace at the side of the house, they watched the outlines of the houses below them blur in the purple shadows of evening.

Sherman turned to Clay. "Sorry you won't be President this time?" he asked.

Clay's laugh was low and pleasant. "Only Judith can take me down better than you, Sherm."

He paused, and the match he touched to his cigarette illumined his deep set eyes and highlighted the purposeful gravity of his face.

"As a matter of fact, I'm content with the setup as it is. My opponent, it's true, will show some strength with his labor record, and his labor friends. But his record is one of incompetent administration. I wish, though, Sherm," he continued, "that the plant could make some wage increases. Selfishly, of course! My opponent in the election is going to make stock of our low salaries and open shop. I've been studying those figures you sent me last week. I'd like to go over them with you. I've got the stuff up at the house."

Judith stirred. The heat was stifling. "Why don't we go up there now?" she suggested. "I'm sure it's cooler on our terrace than here. And I feel a little faint. You two could talk business and I'll go to bed."

Clay was instantly solicitous and they drove up to the hilltop. As they got out at the entrance to the side hall, the music of Schumann's *Lotus Flower* drifted out to them. Alex was singing and, as always, Judith was moved by his clear young baritone.

"Let's wait here," she said softly, and the three of them stood silently by the car until he had finished.

"Grand lad," Clay said. "Well, come on."

From inside came the low murmur of voices, followed by the expressive melody of the second movement of the *Pathetique Sonata,* played with the intensity and depth of feeling it deserved.

"Wait. Please," Judith whispered. Sherman pointed to the terrace and they tiptoed to the edge and seated themselves on the low stone wall which ran along the end of it.

Although she knew it was Laurie who was performing, Judith could scarcely believe that it was the same person who had played for her several weeks ago. There was no connection between that wooden execution and this certainty of touch, this exquisite phrasing, this delicacy and tone color.

They remained silent for a moment after the last notes ceased.

"Ah, Laurie, that's it—the real you!" Alex cried in delight. "But I still don't see why you couldn't have played that way for Judith the other night."

"I couldn't." The girl spoke wearily. "I wanted to too much. I always spoil things that way."

She stopped, then rushed on, her voice urgent. "You see, Alex, I loved her at once. So much that even when I could feel her withdraw from me, when I knew she found me unattractive, I understood why. Everything in me is so near the surface—I have no proper epidermis—I suppose you'd say. Do you see what I mean? Why do I ruin everything I care about?"

Clay had risen, and Judith and Sherman followed him back to the side entrance of the house. "I feel like an interloper," he said. "Is this Alex' girl?"

Judith nodded, shaken by Laurie's words. "I didn't intend to eavesdrop either," she said. "It's awkward to go in now. Make a noise as you open the screen door."

"It's amazing." Sherman had not spoken before. "I'd have sworn it was you if you hadn't been right beside us."

"You wouldn't if you knew anything about technique," Judith said sharply. "My playing's as passionate as an oyster's compared to hers."

As they entered, she suggested, "Perhaps we'd better walk right in. Alex had been wanting Clay to meet her."

Clay started to shake his head, then he nodded. "Yes, he's mentioned her several times. But I'd like to break away promptly. We can close the library door—"

"And smother," said Sherman as they entered the music room. "Let's forget business and have a drink."

As they entered, Laurie stood up awkwardly. Alex rolled off the sofa, grinning, entirely unruffled as Judith introduced Laurie.

"How lovely you look!" Laurie blurted, looking immediately abject and apologetic. Judith frowned slightly, embarrassed.

She and Clay remained just inside the room, but Sherman crossed to where Laurie was standing. "Play again before the spell is broken," he commanded in the caressing, intimate tone he unconsciously used with an attractive woman.

Laurie shook her head. "No, really, I've overstayed my time now. I must go along."

Judith sensed the girl's fright at the prospect of playing for them and said quickly, "Laurie's been practicing all evening. Perhaps she'd rather join us for a drink on the terrace."

"Wonderful idea," Alex sighed. "How about me playing bartender?" He moved off to the kitchen while the others went out on the terrace.

LAURIE perched uneasily on the edge of the chaise longue, the light from the lamp inside highlighting her thin, mobile face. Sherman lounged against the wall, very near her.

"Tell us who you are," he said. "I've never laid eyes on you before, and suddenly I come upon you playing like Saint Cecilia."

Laurie laughed. "I'm from Lark Hill. I'm studying piano."

"Lark-Hill?" Clay said.

"Yes, Madame Robideau, the singing teacher, is my aunt. I'm studying from Stechlinski. And I play accompaniments for my aunt's pupils."

"You met Alex there?" Clay asked.

"Yes, when he was taking a lesson." Laurie spoke mechanically.

Sherman filled his pipe from a shabby leather pouch. He moved along the wall, a little nearer to Laurie. From long experience, Judith recognized the preliminary stages of the chase.

"Are you planning to teach?" Clay asked.

"No. I'm training for concert work," Laurie answered slowly.

Sherman sat down beside Laurie on the chaise longue. The light fell across his face, on his full mouth and fair hair; he had an agelessness about him that successfully simulated youth.

The eternal Pan, Judith thought with scorn, hoping Laurie would prove immune to him, not because she wanted Laurie for Alex, but because all women were alike to Sherman.

Alex returned with the tray. "I've staked a claim there, boss," he teased

[*Continued on page 137*]

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[*Continued from page 134*]

Sherman, seating himself on the other side of Laurie.

"Squatters' rights, is that it?"

"Yes. Besides I'm on the inside track. What do you know about music?"

"Not much. Enough to recognize a real gift, though. And I'd like to learn more." His tone was earnest and Laurie turned to him.

"With Judith, I should think you'd have absorbed lots of it," she said seriously. "She plays so beautifully."

"She considers me a lowbrow. I'm way down in the class that likes Strauss waltzes and Gershwin."

Judith regarded him coolly. Clay stirred restlessly, and Laurie rose shortly to make her departure with Alex.

Judith accompanied them to the edge of the terrace. When she returned, Clay asked abruptly, "Is Alex serious about her?"

Judith sensed his concern. "It's hard to tell, isn't it?"

"He's never mentioned another girl to me," Clay went on. "I suppose this child may turn out as well as the next one. But she's a coltish, uneasy sort of person. If Alex must fall in love so early, why not with someone whose background is similar to his own?"

Sherman yawned. "Clay, without Jude as a thorn in your flesh, you'd be incurably stuffy." He stretched, catlike. "I like her. I don't know a damned thing about music, but the kid sounded good to me. And she may be awkward, but I like her not being impressed."

"Sherman aren't you a little old to steal Alex' girls?" Judith said coolly.

A half-smile played about Sherman's lips. Before he could reply, Clay said, "Alex has a fine, logical mind and the drive to accomplish something. But he shouldn't have to compete with a wife's career; it will weaken him. A normal family life would be the ideal balance wheel for a boy as mercurial as he is."

"Mercy, Alex must be all things to all people!" Judith remarked. "A few weeks ago Sherman called him a Puritan. Now to you he's mercurial."

"And to you?" Sherman's little-boy grin reappeared.

Judith didn't answer.

"Well," Clay stood up, "I know it's late but I'd like to go over those figures, Sherm."

"As you like." Passing Judith's chair, Sherman paused. "I like you when you're maternal, Jude," he said softly. "But the girl could use a little of it, too."

"Just remember, please, Sherman, that she's Alex' friend," Judith said brusquely.

"I'm not sure you do want me to lay off," Sherman said. As the screen closed behind him, he called back, "And neither are you!"

LAURIE walked swiftly down Main Street, her eyes fastened on the long list of errands her aunt had outlined for her. Conscious suddenly of a screeching of brakes, she looked up to find a long black sedan had jammed to a stop a few inches from her.

"Hey!" A man's blond head emerged from the window and she recognized Sherman Branders. "Are you in a suicidal mood? I nearly flattened you."

She smiled, finished crossing the street, and called from the other curb, "I'm ashamed of myself. Thank you for leaving me intact!"

"Want a ride up the hill? I'm going to Bannington and can drive you home on the way out." He didn't sound eager or even particularly interested, but there was a compelling quality to his lazy, teasing smile.

"Thanks, but I've a few more errands to do." She waved the list at him.

"And I've got to run down to the plant first. Where's your last errand?"

[*Continued on page 138*]

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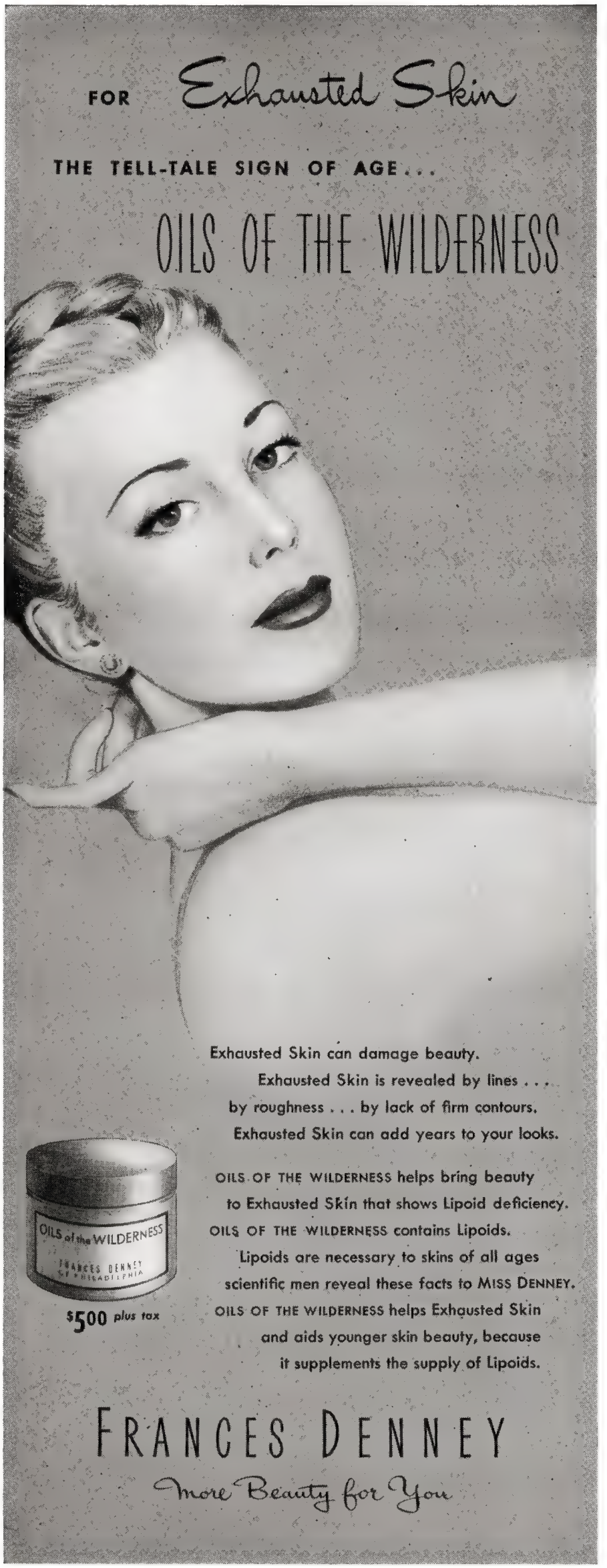
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[*Continued from page 137*]

Laurie consulted the instructions. Sheet music, vitamin pills, two avocados, and a copy of *Real Detective Tales*.

"Dink's newsstand. But I'll be a good half-hour." She felt foolish, standing on the curb, shouting at him. But he made no effort to get out, and she had no intention of going over to the car.

"Well, watch where you're going! The next car may not have the brakes mine does!" He waved and was gone.

Laurie completed her tasks. It was a humid day; the very pavements seemed to ooze heat, and the few women shoppers on Main Street moved lethargically.

"A copy of *Real Detective Tales*, please," she said, holding out a quarter to Dink, the newsdealer.

"Thank you, Miss Moffat." Already many of the tradespeople knew her by name and she was surprised and charmed, not expecting such friendliness in New England. "Mr. Branders couldn't park in front of the store, so he's around in the free parkin' lot. You can go through the back entrance."

Startled, Laurie thanked him and followed his instructions. Sherman was not there, but his black car was. She hesitated, disliking the idea of getting into the car, yet reluctant to go when he had waited for her.

SHE decided to leave him a note, saying she had gone on; but while she was writing it, Sherman came up behind her.

"'Thanks, but I've gone along,'" he read out loud. "Only you didn't quite make it. Do you really enjoy climbing hills in hot weather?"

Laurie flushed and crumpled the paper into a ball. "No. But I—I didn't want you to bother."

His crooked smile was oddly at variance with his open, friendly face and his fair, wavy hair.

"You wanted me to bother a lot more than I did," he teased as he started the engine. "First, you wanted me to argue you into a ride back. Then when Dink told you where the car was, you wanted me here, patiently waiting."

"That's ridiculous," Laurie said stiffly, wishing the ride were over. Alex' affectionate jesting she enjoyed; but Sherman's teasing made her uneasy.

"Who's on the guest list at your aunt's these days? Anyone amusing?" Sherman asked. He was driving very slowly and going by way of streets unfamiliar to Laurie.

"No, unless you like what Alex calls weirdies," she said. "Do you know my aunt?"

"No, but I'd like to. I ran into a rather entertaining girl in a bar one night who said she was spending the summer up there. Said she was a sculptress, so I got her a cake of soap and a jackknife and she hacked out a little bust that made me look like a faun."

"It's your pointed ears," Laurie laughed. "But that's not what you look like."

"You say that as though you see a stronger resemblance to something else. Human, I hope?"

"No." Laurie brushed back a lock of hair. "You're like the devil in *Doctor Faustus*."

"The fellow who drove such hard bargains?"

She nodded. "Yes. And it's strange because, superficially, you look like your brother."

"What does he remind you of?"

"Oh, Lucretius or Plutarch or someone in the Roman Senate."

"How about Cato?" he suggested.

"Why in particular?"

"'Carthage must be destroyed.' Or don't you know his views?"

"Alex has told me some of them. Don't you share them?"

"Not entirely. At least I want to know what's going up in its place."

They drove past the rusty iron gate and the high spiked fence along the road to Madame Robideau's house.

"Why not drop the bundles and drive to Bannington with me?" he asked as he pulled the car under the sagging carriage porch. "The ride will cool you off."

"Thanks, but I'm tied down to a strict practice schedule." Laurie opened the car door, then paused to explain. "I take four lessons a week, and Stechlinski can tell almost to the minute how much I've practiced."

Sherman smiled. "Well, let me take your packages in for you, anyway."

"Thank you." She led the way through a musty, cluttered hall, into the kitchen, where Madame Robideau was hard at work on a salad, her great bulk covered with a startling apron in a purple and yellow pansy design.

"Tante Helene, this is Mr. Branders," Laurie said. "My aunt, Madame Robideau."

"Not the Senator—this dashing young man with the dangerous smile!" Madame extended a fat palm, moist with olive oil. Laurie frowned.

"Not the Senator, indeed," Sherman said, "though I'm always gratified to be taken for him."

"But some relation?" Madame persisted. "I have seen his picture. His son, perhaps?"

"Come now, you French are too busy with your flattery." Sherman's smile taunted her. Laurie, frozen to the spot, wished him miles away. "Perhaps you can persuade your niece that a ride to Bannington with me this afternoon would be good for her. She claims she has to practice." He did not look at Laurie as he spoke.

"Really, Mr. Branders—" she began; but Madame, her face alight with the conspiratorial gleam of the habitual matchmaker, interrupted her.

"Of course she can go. Mr. Modiades comes today to tune the piano, and he is so slow—" She gestured expressively, a bottle of tarragon vinegar in one wildly waving hand. "It will be evening before he is half finished."

"I thought tomorrow was his day," Laurie said.

Madame's smile rested benevolently on her niece. "But, no, my darling," she cried, rolling her r's exaggeratedly. "Tomorrow I have a new pupil, so today the piano must be tuned."

"Fine. Then you have no excuse for not keeping me company, Laurie."

"But I have a date with Alex at seven. You're certain we'll be back?"

"Easily," he answered. "I have a dinner engagement myself."

Laurie flushed, finding no words to answer this thrust.

IT WAS cooler with the car in motion, and Laurie relaxed against the comfortable seat. For most of the trip Sherman made no effort at conversation. His hands on the wheel, covered with fine blond hair that shone in the sun, were wide and hard-looking, as though he spent a great deal of time outdoors. His clothes—a worn hound's-tooth check jacket, gray flannel trousers, out of press, and a badly battered gray felt hat—seemed oddly inappropriate for the president of a New England factory.

"Is this really a business trip?" she inquired dubiously.

He turned in surprise. "Why, yes," he said matter of factly.

She blushed, furious that for the second time she had read into his actions more interest than actually existed.

"As a matter of fact, I'm trying to decide how to tell one of our best accounts that we probably can't sell him anything for another year," he said.

"Oh." How incredibly stupid he must think her! She looked out of the window at the rolling green hills on either side of her, at the small white houses.

[*Continued on page 144*]

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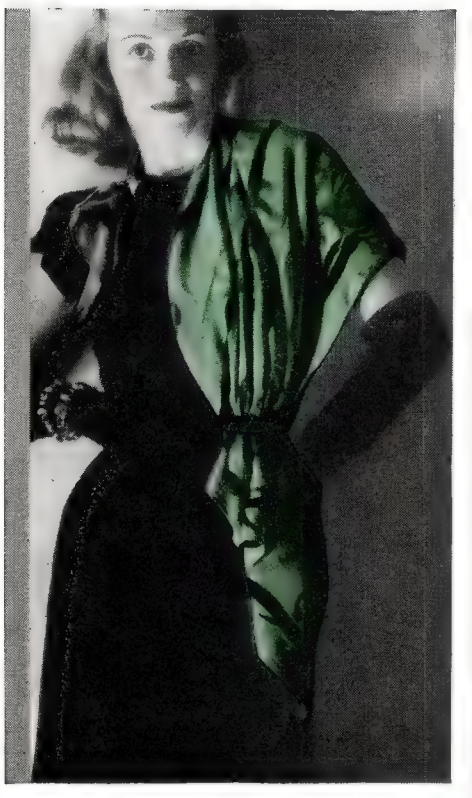

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BY DOROTHY deMOYA

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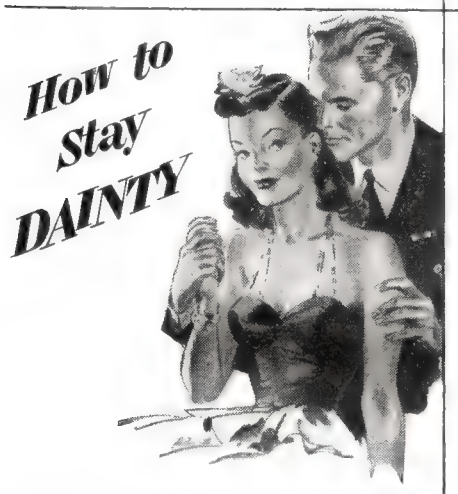

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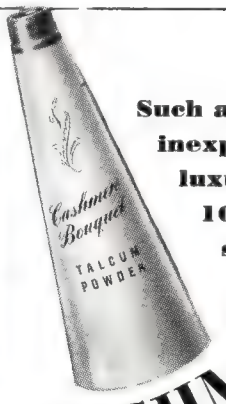

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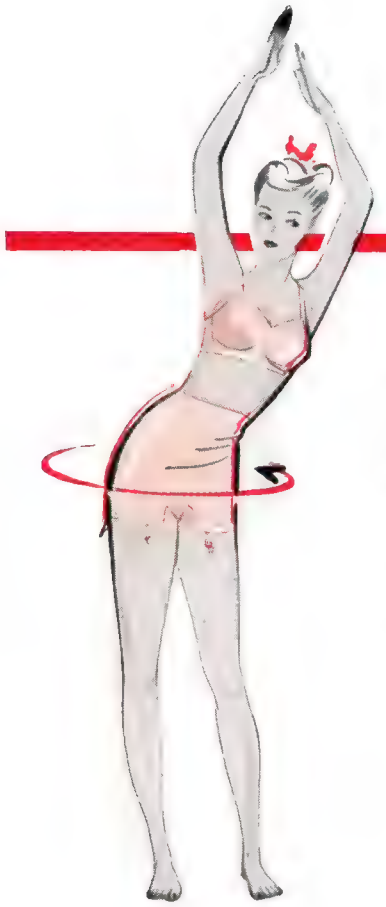

Girdle twist

As you pull on your girdle, pull abdomen and buttocks in, to start the day's posture correction. Now, with arms over head, knees slightly bent, circle your entire body as in the sketch. Do it four times in the right direction, four times in the left, holding your tummy in all the time

Stocking stretch

To stretch back leg tendons, sit down while pulling on stockings. Pull your knee up to your chest. As you do this, stretch the other leg out, resting heel on floor. Lower the raised leg slowly, heel extended. Repeat this exercise with each leg after the stockings are on

Slip slide

Bend forward, pull tummy in, while you slide slip over head. When it's in place, stand erect, arms straight up. Now bring arms down slowly against sides as in the sketch. Repeat this arm-stretching, lowering and elbow-bending movement four times—good for arms and shoulders

Here is your treasure ...here your heart

Never, never do you find anything makeshift, anything second-best in the dower chest of a bride-to-be. For here, in a small space, is much of the graciousness and good taste that will fill her future home.

And here, stored away in love and lavender, are Bates comb-percale sheets ... their pure-heaven smoothness so superior to ordinary, "utility" percale sheets ... that having once chosen Bates, you can never again be quite content with anything less fine.

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Before

After

LOST 55 POUNDS

HEIGHT (AFTER) 5' 5"

WAIST 9" LESS

ABDOMEN 9¾" LESS

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"What a thrill it was," says Gladys Altmann, "to watch those scales go down, and feel my spirits go up, up, up—and to hear the compliments of family and friends."

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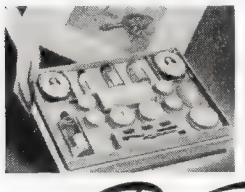

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[*Continued from page 138*]

She wished Alex was there. There were so many things to be said; so much they were only now discovering about each other.

Sherman peered ahead of him. "Clouding up. It's a pity, though we need the rain."

"Tante Helene will be glad. Her garden's badly in need of water."

"She's a great old girl." Sherman said appreciatively. "I like her outlook on life."

"In what way?"

"Doesn't give a damn. That sums it up, doesn't it?"

"Why, yes." Laurie hesitated.

"What's she think of your beau?"

"Alex? Oh. She doesn't know him, really. Tante Helene is a person who forgets names and faces almost as quickly as she learns them." But she wouldn't forget Sherman Branders, Laurie knew.

"How about this concert career and Alex? Does he take to the idea?"

"We've never really talked about it," Laurie said thoughtfully. "We haven't known each other awfully long."

Actually, although she knew Alex loved her and planned his future around her, they had not even discussed marriage. Her goal had been fixed for so long; she was now so near it that nothing, even Alex, could deflect her from this final lap.

"Alex is pretty conservative, isn't he?" Sherman asked. "Won't he expect you to settle down and raise babies?"

"I suppose he will," she answered doubtfully. "But he knows how hard I've worked for this. I've been at it most of my life, given up most of the fun—"

"It will be twice as sweet a victory in the end," Sherman said gently. "And you'll want every last drop of it."

Yes, I will, she thought. All of it. Compensation for everything I've missed.

"I suppose Alex and I won't lead a very normal married life at first," she said, thinking out loud. "But after a few years, I'd take time off, I suppose—"

"Come, Laurie, you're a realist. Do you think you can cut life up in segments that way? Five years to be a concert pianist, five years to be a mother and so on. I don't know a thing about music, but any honest-to-goodness ambition or talent can't be used that way—for first-rate results."

She was silent, agreeing with him.

"I've never made any attempt to conform to an ordinary pattern of life," she said slowly. "My mother was a buyer in a department store, and she sacrificed her whole life to get me a good musical education."

She remembered her mother's face, tense with worry and a little hard from the buffetings she'd endured.

Aloud, Laurie said, "I made my own rules as I went along. Probably you'd be surprised at how little I know about conventional living."

Sherman glanced at her, smiling slightly. "You could say the same for me. We ought to make comfortable friends."

"But when I say unconventional, I mean things like never having any real family life, having to be more or less independent of people." Laurie spoke quickly, sensing danger.

"We've both chosen—whatever our reasons—to go it entirely alone, haven't we? I grew up making my own rules because my father did just that and had everything he wanted from life. He didn't believe in family ties for their own sakes. If a child of his interested him—and Clay did because he had a fine mind for the law—well and good, he was worth the investment in time. I bored him, so he ignored me."

"How cruel!" Laurie cried.

"On the contrary, I flourished under it. He demanded nothing of me as his son. Every relationship he ever had was

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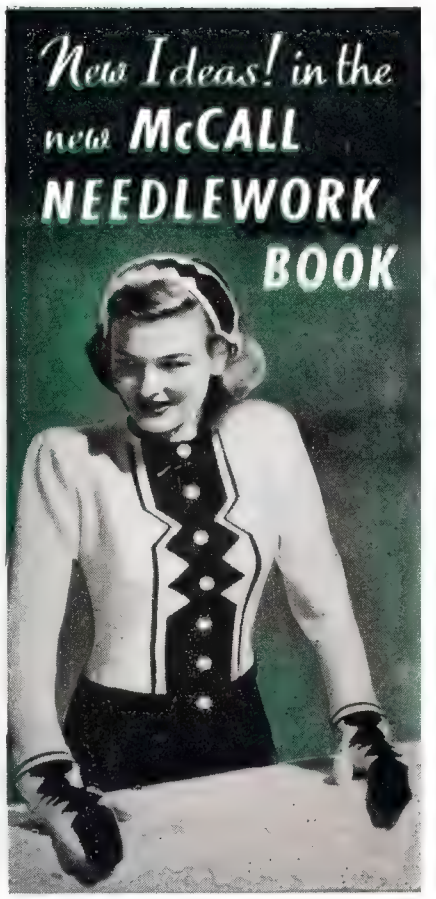

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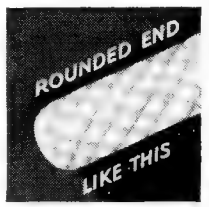

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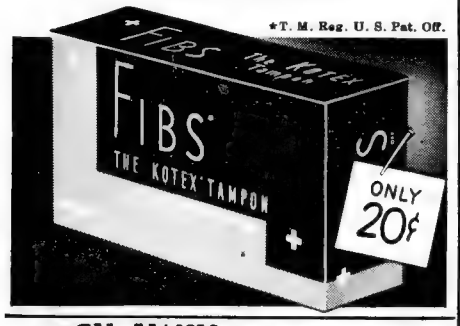

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based solely on mutual interest. I've adopted his policy. It's much more entertaining."

"Entertaining?" Laurie asked, puzzled.

"I escape boredom just as he did. No family dinners for me, no dull evenings. I have friends for one reason only—because I like them."

"But I've always done that with people," Laurie said. "It doesn't even seem particularly unorthodox to me."

"That's what I mean. We operate on the same wave-length."

"Mine is more from necessity than conviction, I'm afraid. I've never had a try at living a regular, small-town life."

"You wouldn't like it. You'd feel trapped. This way, you're all wrapped up in something large and impersonal."

"Perhaps." Would Alex understand that? Surely he must, loving music as he did, knowing the necessity of dedication to it if one were to achieve anything real and lasting.

They were in the outskirts of Bannington now, an orderly little town with its village green and high-spired churches, its elm-bordered streets with their well-tended homes.

Sherman drove the car into a parking lot at the end of the green. "I'll be about an hour, probably. I have two calls to make. Shall we meet in the lobby of the Inn at four-thirty?"

"Yes. I think I'll wander around the town a bit."

"You can start on a drink if you get weary. I'll be along." Sherman reached for his brief case in the back seat. "That shower's on its way."

HIS prophecy proved correct, and Laurie very soon took refuge on a chintz-covered sofa in the spacious lobby of the Inn. To her right she could see a small, cozy pine-paneled bar.

She leafed through several back copies of a magazine, regretting the steady drizzle which had set in.

"Is the dining room open for afternoon tea?" she asked the desk clerk.

"No."

"The coffee shop downstairs?" Perhaps one could get iced tea there.

"No. Only the bar." He returned to his paper.

She rarely drank, but the rain had done nothing to relieve the muggy heat, so she went into the bar and sat down in one of the booths.

"A Tom Collins," she told the lone employee, and as she did so, she saw Sherman enter with a spare, hook-nosed, bloodless looking man at his side. Sherman glanced at her, smiled briefly in recognition and followed the man to a booth beyond hers.

Sipping her drink slowly, she watched the waiter bring Sherman's drink. Sherman was talking very little; but he wore a look of intense concentration.

She waited, expecting them to leave after the first drink, then after the second. The clock over the bar pointed to five, but Sherman did not appear aware of the passage of time. Finally, Laurie paid for her drink and returned to the lobby. It was nearly six before Sherman and the man came out of the bar and shook hands at the door.

Sherman came over to her. "Sorry, but you can't set the alarm for that kind of thing. Now let me expiate my sins by buying you a cocktail."

"We're going to be late for your dinner date as it is," Laurie said impatiently. "And Alex is coming for me a little after seven."

"You won't be there." He reached in his pocket and pulled out a handful of change which he held out to her. "Here. There are two public phones in the back of the lobby. Call Alex and tell him to come tomorrow night. I'll get out of my dinner. We might as well have a good meal here at the Inn before we start back."

[*Continued on page 146*]

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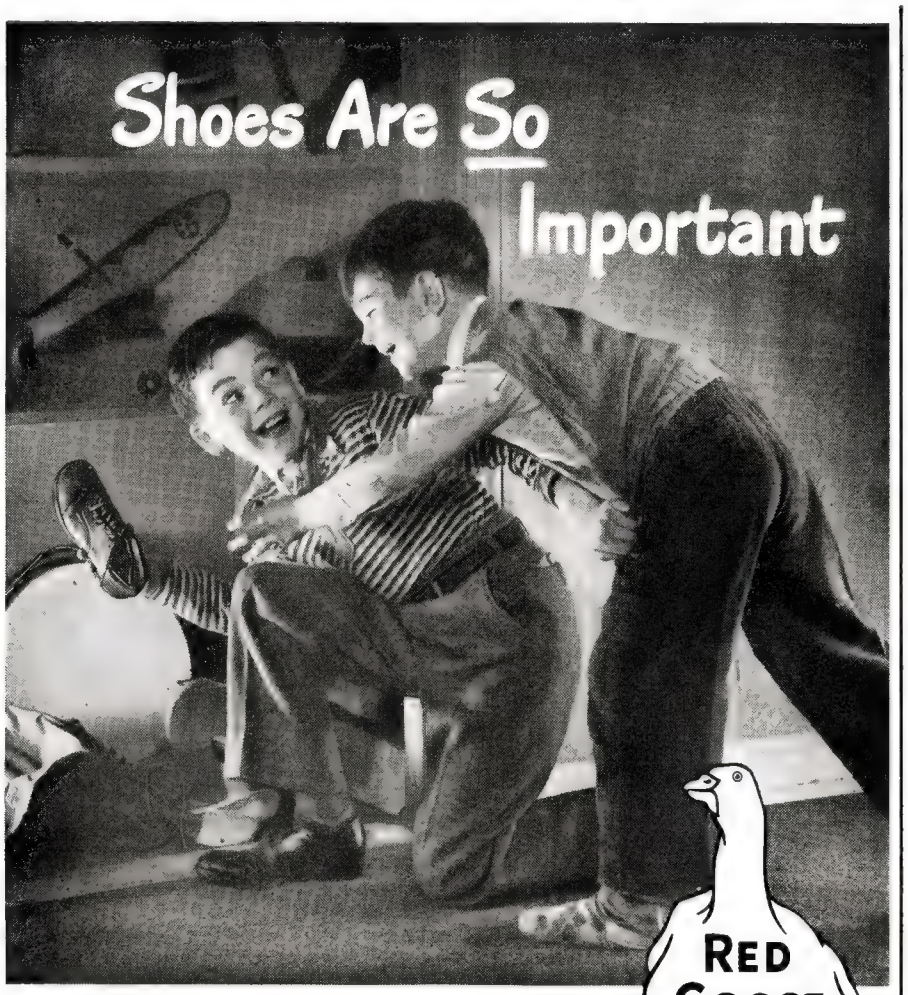

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Look in the Classified Section of the phone book or write us for the name of your nearest dealer who features Red Goose and Friedman-Shelby Shoes. You'll be sure of fine, flexible leathers, durable materials, extra reinforcements in the vital parts... longer wear and lasting fit.

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For Girls, Too in All Favorite Styles

Red Goose SHOES
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"HALF THE FUN OF HAVING FEET"

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS OF ALL AGES

[*Continued from page 145*]

"But Alex won't understand—" Laurie began.

"High time he adopted a little more of your viewpoint. Won't hurt him a bit." Sherman's lips quirked slightly.

Laurie hesitated. She wasn't even engaged yet; there was no reason why she shouldn't have dinner with Sherman. But she sensed that he was the one man in Whitbury Alex would not want her to have as a friend.

She gave the operator the Hales' number. A woman's voice answered. "Alex? He's not here. Who is it?" the woman asked fretfully.

Laurie swallowed. "Laurie Moffat," she answered. "I just wanted to tell him I can't get back for our date tonight. I —I'm out of town."

There was no answer at the other end of the wire, and Laurie continued diffidently, "You don't know where I could reach him, do you?"

"Try the Senator's house," the woman said. "Sorry, that's the only suggestion I have." The receiver clicked.

The stern maid whom Laurie had glimpsed at the Branders' when she went there to practice, answered the telephone. "No, he's not here," she said. "Is there a message in case he should come?"

"No, thank you," Laurie said faintly. She was relieved it had not been Judith.

In desperation she telephoned her aunt. "I won't be home for dinner," she said.

"But of course you won't, *enfant*," caroled Madame Robideau. "Have a lovely, lovely time."

"But Alex was coming early for me," Laurie said hastily. "Tell him I can't make it tonight, but, please Tante Helene, don't say where I am or that I'm out with Mr. Branders."

"Ah, it's wonderful—just like the old days," Madame breathed. "And to think I thought you had no sex appeal. Forgive me, cherie."

"You do understand, Tante Helene?" Laurie cried, worried and exasperated.

"Aha. Leave it to me. Now run and have fun, cherie."

Heaven only knows what she'll tell Alex, Laurie thought, as she emerged from the booth to find that Sherman had disappeared.

"In the bar," said the desk clerk laconically.

SHERMAN had already ordered drinks. "Goodness, you had two or three with your friend," Laurie said. "Doesn't liquor have any effect on you?"

"Makes me quietly amorous." Shermon teased.

She picked up the Tom Collins in front of her. "How did you know I like this?"

"Saw you drinking one."

After they finished their drinks, Sherman said, "Come on, let's go into the dining room. I ordered for us while you were having it out with Alex."

"Oh, but I wasn't." Laurie said as they crossed to the cheerful dining room. "I never did locate him."

"Better yet!"

Laurie found herself relaxing. The late afternoon sunlight bathed Sherman in a golden light. He always looks happy, she thought; he doesn't seem to question life as Alex and I do.

"This jellied bouillon slithers down my throat so nicely," she sighed. "I like cold soup."

"Wait until you taste my man Booker's chilled Vichysoisse," Sherman said.

"What makes you think I will?" Laurie retorted, piqued.

"You do . . . Have a cracker." She took one from the plate as he went on. "Is there any reason why you and Alex shouldn't have dinner with me at my house?"

[*Continued on page 148*]

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Young Things

THINGS ARE HAPPENING in fashions and happening fast. Lots is going on. Clothes have taken a turn for the better, and the newer. Even hats are affected. And hair-dos.

THINGS ARE HAPPENING TO NECKLINES. Do you want to check up on that statement? Then look over the following pages and count twelve new necklines. *New* ones, mind you. Four different types of keyhole neck appear. Some are closed with a bow, some are open, some are triangular, and some diamond shaped. You will also find three new square necks, the most important of which is one with concave sides. Next come the V's, and there are at least two real new-comers here. Discover them on pages 153 and 158, dresses 6273 and 6251. The latter, we admit, has very little of the V left in it.

Then there is the "reversed collar," shown beautifully on page 150. Perhaps you call this a turtle collar, but it doesn't "turtle" all the way around, if you know what we mean. Also count the stand-apart collar on the scarf dress in this collection (page 154). And finally the famous split neckline, that appears on the following fashion page. Total: twelve.

THINGS ARE HAPPENING TO SLEEVES. Surprising things! One is contrasting color. Bright sleeves in dark dresses, dark sleeves in light dresses. The deep-armhole has happened to sleeves. It's often cut square. This makes the new sleeve which they are calling the "wing." It's the sleeve that is changing the top of the silhouette, giving a new bulky look there. Put this sleeve in a contrasting color—and that's usually what you do do—and you have a very new look indeed.

THINGS ARE HAPPENING TO SKIRTS. Nice things! Tunics, back pleats, drapery, and such. As for the tunics, they, like most comebacks, return to fashion much changed. Turn to page 149 and look at the black satin dress. There are two pieces to this tunic as usual, but the odd thing is, the dress wears them both in front!

On the same page there is an interesting new skirt. That tied one. Of course you have to be slim as a pin, but then you are. Or are you?

THINGS ARE HAPPENING TO SHIRTFROCKS. It's true they were beginning to look a little tame. Then suddenly two things happened to them, just in the nick of time. One was contrasting color, and the other the wing sleeve just described. A third happening concerns the putting together of wool and crêpe. Imagine a shirtwaist dress in a neutral-colored wool with deep square-armhole sleeves in brown crêpe. Then turn to page 158 and see it. All plain-Janeness has evaporated, and the shirtfrock starts over again, armed with a great deal of dash.

NEW THINGS FOR YOUNG THINGS. All these new things are young things. And the teen-agers have adopted every one. For instance, the reversed collar appears in the two-piecer above, 6247, a teen-age frock. The keyhole neckline is shown in 6276. It can be held by a bow or worn open. The wide square neckline with the concave sides, is the big feature of the evening dress, 6260. And the final dress, 6246, has that broad-shouldered and fitted-midriff effect that all the up-and-coming young girls are very very insistent about.

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[*Continued from page 146*]

She blushed in anger. "Of course not."

The waiter brought a platter of cold sliced turkey, and Laurie realized that she was very hungry.

Sherman smiled and said, "Because Judith dislikes me, there's no reason for you to do the same, is there?"

"No."

"A man's reputation is no sound reason either, is it?" Sherman continued. She looked up. He was teasing her again. "Unless you know the pattern behind it?"

"Well—" Laurie buttered her roll absent-mindedly. "You do admit you have one—a reputation, I mean."

"Certainly. You'll end up with one yourself, merely for being yourself—which happens to be quite a refreshing change from the average young woman. Ever read Machiavelli?"

"No. I thought he was the one Hitler was supposed to be impressed by."

Sherman shrugged. "He was an intelligent man. He said once that men judge more from appearances than from reality, that all men have eyes, but few the gift of penetration. So it doesn't really matter what most people think, does it?"

"No, I suppose it doesn't. At least—though perhaps it's a poor example—the opinions of others haven't interfered at all with Tante Helene's pleasure of living."

"She's an excellent case in point—whether you agree with her theories or not."

"I think I see what you mean, Sherm," Laurie said slowly. Then she looked up at him, startled. "I didn't mean to call you by your first name. But—" she broke off, confused.

"You'd have hurt my pride if you hadn't," he laughed. "Think it's just possible we might be friends?"

Laurie nodded. "Yes, I think it is."

THEY drove home in the late twilight in a peaceful and rather companionable silence. When they were within ten miles of Whitbury, Sherman turned off on a side road that wound up a hill.

"All Branders like hilltops. I want to show you mine."

"But it's too dark to see anything." Laurie sat erect, on guard at once.

"Look out your window," Sherman directed.

Laurie turned. The moon appeared through the treetops as though it were caught in their branches.

She caught her breath as she glimpsed a sheer drop of several hundred feet on her right. Then the road ended abruptly and Sherman got out and opened the door for her. She followed him down a lane, even through a small gate. Before them stood an old saltbox farmhouse set in a wide clearing; spread out below it was a large body of water, with a silver ribbon of moonlight across its smooth surface. Around them the hills stood like dark guardians against the sky.

"It's beautiful." Laurie stretched out her arms to encompass it. "Is it yours, Sherm?"

"Yep. Picked it up for a bargain."

He brought a blanket from the car, and they sat near the brow of the hill. Sherman spoke casually of fishing in several mountain brooks near by, but Laurie only half listened, caught in the still enchantment of the night.

When they rose to go, Sherman caught her by the shoulders. Without warning, he kissed her roughly, holding her firmly in a vise from which there was no escape.

When he did let her go, she staggered back, her hand across her mouth as though to wipe off the very memory of his touch. Alex had never kissed her that way. She was beyond feeling, beyond anything but pure, solid fury.

[*Continued on page 152*]

things are happening to Skirts

For back views see page 159

TUNICS are one of the things that are happening to skirts. Not one but two tunics are discovered in the brown satin dress, both features of the front only. And consider the neckline, for it is new, too. A kind of square with concave sides. No. 6267.

A TIED-UP WAISTLINE is another of the new things happening to skirts. It has happened to the black satin dress here. The ends are in one with the skirt itself, and when you tie them, you give both the skirt and waistline a pleasant drape. No. 6270.

COLOR is the thing that has happened to the second dress—color in blocks! Other combinations: Black with beige and dark tan. Black with fuchsia and blue. Black with blue and purple. Dark green, medium green, lime. Note the split neckline. No. 6271.

For back views see page 159

things are happening to Necklines

THE REVERSED COLLAR is one new thing that has happened to the "burnt-sugar brown" dress. The deep square-cut armhole is another. And the black contrast, a third. It's smart to make the dress of wool, the sleeves, etc., crêpe. No. 6266.

THE SQUARE NECK of the brown dress has a new wavy line at its base. There is something else here of near-future importance—the back fulness. There are two crisp inverted pleats at the back of this dress, stitched down rather low. No. 6272.

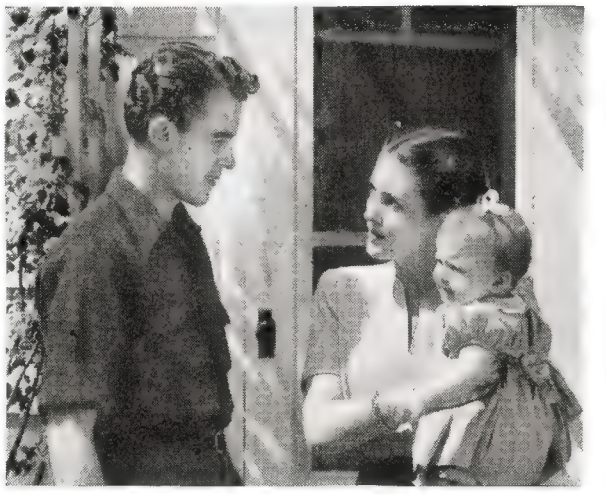
THE KEYHOLE OPENING is the thing that has happened to the neck of the two-piecer. Sometimes held together with a bow or a pin, sometimes worn as illustrated. The blouse is back buttoned, and fitted dramatically by outside darts. No. 6244.

"I won't let my child be a laughing stock!"

1. I was certainly floored when my husband made that remark. It seems he'd overheard the two old maids next door, and he was pretty upset about what they said. "Those two women," he said, "are *laughing* at the way you're raising our child!

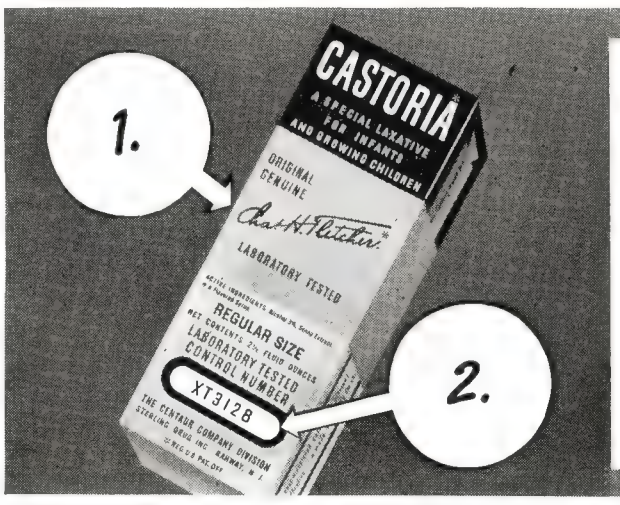
2. "They say you're spoiling the baby," Jack went on, "because you have everything special for her—special soap, special powder—and now even a special *laxative!* And, frankly, I've been wondering about all that special business myself."

3. "Oh, Jack," I laughed, "*you're* modern enough to know a special laxative is *right* for a baby. Doctors say a baby's delicate system *needs* special care. A baby can't be treated like an adult, particularly with a laxative . . .



4. "That's why I give the baby Fletcher's Castoria," I went on. "It's made *especially* for children and it's never harsh or upsetting, like adult laxatives might be. It's really effective, yet ever so gentle." Well, Jack calmed down after that.

5. And later when I gave the baby Fletcher's Castoria, Jack saw how she loved to take it. "Say, guess you know more about baby raising than anyone," he said. "Wait till I tell those old maids the laugh is on *them!*"



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CLAUDIA: *Well, my cousin is a trained nurse—knows all about sanitary protection of course, and she's awfully strong for Tampax . . . says a doctor invented it, following a principle well known to physicians—"internal absorption" she called it.*

JUDY: I suppose that means no belts or pins to bother with. Sounds nice and simple with a sheer evening dress! Perhaps you'll see me at your party after all!

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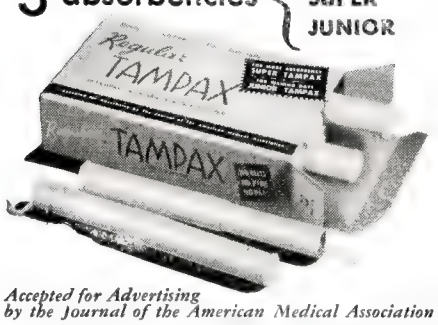

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[*Continued from page 148*]

"You're rotten," she said thickly, running toward the road. "I loathe you."

Sherman called after her in his husky voice. "Better not try to walk home. You'll get lost."

She hesitated, and her seconds of irresolution gave him time to catch up with her, without hurrying. He opened the car door for her. Without speaking, she got in. His composure was as unruffled, his manner as easy and affable as though the incident had not occurred.

"You've spoiled everything," Laurie said, rage choking her, as he calmly started the engine.

THE light from the dashboard illuminated his eyes and the upward slant of his brows. He smiled slightly as he shifted gears.

"Which everything?" he said softly.

Judith went up to her room and lay down on the bed without even turning back the spread. The pain had begun, but at least she knew now what it was.

But it was Innes' attitude that upset her as much as the information he had imparted. For all the years of her marriage, he and his wife, Helen, had been loyal friends of Judith's and Clay's.

Judith had waited two hours today, warmly concerned at the vast burden Innes was carrying in this third year of the war. For months she had put off this visit, not so much from carelessness as from unwillingness to take up Innes' time with anything less than an acute and critical illness. When at last she went in for an examination, he was unusually brusque with her, impatient rather than merely candid.

"Ulcers, Judith," he said coldly. "I've an article here in a medical journal I'd like you to take home and read carefully."

She smiled slightly. It was like Innes to address his contemporaries as though they were helpless, rather stupid children.

But he did not return her smile. "It's the worrier who gets ulcers, and worrying is a mental operation, as you know quite well. I'd say that in your case emotion is the cause of your trouble."

"Emotion?" Judith's face stiffened. She was perfectly aware of the talk that had gone on for years about her remaining in Whitbury when Clay went to Washington, but her manner kept even talkative Meg Adams from any attempts at discussing its cause.

"Mercy, Innes, you're not going in for psychoanalysis, are you?" she said a little scornfully.

"Indeed not." His frigid manner matched her own. "I'm old-fashioned enough to steer clear of that field, but I don't have to be a specialist to know the usual origin of ulcers."

He tapped his pencil on the printed diet that lay on his desk. "There's not much besides this that I can do for you, Judith, but there's a good deal you can do for yourself." His eyes were unreadable, as he stood up. She rose with him. "Thank you, Innes," she said calmly and turned toward the door.

"Wait, Judith," he called. He leaned against his desk, one hand stroking his chin.

"Why don't you join Clay in Washington?" he asked abruptly.

"Washington?" she repeated after him, dazedly. "In the worst summer in fifty years? With what you've just told me? But why, Innes?"

Innes shrugged. "It's the worst summer here, too. After all, you won't have any housing problem with that fine apartment down there." He picked up the pencil and tapped the desk again. "Besides, you could keep an eye on Clay's diet as well as your own."

Swift anxiety crossed her face. "Clay?" She felt for the chair for support. "There's—there isn't anything wrong with Clay, is there?"

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Innes shook his head. "He's an incredibly splendid specimen. But with no servants now except that cleaning woman, he's not getting the proper foods and he's never had enough sleep in his life. You know yourself how much weight he puts on after a week or two at home."

"He's never been thin," Judith protested.

"No. But Washington in wartime is taking something out of him. Think it over." He waited a moment, then added, "Run along. And don't forget the diet. Call Helen up, too—she's missed hearing from you lately."

Ulcers. Judith smiled grimly to herself, lying on her back, staring at the ceiling. While Innes had only implied the cause, she knew well enough what he meant.

She wondered a little whether he was so immersed in his practice that he had missed the gossip about Clay's lady bureaucrat. Meg, now that Harvey was a minor cog on the War Production Board, spent part of her time in the capital. When she returned early in the spring to prepare for a month in Vermont, she had let drop remarks about Clay's tirades against bureaucracy being a little humorous in view of his interest in a certain red-haired career woman.

The door opened softly and Hannah appeared. "You've been to the doctor?" she asked as Judith turned on her side.

"Yes, Hannah." It occurred to her that Hannah looked pale and weary herself. "I just need to change my diet a little. I'll go over my new limitations with you in a while." She smiled at the serious-faced woman. "Don't overdo, Hannah. This weather's so frightful."

"Mr. Alex said he'd be by tonight. Should I call the plant and tell him you're not feeling well?" Hannah asked solicitously.

"Oh my, no." Delight gave unexpected color to Judith's clear skin. She had seen so little of Alex lately. "I'll just rest here for an hour or so."

Hannah confined her disapproval to a vigorous shake of her graying head and left the room.

Judith lay motionless, her eyes on the photograph of Clay which had been the first object of which she was conscious after Mona's revelation so long ago. How little he had changed in appearance, really!

She turned her face toward the wall. In another minute she would begin to wonder about the woman in Washington, and she had long since disciplined herself to turn off such speculation which would destroy her if she indulged in it.

After a time, she slept.

WHEN she awoke, Judith changed into a green linen dress and descended the stairs. Alex rose to greet her as she came into the music room.

"I always think of you in terms of something cool and refreshing," he remarked, following her outside. "And you never fail me, Judy. Lord, I'm glad I'm around here where I can drop in on you and spill it all."

Judith did not answer. She sat very still, letting happiness wash over her. This was one of the moments that compensated for all bitterness, one of the times when she forgot entirely that he wasn't her son.

"Clay home?" Alex swung a long leg over the wide arm of the glider.

She shook her head. "No, he's back in Washington."

"Any chance he'll be home this week?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Damn it, I miss him. He always used to be home in the summer." Alex thumped the glider arm savagely. "Awful thing to say, isn't it, but with Dad, it's hardly like having a father."

Perilous ground—perilous and familiar. Alex was so unlike Lee. All the old

[*Continued on page 155*]

For back views see page 159

one if for School two if for Dates

THE BRIGHT RED DRESS is the one for school. Of course, it's wool. Of course you can make the little collar of white piqué and see that it is detachable, if you are that energetic. Darts do most of the fitting here and do it smartly. No. 6249.

THE BLACK DRESS is definitely a "Dater." It has the contrasting top now so much in evidence. Its skirt combines a tailored pleat with side gathers, a merger responsible for the kick-pleat hanging better than in its whole history. No. 6274.

ANOTHER "DATER," the wine dress. Here again is a new neckline of interesting shape. If you would prefer a short sleeve, you can have it—a ravishing one! Heavy crêpe is all right for this dress, and soft faille is wonderful. No. 6273.

it's to be a Colorful winter

For back views see page 159

THE BURNT-ORANGE DRESS is illustrated in wool because wool takes all these new bright colors softly. But it's a smart design for crêpe, too, and for matelassé. The famous keyhole neck again, bow fastened. No. 6269.

THE DULL GREEN DRESS has a different type of keyhole neckline to add to your collection! It's open but covers the collarbones in the most efficient way. This design also makes a smart black dress. No. 6263.

THE SCARF DRESS is a lovely thing. In spite of its appearance, this one is *not* two-piece. The peplum, however, is separate and is put on like a belt. Nice also in two plain crêpes or black wool and crêpe. No. 6253.

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[*Continued from page 152*]

arguments and doubts. Would she ever know? Did she, in fact, want to be certain?

"How is your mother?" she asked him abruptly.

"Oh, the same as ever. Always money, money, money. I know we have to cut corners, but why should it matter?"

He scowled. There was something wrong today, a tenseness about him that she had rarely observed.

"I seem so separate from the rest of the family. You know how I hate quarrels. Not arguments—I thrive on them. But bickering—I can't stand." He looked bewildered. "They don't like anything about me—my 'coldness,' my independence, or my girl, though they haven't even met her."

He shook his head. "I wouldn't talk about my family to anyone else, and you know it, Judy. But you're my best friend, and I've got to let off steam once in a while."

"Your confidences are safe enough with me," Judith said, willing time to stand still for this hour. Something of their old relationship, before he met Laurie, had temporarily returned; she rejoiced in it even when she reinforced her determination not to encourage Alex to criticize his family.

Alex sighed, sliding down onto the glider. "I guess I talk this way because I'm worried about Laurie."

Judith had not seen Laurie since the night Sherman had met her, but she was not unprepared for what she suspected was to come. "How is she coming along with Stechlinski?" she asked.

"All right, I guess," he said absently. "He gets her upset half the time, but I suppose that's what those high-priced jerks are paid to do."

"Your language grows worse by the day," Judith chided.

"You ought to hear my fellow workers." Alex lit a cigarette, then blurted out. "Judith, do you think Laurie could fall for Sherm?"

"I scarcely know Laurie. How could I tell, Alex?" Judith replied gently.

"I thought women knew about those things," Alex said helplessly. "I was so sure about Laurie and me that I just never gave Sherm a thought."

"What makes you think she likes him?"

"Well, she seems different lately, as though she were trying to sell herself on me. Did Sherm tell you he took her to Bannington with him the other day?"

"I'm not exactly a confidante of Sherman's," Judith pointed out.

Alex ignored the irony. "She said her aunt got her into it. She also said last week that she despised Sherm."

"Mercy, what are you worried about then?"

"It was the way she said it. So violently."

"Aren't you perhaps merely imagining a change in her, Alex?" Judith said.

"Maybe." He stood up, stretching. "Golly, Judy, she and I are just right for each other, and she knows it. I need her," he said with straightforward humility.

"Then I wouldn't worry," Judith said.

IT HAD been a pleasant evening. Laurie could not deny that. Never before had she liked being at Lark's Nest; now, under the lubricating balm of Sherman's presence, the strident individualities were calmed.

They sat in the darkness on the wide veranda which ran along the front of the old mansion, Laurie and Sherman on the steps, the others in broken-down porch rockers. Madame Robideau and another ex-opera singer recently arrived from New York had been reminiscing about their European triumphs.

Now an unusual but comfortable silence had fallen upon them.

[*Continued on page 156*]

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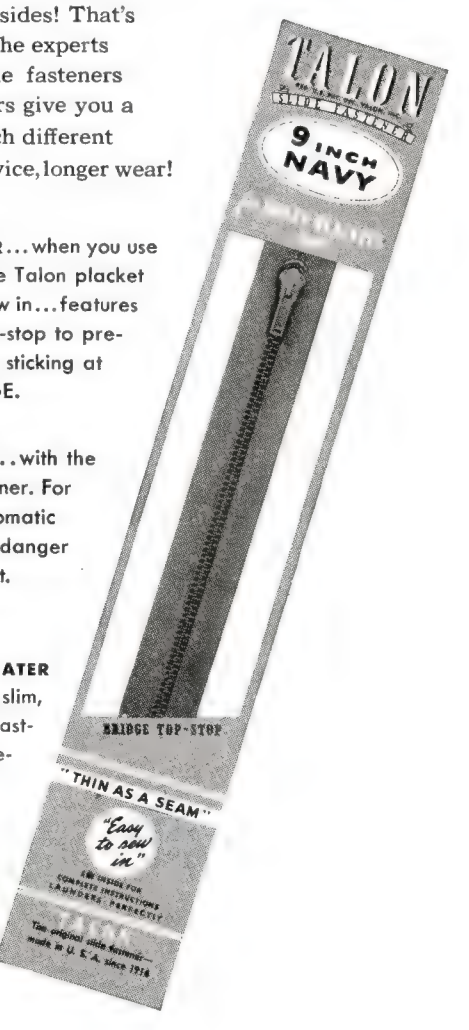

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[*Continued from page 155*]

What is Sherm's charm? Laurie thought. He never tries to impress or interest people. He just sits there, laughing sometimes at everything, but especially at himself.

His hand touched hers lightly. "Play for us, Laurie."

"What would you like?" she asked.

"Did you ever hear that little Latin song, *My Star* I think it's called? One of your aunt's pupils was singing it when I came in the door tonight."

"*Estrellita—Little Star*," corrected Madame Robideau. "It's sweet. The music is on the pile on the coral chair with the arm off, Laurie. I'll sing if you like, Sherman."

"No, diva. You've worked hard all day. Stay where you are," Sherman directed, and Laurie smiled to herself at his tact as the screen door swung shut behind her.

She turned on the floor lamp beside Madame's aging piano and found the music. As she played, she heard Sherman enter the room. He crossed it quietly and stood behind her, humming the words softly. When she had finished, he said huskily, "I suppose that's awful stuff, but I like it."

She looked up at him. "Don't apologize for being honest," she said. "That's why we like you"

He held her gaze, his gray-green eyes asking her a question.

She did not move, nor did she avert her face. After a moment, he reached over and snapped off the light. In the blackness that settled over the room, he slid onto the piano bench beside her. His hand traced the outline of her face, pausing at the little cleft of her chin, and moved down her smooth neck to the base of her throat.

"Laurie." His very voice caressed her. "I've never in my life asked a woman if I might kiss her. But I'm asking you."

She leaned toward him, trembling. He caught her to him, and this time at the touch of his lips she did not rebel, knowing the unequal battle lost.

MADAME glared at Laurie. "What is the matter with you today, *enfant?*" she demanded. "You are not paying any notice to what I am saying this whole morning."

"I'm sorry, Tante Helene," Laurie roused herself. Today was one of those days when the atmosphere of Lark's Nest particularly depressed her. Madame's heavy accent and lapses into French set her teeth on edge today.

Now Madame Robideau rested her uncorseted bulk beside Laurie on the piano bench. The scent of the violent sachet she wore pinned to her scarlet peasant blouse was overpowering.

"*Ma chère* Laurie, tell me what is troubling you." Her voice vibrated with sympathy and her own special dramatic effects. "Alex, the boy with the big dark eyes, where is he lately?"

"He's around," Laurie answered.

"But he isn't. He is avoiding you, breaking your heart." Madame's hand went to her breast in the best tradition of divas betrayed by their lovers. "Bad for the heart, but good for the music. When Liptak deserted me after all we had been to each other, I thought I would kill myself."

She emitted a gusty sigh and rose to survey herself in the spotted pier glass opposite the piano. "But my voice was never better. And your Uncle Duncan made me a very practical husband. He had sense, that man."

Laurie stifled the inclination to walk out. "I'm sure he did," she said, wondering how her uncle, whom she vaguely recalled as a dour, myopic little man, interested solely in his duties as a certified public accountant, had come to marry Helene Robideau. As a child,

[*Continued on page 159*]

"Find out for yourself"—says this Army Nurse—"why CHAP STICK is favored by men of the Armed Forces the world over—for cracked, parched, sore lips.

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For back views see page 159

Contrast in color or fabric

IT'S FABRIC CONTRAST for the black dress—black crêpe and black satin. And if you object to the high shine of satin, think of this dress in black wool and soft black faille. It's quite lovely that way. No. 6261.

IT'S COLOR CONTRAST for the second dress above. Three contrasting colors. Incidentally, this is a shirt-frock, and what a difference all this color makes to this well-known style! Nicest in wool with crêpe. No. 6252.

IF ONE COLOR only is used, let it be an important shade. The third dress on this page is in an important color—dark fuchsia. Look at the neck. It's the famous "keyhole" line again, but in a different shape. No. 6262.

6250

6251

6243

things are happening to shirtfrocks

For back views see page 159

CONTRAST is what has happened to the first shirtwaister. This is where the new fashion for contrasting colors and contrasting fabrics really shines. They change the shirtfrock beyond recognition—well, almost! Shown in plaid wool, plain crêpe. No. 6250.

THE CURVED-IN NECKLINE is one of the important things that has happened to the green shirtwaister, the big tuck is another, the push-up sleeves a third, until now no trace of shirtiness remains. It's smart for wool, good in crêpe. No. 6251.

THE YOKES and sleeves in crêpe, with the rest of the dress in wool—that's the prescription for chic used by the button-fronter in beige and brown. It's another example of what contrast has done in the way of chic for the simple tailored dress. No. 6243.

For Enchanting Color Effects and Sparkling Lustre... use this

new "make-up" for the hair

If your complexion is lovely, but no one notices ... if your eyes are beautiful, but no one responds ... drab-looking hair may be to blame! What you need then is Marchand's *Make-Up* Hair Rinse to give your hair the color and brilliance that will turn admiring glances *your* way!

So simple to use, so safe, Marchand's *Make-Up* Hair Rinse can enrich the natural color of your hair ... give it a "warmer" or "cooler" tone ... even blend little gray streaks in with the original shade! A color chart on the package shows which of the 12 Marchand shades will give you the effect you want.

After your shampoo, simply dissolve Marchand's Rinse in warm water and brush or pour it through your hair. Almost instantly, soap-film disappears! Your hair is bright with shining new color ... softer and more manageable, too!

Not a bleach — not a permanent dye — Marchand's Rinse is *absolutely harmless*. It goes on and washes off as easily as your facial make-up.

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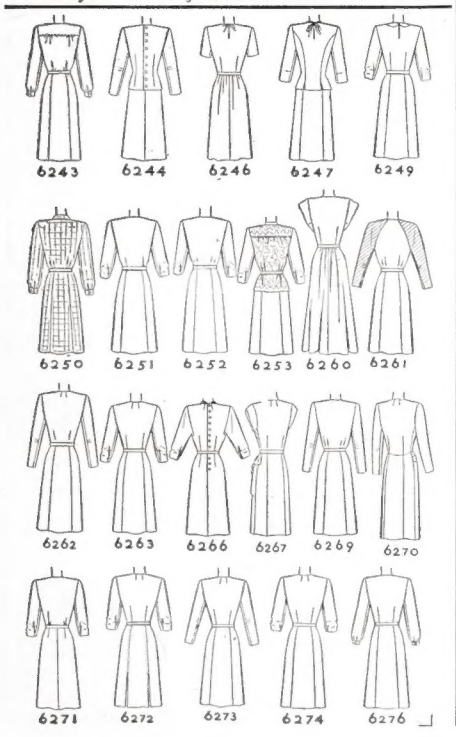

[*Continued from page 156*]

Laurie, with her mother, had visited the Moffats' twice at their rented house in Flushing. Madame, then as now, had talked incessantly; but the house had been spotless. Perhaps Uncle Duncan had been responsible for its neatness and air of sober bourgeois respectability.

Certainly Lark's Nest was far from bleak and equally far from spotless. The implications of its title were only too true. In spite of Laurie's unremitting efforts at housekeeping, a pall of dust hung over the place most of the time.

I suppose that's why I hate my feeling for Sherm so much, Laurie thought. It takes on the shoddiness of Lark's Nest. I couldn't—I can't now—recall any physical attributes of Alex; he was a blur in my mind because he occupied so much of my life that I saw him always as larger than mere physical proportions. With Sherm, I'm conscious of the shape of his head, the texture and odor of his skin, his wide hands with the little blond fuzz on them, the springy touch of his hair.

She ran her fingers idly over the yellowed keys of the old grand.

"Ah, Schumann," Madame breathed. "He was the backdrop of my affair with Selzmann in Austria."

Laurie was silent. Someday, she thought, I suppose, I'll grow accustomed to this casual mention of affairs. But now when I'm with her too long, I feel soiled.

Madame pouted. "I need a man. I cannot function as I should without masculine stimulation." Her eyes fell on Laurie, and she said, nodding for emphasis, "That is exactly what you need, too, my darling. You are all shut up in yourself lately. An affaire de coeur ... We should arrange something. I think I know someone who is more than willing—eh?"

THE telephone interrupted her monologue. Laurie started to answer it, but Madame's plump hand waved her aside. "Yes. Yes, of course, she is here. Ah, I did not recognize your voice. How are you?" She favored Laurie with a broad wink, beckoning her imperiously to the telephone.

"Not the boy," she whispered. "Someone more exciting."

Laurie picked up the instrument. "Hello." Sherman's slight drawl, Yankee rather than Southern, acted on her as directly as a caress. "I'm glad to be classed as an adult by the voice offstage. Busy this afternoon?"

Madame, pressed against Laurie so that she, too, might hear the conversation, croaked, "Take the time off. It will do you good. I can play Celia's accompaniment myself."

"No. I'm free," Laurie answered him hesitantly.

"Good. I'm going to Hemmond on business. I'll pick you up around two."

As Laurie put down the receiver, Madame caroled, "Just what the doctor ordered." It was her custom to use a cliché as though it were a startlingly clever bon mot of her own. "I could easily become infatuated with that young man myself. There is élan for you there is joie de vivre!"

"Lots of it," Laurie agreed ruefully. "But he's—he's not my type, Tante Helene."

Already Laurie's spirits had lifted, and a nerve-tingling excitement raced through her. She would wear the pale lilac jersey. It fell softly over her curves, making her look less thin. With Sherman, she was conscious always of his appraising glances, troubled and aroused by his long silences.

"Nonsense. What do you mean not your type? He will do wonders for you. What a lover that man must be!" Madame sighed with envy, and Laurie whitened. They would be a good pair

[*Continued on page 160*]

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[*Continued from page 159*]

indeed, Sherm and Madame, for their frankness of expression was unequaled. With Alex and Judith, so much was accomplished by implication, by a wordless understanding.

Suddenly Laurie wanted to see Judith —clean, and astringent as mountain air. And untouchable.

JUDITH knew from the piano music which drifted out to her that Alex was waiting. She walked quietly into the music room, but Alex was instantly aware of her presence. He spun about, his guileless face lighting quickly at the sight of her.

"Judy, I thought you'd never come. Where have you been?"

"Library committee meeting, then to have a soda with Meg Adams at the Grotto. Come outside, it's cooler."

"You're late. I didn't leave the plant till long after five."

"Would you like a cool drink? Or a glass of sherry?" she asked.

"No. I've at last got a date with my girl. I'm taking her out to dinner," he said, his mouth going grim and the radiance fading from his face. "I guess I wanted to see you first because—well, you give me self-confidence. I have the feeling that you believe in me."

"I do," said Judith quietly, "and not merely because I'm fond of you."

"That's what I meant." Alex dragged the hassock over in front of her and sat down. "I think I'm losing Laurie, Judy," he said. "And it's worse than being threatened with the loss of a limb."

She did not answer him because there was nothing to say. After a moment, he asked in a bewilderment she found pitiful, "Why should a girl like Laurie fall for Sherm? He's twenty years older than she is—more, I guess—"

"That's no real barrier," Judith said. "At certain times in a girl's life, seniority has its own attraction."

"Oh, I know that," he answered impatiently. "But I'm not exactly a hundred percent juvenile myself after the little pasting I took."

She was startled that he should mention his war experience, for he was ordinarily extremely reticent about it.

"But why should it be someone like Sherm, who's such a heel where women are concerned?"

Judith knit her slender hands. "She's not the first," she said. "He's—Sherman's very expert at stalking his prey."

"But he'll spoil her," Alex cried. "Oh, I'm no prude. I don't mean it literally, though with Sherm it can't help but come to that. It's that when Sherm has finished with a girl—and he is finished once he's sure of them—she's different."

He pounded the edge of the hassock. "You remember the Ellis girl?"

Judith nodded slightly.

"And with Laurie, who's so thin-skinned, it will be terrible—all her special trueness gone." His face was drawn, like an old man's.

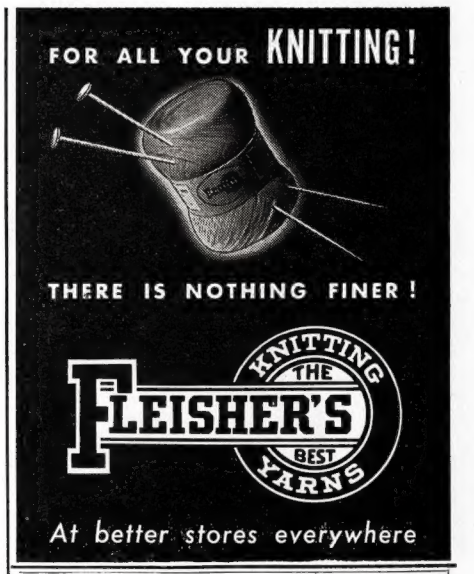
Judith remained silent. She knew exactly what he meant. The Ellis girl was a little sensation seeker; it had been her misfortune not only to desire Sherman but to fall in love with him. But Judith sensed that, with Laurie, spirit and senses must be inextricably mingled or she would suffer lasting self-abasement. Under her outward uncertainty and gaucherie, there was something separate and sure. Clay had destroyed it in Judith; Sherman would destroy it in Laurie, while Alex would leave it inviolate, even cherish it.

"Oh, hell." Alex got up quickly. "What's the use of talking about it? I'm not the first guy who's lost his girl."

"You're so sure you've lost her?"

The shadow of a smile crossed his mobile face as he bent over to kiss her forehead. "No, Judy. Maybe I'm a conceited ass, but I haven't given up yet."

[*Continued in* NOVEMBER McCALL'S]



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6269	12-20, 40, 42	.50	.60
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6272	12-20	.65	.75
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6274	12-20	.35	.40
6275	12-20	.35	.40
6276	11-16, 18	.25	.25
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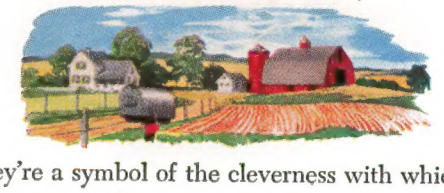

They're a symbol of the cleverness with which you manage to adjust your family to rationing and shortages . . . to keep the meals on your table as nutritious and appetizing as ever . . . to keep home the happy, cozy place your husband and children need it to be—*today, more than ever!*

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Pretty serving: Tint Nucoa golden-yellow with the pure Color-Wafer that comes in each package. (For cooking, use it as it comes—a pure, natural white.) After tinting, form Nucoa into balls, using chilled wooden paddles. Or mold in refrigerator dish, as above.

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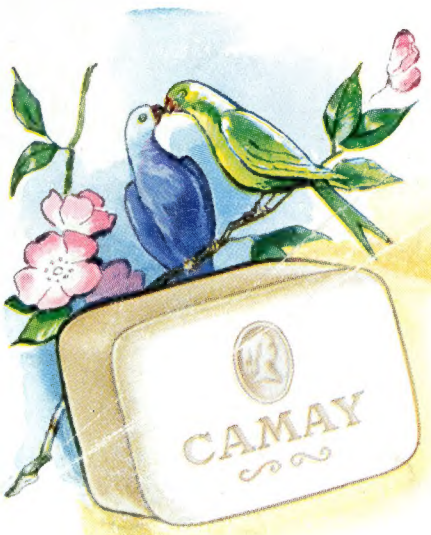

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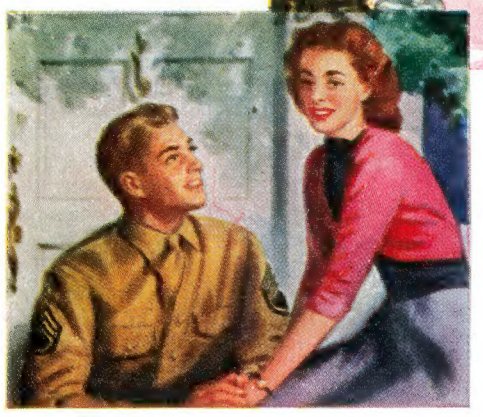
Twenty—love! Ellen an art student, Jack in the Army Specialized Training Program, they meet and find happiness in tennis, swimming, lively sports. About her pink and white, Dresden-perfect skin, Ellen says, "I care for it always with Camay—for with the first cake my complexion sparkled—looked clearer and fresher."

"Confidentially," Ellen tells you, "it's easy—with the Camay Mild Soap Diet—to make skin prettier." Yes, simply pat Camay—*so mild it cleanses without irritation*—over your face, forehead, nose. Rinse warm—add a cold splash for oily skin. Repeat each morning, each night—and watch your skin bloom! Doctors proved just *one cake* of Camay can bring a clearer, softer, more enchanting skin!



Moonlight—and Home! Their first, their own! Ellen's thoughts turn to days ahead. "I want to keep 'just married' happiness—always. And to keep my Camay complexion, I'm staying on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet."

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Fresher charm—appealing new softness—come to your skin with your *first* cake of Camay! Yes, new loveliness comes as quickly as that, when you change from careless cleansing to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise under exact clinical conditions—on scores and scores of complexions. And the doctors reported that woman after woman—using just *one cake* of Camay—had a softer, clearer, younger-looking complexion!

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